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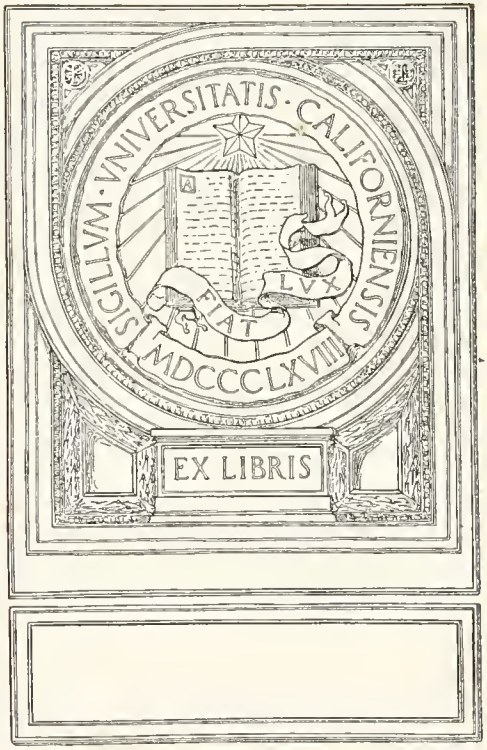

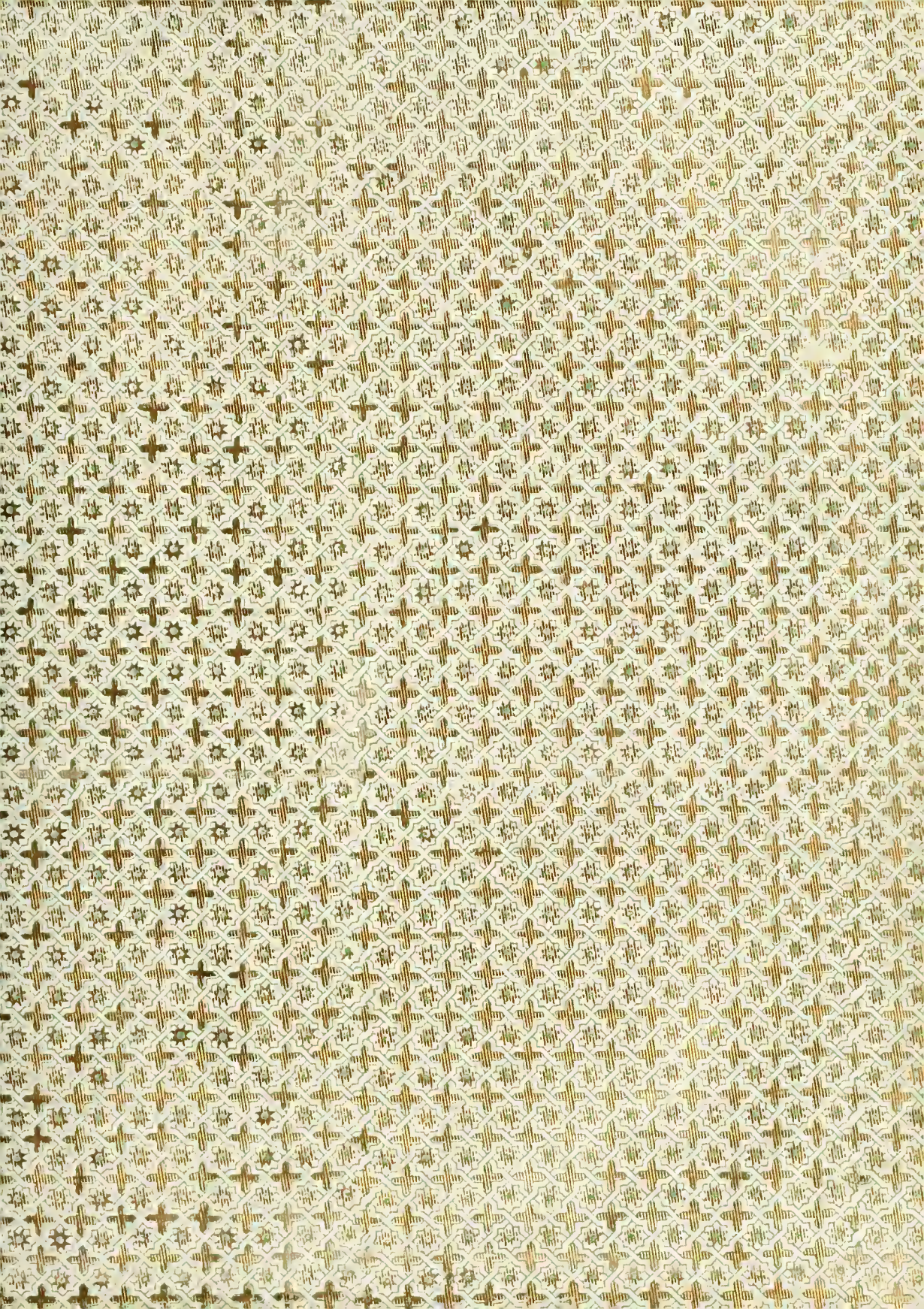

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JANE C. SWISHER

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

DISTINGUISHED IN LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ON STEEL.

BY MARY FORREST, pseud.

"There is more owing her than is paid."—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

"There are some shrewd contents in that same paper."—*Merchant of Venice.*

"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection."—*Ibid.*

NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON, 498 BROADWAY.
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TO VIEW

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THIS VOLUME

IS TENDERLY INSCRIBED TO

MY MOTHER.

M71859

PORTRAITS.

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———"Measure not the work
Until the day 's out and the labor done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work 'a scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honor us with truth, if not with praise."

AURORA LEIGH.

PREFACE.

—•••—

READER:

If you would establish a belief in magnetic currents, personal and spiritual, write a book of biographical sketches. There is nothing like it for bringing one's sharpest instincts into play, and—so to speak—*charging* one's self fully with idiocratic influence. There are the letters from the several "subjects,"—every chirographical kink a corporeal or psychological sign; every sentence an efflux of being, attracting or repelling you. Then the *data*, studded with epochs, from each one of which depends a tale—close folded, it is true, yet, by virtue of the clairvoyance you have assumed, electric and portentous. Living so many lives, one feels, of course, preternaturally old—and wise—when the task is ended. Happy biographer, whose lines, like my own, have fallen in "pleasant places!"

Women of the South, whose names are herein written—who, one after another, have sat down in the chair before me (now a melancholy void), filling the air with such a gracious "*bonhomie* of presence"—a flitting, fair, familiar company—to you I would say, I have aimed at impartial estimates of your writ-

ings, while I have presented each one with such fullness of detail as, from personal and other knowledge, I felt justified in using freely. In the necessity for dispatch, however, the work—going to press in detached parts—was found at last to extend far beyond the limits proposed; no alternative remained but to cut down the sum of specimen extracts still unstereotyped, and apportion to each one of their authors but a small part of what was originally assigned them. With this broader estimate of Southern resource, a larger book and "free circulation" shall sometime make amends.

Deserving and popular writers, as the authors of "Busy Moments of An Idle Woman," "Sylvia's World," "Recollections of Washington," "Silverwood," and others, whose *incognita* I could not presume to invade: let me say here, I have omitted your names with a regretful sense of honor lost to myself and my cause. "Sylvia's World," especially, bears the stamp of a strong hand, and will yet, I trust, be given to the world with the name of the author.

For the many courtesies extended—for the facilities afforded in the use of published and unpublished works—least of all for the warm, womanly hands and hearts which I have found in friendly letters—I have no thanks; but my good and loyal "subjects" will not mistake my silence.

The portraits have been made expressly for this volume, and, with one exception, from life.

New York, *August*, 1860.

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WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

Fredrika Bremer calls the subject of this sketch her "sweet Rose of Florida." She certainly is a "Rose that all are praising." It would require the scope of a full biography to change this rose into a bud,* and then, petal by petal, to unfold the bud again to the rose; after all, we might not find the dew-drop at its heart, nor be able to trace out its blended tints and exhalations.

Only recently has Madame Le Vert appeared before the world as an author. Long before she accepted the idea, often suggested to her, of writing a book, she was, perhaps, more widely known than any woman of America. Nature evidently planned her, on a large, comprehensive scale, a *social genius*, and all her good gifts are cut and polished to this end.

Thoroughly cosmopolitan in spirit, she acquires with great facility the languages and idioms which make her at home with different nations. We have seen her the centre of a group made up of representatives from France, Spain, Italy,

* "As if a rose should shut, and be a bud again."—*Keats.*

Germany, and her own country, apparently not only in brilliant *rapport* with each, through the medium of his own vernacular, but putting the whole circle in sympathy—stringing all upon the thread of her own magnetism. With this rare faculty, she has twice flitted through the countries of the Old World, leaving her name playing like a sunbeam on every city and village, and in the hearts, alike, of the titled and the lowly. She was made up without antipathies, and, in place of them, has large adaptation and tolerance, which, together with her womanly graces, eminently fit her for the office of social harmonizer. There are few spheres so malignant as to repel her utterly, and, if repelled, her sunny soul does not seem to receive any positive shock. She is more electric than eclectic, and something better than either—she was never known to speak or act an unkindness.

It is interesting to note the different impressions which Madame Le Vert conveys to different minds; to see how hard it is for us to accept anything but a glaring extraneous cause for a fine effect. We had read many of the newspaper sketches of her, and listened to countless relations of her varied accomplishments, but had failed to recognize her specific charm, until a little child, who had been sitting, one day, in her presence, thinking a child's "long, long thoughts," came to whisper softly in our ear: "She isn't a fine lady at all: she is just like *me*, and I love her!" The darling! Through all the éclat and circumstance of the famous, flush woman, this six-summered soul had discovered and paid tribute to its sweet counterpart.

We can, perhaps, have no better proof of the extended fame and popularity of Madame Le Vert, than the fact that, for many years, she has been the capital in trade of our rhymesters and penny-a-liners, and, like George Washington in the compositions of the school-children, subject to every variety of well-inten-

tioned caricature. High critical authorities, even, emerging from the spell of her personal presence, have grown florid and rhapsodical, until we have sometimes thought that the spirit of this charming little woman must ache in every part, with its weight of "glittering generalities." For her sake, we shall make this sketch, as far as possible, a thing of features and facts.

George Walton, the grandfather of Madame Le Vert, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a native of Prince Edward County, Va., but removed in early life to Georgia, where his fine gifts and chivalric character soon placed him in a distinguished position. He received his first wound in the service of his country, while leading on his regiment at the siege of Savannah; was a member of the first Congress, convened at Philadelphia, and afterward held successively the honorable offices of Governor of Georgia and Judge of the Supreme Court.

Not long before the Revolution, he married Miss Camber, the daughter of an English nobleman, to whom the crown had given large possessions in the colony of Georgia. When the American sky grew dark with the coming storm, her father insisted upon her return to England; but she refused to leave her rebel husband, and followed him with true womanly heroism through the perilous days which succeeded. Soon after the siege of Savannah, she was taken prisoner by the British and sent to one of the West India islands, where she remained until an exchange was effected. It was the great delight of our author, when a little child, to listen to her grandmother's thrilling narrations of scenes as they then transpired. Reared as an English heiress, young, gifted and beautiful, her devotion to her adopted country should give her name an honorable place among the heroines of the Revolution.

Madame Le Vert has now in her possession many letters addressed to Colonel Walton by General Washington, Lafayette,

the elder Adams, Jefferson, and other noted men of those days, in which his descendants are proud to trace assurances of their high confidence and regard. In 1808, he died at his country seat, near Augusta, Georgia, leaving two children, one of whom, the father of our author, still lives, and bears his honored name.

George Walton, the second, was educated at Princeton, New Jersey, and married Miss Sally Minge Walker, the daughter of an eminent lawyer of Georgia. To her brilliant gifts and accomplishments the world is, no doubt, indebted for many of the characteristics of her distinguished daughter.

In 1812, Colonel Walton became a member of the Legislature of Georgia, and held the position for many years with honor. In 1821, he was appointed Secretary of State under General Jackson, then Governor of Florida, and when the old chief retired to the "Hermitage," succeeded him in office. In 1830, he was elected to the Legislature of Florida, and, in 1835, removed to Mobile, Alabama, where he held for two years the office of Mayor. Since then he has travelled much in this country and Europe, and filled various important positions. He is now, at sixty-nine years of age, in vigorous health, and one of the raciest conversationists of the day.

Octavia Walton was born at Belle Vue, near Augusta, Ga., but her parents removing soon after to Florida, her first memories are of the sunshine and flowers of Pensacola: in her own vivid words, "of the orange and live-oak trees, shading the broad veranda; of the fragrant acacia, oleander, and Cape jasmin trees, which filled the parterre sloping down to the sea-beach; of merry races with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke over my feet, and the delicious breeze from the gulf played in my hair; of the pet mocking-birds in the giant oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dreamland."

Pensacola, situated on a noble bay, was the rendezvous of the United States vessels of the Gulf station. It was a gala time when they returned from their cruises; balls and parties at the governor's house—splendid entertainments on board the ships—moonlight excursions upon the bay, and pic-nics in the magnolia groves. The well-educated and chivalric officers were a large element in the society to which our author was thus early accustomed; and while yet a mere child, she had little to learn in the way of drawing-room ease and elegance.

Amid such scenes, her receptive nature seems to have absorbed that tropical exuberance of thought, feeling, language, and *presence*, which has made her name famous; while at the same time, an early and close relation with nature, in one of her most tender and bounteous aspects, preserved intact, amid all precocious tendencies, the *naive* simplicity of the child, which is to this day her crowning grace.

Before the age of twelve years, she could write and converse in three languages with facility. So unusual was her talent as a linguist, that it was the custom of her father to take her to his office to translate from the French or Spanish the most important letters connected with affairs of state. There, perched upon a high stool—she was too tiny in stature to be made available otherwise—she would interpret, with the greatest ease and correctness, the tenor and spirit of foreign dispatches, proving herself, thus early, quite worthy of her illustrious descent.

During her father's administration, as Governor of Florida, he located the seat of government, and, at the earnest request of his little daughter, Octavia, called it by the Indian name of "Tallahassee." Its signification ("beautiful land") fell musically upon the ear of the imaginative child; she was greatly interested, too, in the old Seminole king, Neamathla, who, in

the days of his power, struck his tent-pole in that ground, made it his resting-place, and called it first by this sweet name.

It was the custom of the Indians to go every year to Pensacola to receive presents from the governor. Neamathla grew very fond of the young Octavia, and when the temptations of civilized life induced any of his retinue to depart from his commands, they would always seek the intercession of the governor's daughter, who was known among them as the "White Dove of Peace."

Among many interesting incidents of her early life, Madame Le Vert remembers an interview with Lafayette, on the occasion of his last visit to the South. He had written to her grandmother, begging her, if possible, to meet him at Mobile, but the infirmities of age beginning at this time to weigh somewhat heavily upon her, she determined to send a worthy representative in the person of the graceful and versatile Octavia.

After the arrival and grand reception of Lafayette at Mobile, Octavia and her mother were quietly presented by the committee of arrangements, and the little fair-haired envoy then placed in his hands the miniature of her grandfather, to which she bore striking resemblance. For some minutes he gazed upon *both* pictures in silence; then, bursting into tears, caught the child to his heart, exclaiming: "The living image of my brave and noble friend!" A long and interesting interview ensued, the young Octavia, seated upon the knee of the old hero, holding him spell-bound with her piquant and fluent use of his native tongue. He then folded her again to his heart and blessed her fervently, remarking to one of the committee, as she left the room: "A truly wonderful child! She has been conversing all this while with intelligence and tact in the purest French. I predict for her a brilliant career." Oracular words, which the records of years have more than confirmed.

But Octavia Walton did not sit passively down to await the

fulfillment of Lafayette's prophecy. One great secret of her success lies in her indefatigable industry. Only by close application has she taken the true gauge of herself—brought into view every resource—into play every faculty; only thus has she become conversant with classical and scientific studies, made herself mistress of many languages, a proficient in music, an eloquent conversationist, and a ready writer; and, by a no less fine and careful culture, has she been able, in every phase of her life, to evolve only light and warmth from her large human heart; to bring to the surface the best qualities of all who came within her influence; to charm away detraction, and to preserve, apart from her world-woman aspect, a child-nature, as pure and undimmed as a pearl in the sea.

Octavia was never placed within the walls of a schoolroom. Her mother and grandmother, both women of intellect and cultivation, vied with each other in developing her earlier mental life, and private tutors were provided to meet the needs of her advance. She and her brother pursued their studies for years under the eye of an old Scotchman, a fine classic scholar and linguist, who had lived in the family since their birth, as devoted an adherent as was ever Dominie Sampson to the House of Bertram.

Soon after their removal to Mobile, Octavia, in company with her mother and brother, made the tour of the United States; and then commenced the remarkable career as a social genius, which gave to the name of Octavia Walton its world-wide celebrity. Possessing the *entrée* of the most select circles in each city of the Union, she suddenly awoke to the fact that she held also a magic key to human hearts, and could sway at will the moods and emotions of those who surrounded her—a knowledge and position alike dangerous. She was crowned "reigning belle" by acclamation: a title, which, worn as it so often is by the weak and frivolous, or the vain and heartless, has ever done

injustice to the high-toned and comprehensive character of our author. That she was more than a mere belle is proved by the fact that her name was never spoken lightly, and of all who then offered her the highest tribute in the gift of man, she has never lost a friend.

These were the good old days of stage-coaches, when travellers, thrown together by the accident of sympathy in the "destined end or way," had ample time to cultivate affinities or antipathies; and it so happened that our party became greatly interested in a strange gentleman, who took his seat among them each morning, as naturally as if included in the first arrangement. There was a pleasing mystery about him. He was in the meridian of life, of a most gracious presence: had evidently been the round world over: was possessed of a fund of humor and anecdote, and conversed with clearness and elegance, like one accustomed to write out impressions; he was certainly a distinguished somebody—and who?

There was too much good breeding on both sides to evince curiosity. The unknown continued to grow into favor, especially with the young Octavia, whose vivacious intelligence seemed very much to delight him. One day, as she was conversing with her brother in Spanish, the stranger, with a quiet grace, joined in the conversation; he had spent some years in Spain, and was at home in the language. While describing in his graphic way a bull-fight which he had witnessed, he dwelt particularly upon a singular incident that occurred in connection. Peculiar as the incident was to that one occasion, Octavia is certain she has heard it in some way before.

"It cannot be," said the narrator, "for I am sure there is no record of it, and you have never been in Spain."

But Octavia was never known to forget. With a moment's thought her whole face brightened.

"You are Washington Irving."

"And pray *why* am I Washington Irving?"

"Because now I remember that Mr. S——ll, of N. O., told me of this identical incident, and added that Washington Irving stood by his side when he witnessed it."

So here was revealed the genial writer of the "Sketch Book," no stranger after all, but an old and dear friend, whose name was a household word. The stage-coach party became at once a fireside circle, unrestrained, harmonious, warmed and lighted by the glow of a common sympathy. Impressed more and more with the quick retentive quality of Octavia's mind, her large observation and racy expression, Mr. Irving advised her to commence a journal, dating from this, her first experience as a traveller; adding that she would be sure some day to find it an invaluable resource. From that time to the present her life has been journalized; a mine indeed of rich material for the autobiography which it is hoped she will yet give to the world. Thus began a friendship which was only interrupted by the death of Mr. Irving. He became her faithful correspondent, and watched her career from that period with true fatherly interest. During her last visit to New York, he sought her more than once in the crowded saloons of the St. Nicholas, and twice claimed her as his guest. Their last interview at "Sunny Side" was filled with reminiscent chat, in which the stage-coach party was vividly pictured, and the genial host dwelt in his happiest vein upon all the incidents of the journey. At parting, he said softly: "I feel as if the sunshine was all going away with you, my child." It was their last meeting on earth, and this beautiful tribute has now a sacred value.

During the administration of Jackson, in those memorable times, when, with a daring hand, he removed the deposits, Octavia Walton was each day an earnest listener to the debates in Congress, and transferred at once to the pages of her diary the speeches of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. These three were

her warm personal friends, especially Mr. Clay, to whose memory she has since offered a glowing and affectionate testimonial.

In 1836, she married Dr. Henry Le Vert, of Mobile, a man equally noted for his professional skill and high moral worth. His father, Dr. Claude Le Vert, who was a native of France, came to America with Lafayette, as fleet surgeon under Rochambeau, and was present at the taking of Yorktown. In the palace of Versailles there is a large painting representing the reception of Rochambeau and his officers by Washington; conspicuous, on the left, may be seen the fine head and commanding person of Dr. Claude Le Vert. After peace was proclaimed, he left the French navy and settled in Virginia, where he married Miss Metcalf, the niece of Admiral Vernon, in honor of whom Lawrence Washington, who had served under him in South America, named his country seat "Mount Vernon." After his death his widow removed with her two children to Alabama. The youngest son, Henry Le Vert, then adopted the profession of his father, graduated at Philadelphia, and established himself in Mobile, where he has since resided, a leading physician of the State. Many a noble act of his, performed secretly in the lowliest walks of his profession, has been recorded, and will *yet appear*. In these generous ministrations he has ever found a willing coadjutor in Madame Le Vert. The "Belle of the Union" could preside with equal grace and effectiveness in the crowded drawing-rooms of fashion, and by the bedside of the suffering poor. Most of all was she happy in her home and children. But clouds were gathering.

Her first sorrow came in 1849, with the death of her only brother, a man of rare personal and intellectual graces, to whom her very soul was knitted. Six weeks after, two sweet children were taken. Prostrated in body and spirit by these bereavements, she secluded herself for three years from society.

Most opportune and beneficent, then, was a visit from the Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, among whose writings may be found a glowing tribute to our author, and to the memory of the departed.

In the summer of 1853, yielding to the solicitations of friends, she accepted an invitation from the Duke of Rutland, and in company with her father and daughter, sailed for England. It is not necessary to follow her there. All are familiar with the details of her reception in London and tour through Europe. As one has said,* "There probably was never a more signal success in the way of access to foreign society, friendly attentions from the nobility and notice from royalty, than fell to the share of Madame Le Vert." She undoubtedly owed to the Lady Emeline Wortley the *empressement* of her first reception, but to her own magnetic personality is due the rest. It is our pride that *prestige* of presence, and not of title, was her key to the most imposing court of Europe; while we dwell with something better than pride upon traces of her influence, glowing not in printed columns, but written ever in the grateful hearts of a foreign peasantry.

In 1854, she returned to America; but after spending one year in the quiet of her own home was persuaded to revisit Europe in company with her husband and daughter. Out of these tours grew the "Souvenirs of Travel," to which we are indebted for such impressions of European life as could have come to us through no other medium. Made up of familiar letters to her mother, the book has all the freshness and vivacity of the author's own effluent presence. It is like nothing we ever read, unless we except a description (*which it contains*) of the play of the "Fountains at Versailles." Over and around all, like an atmosphere, floats the *couleur de rose*, which belongs

* N. P. Willis.

not to the belle of many seasons, not to the cool and cautious world-woman, but to the simple-hearted and impressionable child. We feel as if some good fairy had spirited us away over the sea, and was leading us by the hand through fairyland. All irregularities, clouds, and waste places—all sad and fearful things, are softened and tinted till they become simply picturesque; while all culture and beauty, all graces and courtesies, are so glorified in amber and rose, we say, "Surely the face of the old world is more bonnie than the face of the new!" But we have been looking through the eyes of our fairy—a medium which accepts no shadows. In this book Madame Le Vert has sent forth a true type of herself; the upturned disc of her soul meets always the broad disc of the sun.

To us there is something very beautiful in the enthusiasm which has outlived adulation and every other corrosive influence, and can walk abroad each day under its own rainbows. Pens dipped in a fountain of perennial youth are the exception among us; while there is no lack of homilies, croakings, curtness, causticity, and phlegm. It is refreshing to come upon a writer who knows not, and so fears not, the hard, cynical side of life.

Our author does not use the skill which she really possesses in delineating character. It does not consist with her abounding charity to be nicely critical; she gleans from the surface whatever seems fair, and leaves the rest for those who have a taste for uncomfortable discoveries; so her portraits sometimes lack the strong lines and salient points of the analyst. But there are channels, aside from the deep and winding one of human nature, where her descriptive power courses with strength and impressiveness. "The way over the Simplon," "The Ascent and Eruption of Vesuvius," "Moonlight in Venice," and "The Golden and Silver Illuminations," and other ceremonies of holy week, are a few among many scenes described in a graphic and

felicitous manner. "We should as soon think," says, most happily, a woman of fine genius and critical acumen,* "of sitting down to dissect the bird whose song had charmed us, as to break upon the wheel of criticism a book springing so much from the heart-side of the author." Says another—a southern poet—whose sketch forms a part of this volume, and whose noble discriminating review of the "Souvenirs" circulated widely in this country and Europe: "She writes as the flower blooms, because it is bathed in dew, fanned by the breeze, and kindled up by the sunshine, till it bursts its inclosing petals, and lavishes its fragrance and sweet life upon the air. She receives, as it were by intuition, the idea of the ancient Greeks, that the whole universe is a 'Kosmos' of beauty and order, and this she presents to the reader not as a pleasant theory, but a sublime truth. And yet at times, as if to prove how truly she is *woman*, a faint shadow lies upon her heart, and is reflected upon the page—telling that she has entered the temple of memory, and, passing by little graves at the thereshold still guarded by love and sorrow, her spirit treads silently the hallowed chamber of tears."

In entering the field of authorship, Madame Le Vert would seem, at last, to have tested the ore of every vein of her versatile genius. To watch the play of manifold graces—to listen to the something new always unfolding from a well-stored mind, is a pleasure which the crowd appreciates, and this fair daughter of the land was in danger of frittering herself away. Now she has written a book; and to do this requires the solitude which brings one face to face with one's self—the introversion which deepens—the reserve which fortifies; while a book that contains, in any sort, the soul and sinew of the writer, is something plucked from the hurrying tide; something to be taken ten-

* The author of "The Sinless Child."

derly down from its nook in the old library, through many generations. In this light especially these "Souvenirs" are invaluable.

Lamartine, it is said, first suggested the book, and gave it a name. It happened in this wise. Madame Le Vert had been describing to him, in her own way, a recent sojourn in Spain; as she paused, he said earnestly, his poet-eye beaming with the conviction: "Madame, you have one gift of which you yourself are unaware. You are a natural *improvisatrice*. Now, because you are not an Italian, you cannot be an *improvisatrice*, but you can be a writer; you can fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation by describing what you have seen to them as you are now delighting me. When the excitements of your tour are over, and you are once more quietly at home, will you not remember, madame, what I have said, and employ your leisure in giving to the world a few *souvenirs* of your European life?"

That she did remember, literally and religiously, is proved by the book and its title.

At one period of our author's life, during an illness which confined her to the house without prostrating her energies, she translated in the most faithful and spirited manner, Dumas' "Musketeers;" and a few months since, there appeared in the columns of the "Mobile Register" a translation by her of the pamphlet, "The Pope and the Congress." This is pronounced by French scholars the most admirable rendering which has yet appeared. Entirely at home in the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, she cannot fail to do justice to them in translation.

Among all her occupations, no one has labored more zealously than herself in the cause of securing Mount Vernon. She was one of the first to advocate the project, and as Vice-Regent of the Association for Alabama, has not only succeeded in raising by personal efforts an unexpected amount, but has

herself contributed substantially to the common fund. It is a fitting tribute from the grandchild of George Walton to the manes of George Washington.

Among many sketches of "Madame Le Vert at home," we make brief extracts from one or two, which we select for their distinct features and *comparative* freedom from extravagance. A popular writer,* whose essays upon art and humanity evince much discrimination, and who says he

> "Would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
> Nor Jove for his power to thunder,"

thus writes of our author:

"Her residence is on Government street, in the most convenient and central part of Mobile. It is a plain, substantial mansion, combining taste, elegance, and comfort. She has an immense library, and rare works of art. A genuine republican in her feelings, she respects and cherishes all genius and merit, however humble its condition or origin. Whoever has talent and moral worth has a claim upon her. She is kind and hospitable simply for the pleasure of doing good, because it is her nature to be so. No human being has ever been pained by an unkind or ungenerous act of hers. In conversation she never flags, yet never utters a commonplace."

Fredrika Bremer says of her:

"It is so strange that that little worldly lady, whom I had heard spoken of as a belle, and as the most splendid ornament of society wherever she went, has yet become almost as dear to me as a young sister! But she has become so from being so very excellent, because she has suffered much, and because under a worldly exterior there is an unusually sound and pure

* Adam Badeau.

intellect, and a heart full of affection, which can cast aside all the vanities of the world for the power of gratifying those whom she loves. This fair daughter of Florida is surrounded by a circle of relatives who seem to regard her as the apple of their eye; and if you would see the *ideal* of the relationship between a lady and her female slave, you should see Octavia Le Vert and her clever, handsome, mulatto attendant, Betsey. Betsey seems really not to live for anything else than for her mistress, Octavia."

A good Catholic editor flows out in the following tribute to her conversational powers:

"I defy anybody to spend an hour in her company without rising up a wiser and better man, having a sense of musical joyance in his heart, because of her words, which

> " 'Did all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
> As if some sudden gale had swept at once
> A hundred airy harps.' "

In enumerating the ruling characteristics of Madame Le Vert, we must not forget one which stands out perhaps more prominently than any other—her devotion to her mother. We do not remember ever to have seen the filial relation more fully realized. The mother is worthy of the daughter; a thorough gentlewoman of large heart, and brilliant, versatile gifts; indeed, we have heard it said that when the two have appeared together in society, the former has sometimes been obliged to "look to her laurels." It is frequently the case, that mother, daughter and grand-daughter attend the same party, dance in the same quadrille, and attract their own separate corner-coteries.

Prevented, by a painful accident, from prosecuting the work, "Souvenirs of Distinguished People," long since announced by her publishers—Madame Le Vert has spent the last year

quietly at home in a state of patient receptivity. As soon as she is sufficiently recovered to endure the fatigue of travelling her faithful physician, Dr. Le Vert—prescribes a tour to the Holy Land. This most interesting journey accomplished, we shall look confidently, not only for another book of travels, but for the postponed work, whose material is all ready to her hand in the affluent pages of her diary.

AN ADDRESS

UPON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY,

(Written at the request of the Clay Monumental Association.)

While the patriotic sons of our country are uniting in a testimonial to the memory of Henry Clay, shall not woman be allowed to place the flowers of gratitude and affection upon the altar of his fame?

To none were the genius and services of the illustrious statesman and orator more dear than to his countrywomen: with all those lofty and commanding qualities which sway senates, and guide the course of empires, he had a heroism of heart, a chivalry of deportment, a deference of demeanor, which while forming the soul and secret of his impassioned eloquence, were irresistible talismans over the minds of the gentler sex.

Great as he was in the "forum of nations," or before multitudes of men, controlling them by his "gleaming finger," as with the wand of an enchanter, it was in the home circle, by the domestic fireside, that his character was seen in its true grace and loveliness; there his voice, that lately rang like a trumpet amid his assembled peers, and whose undying echoes (the richest symphonies of patriotism) are still reverberating from the white hills of New England to the parapets of the Pacific, was attuned to all the softest cadences of social and intellectual interconrse. How delightful it was then to listen to the playful repartee, the genial anecdotes, the sparkling *bonmots*, the vivid reminiscences of European and American society, and the always elevated sentiments of one who had mingled in the most prominent scenes of his time in both hemispheres, without losing in the least the lofty manliness, sincerity, and purity of his nature.

Rousseau once said "there are no compliments like a king's;" but how much more fascinating and even royal than all the persiflage of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg were the graceful praises and felicitous commendations of such a

man as Mr. Clay, an unquestioned king of mind by the true right divine, when, with eyes beaming like gems, his high white brow,

"That dome of thought, that palace of the soul,"

radiant with benignity, and encircled by his silvery locks as by a crown, his aged lips wreathed by the gentlest of smiles, he stood before you in tall, stately majesty. At such times he seemed to blend the graces of Sheridan with the dignity of Washington. Thousands and thousands of his countrywomen will long thus recall him to mind.

But not alone in this, his more private character, does woman appreciate the excellence of Mr. Clay. His public life, in many of its aspects, had all the romance of chivalry. He stood among the orators and statesmen of his time as Philip Sidney amid his contemporary knights and barons. History has already placed his statue in the pantheon of immortality!

Our country's records, from the purchase of Louisiana (this lovely land of the sugar-cane and magnolia) to the great pacification of 1850, are vitalized by his glowing words. The mighty Mississippi, upon whose margin we now stand, bears in all its waters a full remembrance of his early efforts to give freedom to its commerce and to braid its million streams into a mighty band of union and prosperity for our glorious country.

The fame of Henry Clay can never die. As our most gifted southern poet has said:

"Long mid our gallant great and good
Like Washington he nobly stood;
While trembling on his burning tongue,
Truth, justice, peace, and freedom hung.

"Thrice when our storm-tossed ship of State
Seemed sinking with its priceless freight,
His guardian spirit, firm and free,
Walked o'er our troubled Galilee.

"Through all the world his glorious name
Is whispered by the lips of fame;
For long in every kindling zone,
His voice was freedom's bugle tone!

"The Greek girl kneeling by her seas,
Deemed him a new Demosthenes;
And young Bolivar's patriot ray
Was light-like caught from Henry Clay."

How appropriate then is it that a memorial of this model statesman, patriot and orator, should be erected here in the crescent bend of the Mississippi.

Not far off rises the sculptured image of his great rival compatriot: the one was the sword and shield, the other the mind and the tongue of the country. Side by side they stand in the temple of fame.

Glorious in their lives, let the noblest of the fine arts here place their sculptured forms together, that future generations may gaze in love, gratitude and veneration upon them, and be nobly stimulated in the paths of patriotism, while they feel the refining influence which the beautiful in art always exerts upon its votaries.

The statue of Themistocles long greeted from a promontory in Greece the home-returning voyager, and fired afresh his love for Attica and Athens. So may the statue of our patriotic orator ever inspire with emulating fervor the citizens of this land of liberty, and especially of this prosperous city of New Orleans.

April 12, 1856.

ADDRESS TO THE CONTINENTALS OF MOBILE.

Officers and Soldiers of the Continentals of Mobile:

A most pleasing duty has been confided to me. A number of the patriotic ladies of our city have prepared with their own hands this beautiful banner, and requested me to present it to you. Such a service, though embarrassing, would, under any circumstances, be most grateful, as conveying a fitting tribute from loveliness to chivalry, but especially is it so upon this occasion. Your glittering and picturesque costume—that historic uniform—bespeaks the character of your organization.

How the heart thrills and the eyes brighten at the spectacle! What glorious memories of ancestral deeds, of brave devotion, heroic sacrifices, trials, and triumphs sweep over the mind as we look upon that beloved garb which once, worn by Washington and Greene, by Sumpter and McIntosh, pressed on through all the smoke and blood, the famine and battles of the Revolution, to the fair land of promise—the rich inheritance of Republican Freedom we enjoy to-day.

And this day, too, on which you have arrayed yourselves in that sacred dress, is the anniversary of the first blow for independence, the ever memorable battle of Lexington! Well have you, at such a time, with earnest grati-

tude and a noble determination to keep alive the lofty sentiments and generous courage of our fathers, adopted their Continental uniform as the badge and habiliments of your soldiery ranks.

My own heart bounds with joy and glowing sympathy as I look upon you; for he, my honored grandfather, whose name I proudly still retain, and whose services and character are my richest legacy, wore that dress when he placed his hand on the great chart of American Independence.

Hail, then, patriot soldiers! Hail, gallant Continentals of Mobile! To your keeping I shall, as the medium of the fair and lovely donors, confide this beauty-woven standard. It is the banner of our country! More glorious far than the imperial cross of Constantine! Bear it in peace, as the ensign of patriotism, the type and bond of our nationality. And should war—a foreign war—ever crimson those garments with American blood, or shroud these stars in the smoke of bursting artillery, while you remember that the recollections of the past, the hopes and affections of the present, are all clustering around your ranks, still bear bravely this flag, as its counterpart was borne at Lexington and Trenton, at Eutaw and Yorktown, ever in the front of the fight, the beacon-light of valor, victory, and deathless renown.

Continentals of Mobile, with pride and confidence, I place this banner in your hands.

April 20th, 1857.

AN EVENING WITH LAMARTINE.

Then came an invitation to spend a social evening with him and his lady. There were only a few literary friends present in addition, and I passed some of the most enchanting hours I have known for many years with the historian, his lady, and their friends. Lamartine looks very much like Portz, but is entirely free from any French manners. He is tall and thin; has white hair, and an expression of face indicative of constant and intense reflection. There is a dreamy, poetical look about the eyes; and he speaks slowly and with marked emphasis. His manner is self-possessed, but full of warm cordiality; and his words are genial and kind. He is charming in conversation—earnest and eloquent: with so much feeling in his language as impresses one constantly with his sincerity. He received me with the utmost warmth and kindness, and seated me by his side, so that I had all of his attentions to myself. The thread of conversation was unravelled by the usual topics, until it flowed freely from the ball; and then it soon wove itself into a thousand

pleasant themes. But to me the most gratifying of all his kind expressions were some that touched upon my native land, and my own descent.

Some one was speaking of the adoration paid to relics in Rome, when Lamartine observed—"all nations have some object they reverence, which, though perhaps insignificant in itself, is sacred from associations. Your country, madame, has the most precious of all manuscripts in the world—the signed Declaration of Independence! Do not your people make pilgrimages to look upon it?" I told him that it was indeed precious to all, but doubly so to me, as my grandfather's was among those sacred signatures! Oh! you should have seen the magic of those few words. Lamartine rose and bowed to me profoundly. "Madame," said he, "in that name you have a noble heritage! It is the patent of true nobility—ever cherish your descent from such a patriot with honest pride."

Oh, how my heart swelled with pleasure as I answered him; nor could the concentrated compliments of all the titled, the wealthy, and the witty in France have filled my soul with half the proud joy with which I now so faintly describe to you this evening with Lamartine.

He expresses his intention to visit the United States in the course of a year or two.

FAREWELL TO VENICE.

It was past ten o'clock. Still we lingered on the balcony, thinking, in truth, "it was wronging such a night to sleep." At length we called Antonio, our family gondolier, and told him to bring out the gondola from its haven, where it lay beneath the shadow of the ducal palace. In a few moments it glided to the steps; the black cabin was removed, so there was no covering between us and the sky. We were soon floating along the broad laguna, leaning back upon the soft cushions, and luxuriating in the matchless beauty of the scene. Three wonderful pictures have I beheld in Italy, which will hang forever on the "walls of memory." One was the *illumination of St. Peter's;* another the Niagara-like cataract of fire pouring from the *crater of Vesuvius;* and the third is *moonlight in Venice.* There is a glory about the moonlight here never attending it elsewhere; the smooth sheets of water receive its beams as though they were immense mirrors, and thence reflecting them upward, fill the atmosphere with a light of such dazzling brightness, we constantly exclaimed, "this cannot be night!" It seemed a mingling of the soft tints of the early morning and the tender radiance of the twilight. The air

was warm and delicious, imparting a gentle languor to the senses, and lulling all troublous thoughts and cares to perfect oblivion. It was like a beautiful dream, where we seemed borne up by invisible wings and wafted from joy to joy.

Along the piazza of San Marco were multitudes of lamps, their rays piercing the still waters as though they were arrows of light. Every object was softened and rounded by the moonbeams, and its shadow singularly distinct in the water below it. Thus there appeared two cities, one above and another below the Grand Canal, each with its winged lion. From the open window of a palace came the sound of merry dancing music, while beneath another was a gondola with serenaders. We made an entire voyage through the streets of Venice, passing under the "Bridge of Sighs," which for a moment shut out the moonlight completely; then we glided by the palace of the Foscari, and did not wonder the sad Jacopo was willing to endure even torture that he might look upon it again; we lingered for a while beneath the marble-cased arch of the Rialto, and saw the house of Shylock and the home of Othello—thus, "slowly gliding over," we passed all the landmarks of historic and poetic interest.

"To-morrow we part with Italy," I murmured, as we walked for the last time upon the radiant and moon-lighted city, and deep regret welled up from the fountain of my heart. I love the beautiful country, it contains so much to enrapture the fancy and delight the mind. Ah! such happy days we have spent in its grand old cities, by the classic shores of its memory-haunted Mediterranean and along its picturesque lakes. One must be insensible to the glories of the past and to the charms of the present not to love Italy. As the home of the greatest statesmen, the noblest poets, and bravest heroes of antiquity, it is invested with a soul-thrilling interest. As the land where the early Christians planted firmly the holy cross, emblem of our Saviour's love, it is truly sacred. Earth, sky and air possess here a beauty unknown in other climes. Every city has some treasure of painting, sculpture or science. Each river, vale, and mountain has its poetic or historic legend. In the forms of its poorest inhabitants we often see the loveliness and manly grace which gave to Phidias and to Praxiteles the models of the peerless statues of the Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvidere. A mournful feeling of compassion for her present wrongs must endear Italy to the American heart, since from the skeleton form of her once glorious republic we have seized the outline of the noble fabric of our own free and independent government.

In all our wanderings through this lovely land, we have never encountered one disagreeable incident, or met with look or word of rudeness or unkindness. The people have everywhere been cordial and thoughtful of our happiness and pleasure. There may have been times when we were uncomfortable and wearied—when we were vastly troubled by beggars and annoyed by overcharging innkeepers; but these were trifles, like motes seen for a moment in the sunlight, then vanishing away. Hillard, whose admirable book on Italy I have read since my return to America, says most truly: "It is only the hours of sunshine that are marked upon the dial of memory." Thus shall I ever cherish the pleasures we have experienced here and the remembrance of the dear friends who have gladdened our sojourn in beautiful Italy.

THE WAY OVER THE SIMPLON.

Now we perceived the Herculean labor of making the road. There were miles of solid masonry and hundreds of feet of galleries formed partly of the living rock and partly of huge pillars of stone and mortar. The turnings and windings of the way were really incredible. One valley we passed entirely around three times upon ledges or terraces, built one above the other, as though they belonged to some giant hanging garden. When we gained the summit we could trace far below us the narrow track like a white seam upon the mountain-side. Well might Sir James Mackintosh say of this road: "It is the greatest of all those monuments that dazzle the imagination by their splendor, and are subservient to general convenience."

The first gallery we entered was that of *Schalbet*, ninety-five feet long, and emerging from it we beheld all the glory of the Bernese Alps. These were the peaks of the *Briethorn* and *Aletsch Hörner*, and the *Viescher Hörner*, standing in bold relief against the clear sky. Their summits were covered with snow, while between them appeared the glaciers of *Aletsch*, the most extensive of the Alps. The scene was indescribably grand.

The glacier of the *Kaltwasser* was just above us, not more than a hundred yards away. The color of the ice was of the deepest blue, with long streaks of white through it, caused by the melting of the mass. Several torrents rushed from beneath it, and fell over the cliffs in sheets of snow-like foam; our eyes followed them until they were lost in the dim depths, thousands and thousands of feet below. Far above, where no human feet have trod, were the wild goats (the chamois of the Alps), standing in perfect security upon

the topmost peak of the Simplon, which was uncovered, although around and below it the "everlasting snows" lay pure and deep.

Along this portion of the road the avalanches are frequent; also the *tourmentes* (sudden storms). Hence the construction of many galleries as places of protection. They are made in such a manner that the avalanches slide over them and fall into the valleys below. After passing through one of these long-arched tunnels, termed the "glacier galleries," with great apertures like windows, we found ourselves beneath a waterfall, which came roaring from the glaciers above, and rushed over the rocks, forming the roof of our gallery; thus we beheld the fearful sight, while we felt ourselves in safety.

From gallery to gallery we drove on until we came out upon the edge of the precipice. Then for the first time a sensation of fear thrilled our hearts, or rather of awe. Before us were the Bernese Alps in their lonely grandeur. Far below into caverns and chasms of untold depth fell the glacier torrents, echoing from peak to peak the music of the waterfall. Far above all, arose the summit of the Simplon in white and chilly grandeur. It was entirely covered with snow, save a few pulpit-shaped rocks. Around it was a crown of clouds, touched by the sunbeams and wrought into fantastic banks of rose-hue, exquisitely beautiful to behold. Neither shrub, tree, nor flower formed a portion of the majestic spectacle, where "Alps rose over Alps," while the brilliant snow of ages, the eternal glaciers, and the mighty rocks reigned supreme. Never did I feel my soul more perfectly raised from "Nature up to Nature's God!" Who could be a skeptic in a scene like this, where the hand of the "Great Architect" is so manifest in the glories of his creation? A feeling of profound gratitude filled my bosom that my eyes had dwelt upon this glorious mountain-world, and that within my memory it would be a joy forever.

Higher and higher we went, until we perceived near us the little cross marking the culminating point of the road, six thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea. Although the elevation was so great, the atmosphere was pleasantly warm, and the air so pure and clear, objects exceedingly distant seemed incredibly near. We left the diligence and climbed a rocky eminence, where we drank a bumper of *fleurie* to "those we love best" in our far-away home, turning our faces westward toward our heart's *Mecca*, as we wafted them blessings fond and true.

Across a grey, barren plain, we drove to a large hospice, commenced by the command of Napoleon, and since completed. It is occupied by friars of

the Augustine order. They give shelter to travellers during periods of stormy weather. We saw there the dogs of the great St. Bernard; they are almost as large as a well-grown calf, and are covered with thick, shaggy hair. Father Barras came out to speak with us. He is noted for his kindness to strangers, and has a most benevolent face.

Along the Simplon road there are six houses of refuge for "the traveller worn and weary." They are most valuable asylums, for the tempests often arise so suddenly, it would be impossible to escape certain destruction were not these places of protection wisely placed within the reach of the wayfarer. Then the avalanches occur when the "heavens are brightest." We heard the crushing sound of one, but it was happily far away from us in a distant valley. The houses of refuge are built with massive walls and furnished with an abundance of fire-wood. Some few are occupied by miserable-looking peasants, who will wait upon a stranger for a good compensation. Others are left open, and all enter who wish, free and without charge.

Often have I spoken of the delight we have experienced in meeting friends and acquaintances in all our wanderings. But we did not imagine, amid the glaciers and the eternal snows, almost in the skies (for some clouds were below us), that we should still find one. During all the day we had remarked a handsome man, with a noble, distinguished air, walking at times along the mountain-road. Upon inquiry we discovered he was the owner of the carriage following our diligence. When we stopped at the hospice he came up to us, and presented us with a bouquet of Alpine flowers which he had gathered during the morning. There was a certain grace and gallant manner which at once induced me to believe he was an American; therefore, to be assured of my suspicion, I made some remark concerning "our country," and found we had known each other well in "days long past;" and thus on the summit of the mountain I met a friend. It was truly a bright and sparkling incident in "the pass of the Simplon." Mr. Ogden was with a party of intelligent gentlemen from the United States, who were journeying our way, and we travelled together several days.

At Simplon (Semplone in Italian) we dined, and then proceeded on to the *Gallery of Algaby*, the first on the Italian side of the mountain. It is along the Doveria, near where it rushes into the *Gorge of Gondo*. Words cannot even give a shadow of the wild and savage grandeur of this Alpine gorge. Goethe, in his "Faust," has pictured just such scenes of mysterious gloom. The mountains appeared to have been rent asunder by some fierce convulsion of nature, leaving a passway for the Doveria, which rushes

through, sometimes a roaring river, then falling, a grand cataract, into the dark chasm below. The road is upon a terrace of solid masonry, or else upon a ledge cut in the rock, directly along the verge of the torrent. Far above, on the top of the cliff, was a fringe of fir-trees; all below them, was the barren grey rock, in places perfectly white, from the sheets of snowy foam, caused by the myriads of waterfalls which came dashing down their sides, and were lost in mists ere they reached the Doveria.

We crossed the rushing river upon the *Ponte Alto*, and came to a projection of the mountain it seemed utterly impossible to pass. But the skillful engineers had accomplished wonders; instead of going round it, we suddenly dived into the Gallery of Gondo, six hundred feet long. It appeared interminable, although there were great windows to give light. At last the guard called out we were nearly through. Infinite was our amazement and terror when the diligence emerged from the gallery, and passed under the great waterfall of the *Frascinnone*. Our hearts almost ceased to beat, as the foam of the roaring, wildly-rushing torrent dashed into our faces, and a sound like that of the crashing avalanche assailed our ears. I suppose that we screamed; but the human voice was unheard in the fierce tumult of waters. We were only two minutes beneath the cataract, they told us; but fear so painfully magnified the time, it really seemed an hour. The cascade descending from the highest point of the rocky battlement above, leaves a space between the stream and the cliff, along which the workmen have cut a kind of huge shelf where the road passes. Although apparently so dangerous, we were assured it was entirely safe. When beyond the reach of the spray, we insisted upon stopping, that we might look upon the *Frascinnone* waterfall. It was a scene of matchless grandeur! The immense mountains rose up as high as the Hawk's Nest of the Kanawha River. A little strip of sky appeared to roof over the great abyss, where the Doveria torrents and ourselves were sole occupants.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The night was calm—not a wavelet disturbed the mirror-like surface of the bay. The moon, high in the heavens, was casting a long train of radiance over its waters. Parallel with the moonbeams fell the crimson light from the volcano, while between them lay a space of deep, deep blue, like a pavement of sapphire. How strangely beautiful was the scene! Palaces and domes, spires and churches, ships and little boats, were all touched with

silvery light, or glowing in the crimson rays of the "fiery mountain." Along the mole were clustered hundreds of Neapolitan fishermen, urging the passers-by to embark with them for a row across to the base of Vesuvius, their dark, gipsy-like faces singularly wild by the gleams of the red light.

But the mountain! It was perfectly wonderful! blazing and flaming like —but to what shall I compare it? In truth, it was like Shakspeare's Richard, "itself alone." Down the side poured a cataract of lava, while from the crater sprang up at times great blood-red stones, which seemed poised in air for a few seconds, then fell crashing down below. Although we were eight or ten miles distant, we heard the "voice of the mountain" above all other sounds of earth or air. Clouds of smoke hung in festoons around the highest peak of Vesuvius; and though there was no wind, they were constantly changing into most fantastic forms, now presenting the appearance of a lion, then an eagle with a scroll of fire in his talons, or a procession of monks with black cowls, or palaces, or castles, all tinged with a crimson hue.

* * * * * *

At five we left Naples in an open barouche, drawn by three strong horses, and drove rapidly through Portici, and up the mountain to the Hermitage, passing through the vineyards from whose grapes the *Lachrymæ Christi* wine is made. The road was thronged with carriages, horsemen, donkeys, and pedestrians by thousands. It was an exquisite evening, and the very heavens seemed to rejoice in the universal happiness; for an eruption of Vesuvius is a benefaction to the Neapolitans. Smiling joy was pictured on every face. The beggars even ceased to rap their chins and to cry "morte di fame." The lame hobbled along merrily, and the blind stretched out their hands, as though to feel the happiness they could not see. There were crowds of handsome peasant-women, with sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, hastening up. Even the poor little infants many carried, were laughing in spite of being wrapped up like Egyptian mummies, and tucked under their mothers' arms as though they were great loaves of bread.

At the Hermitage, midway to the summit, there was a scene precisely like a race-field in America. Hundreds and hundreds of carriages were all crammed together, while the drivers were swearing and gesticulating furiously. We gladly left our barouche, and hastened down a pathway through a grove of young chestnut-trees, which brought us, after a brisk walk, to the verge of the lava flood. It poured from the crater far above, and formed a stream many miles in length. It was a deep burning red, with here and there a little island of black, caused by the cooling of the surface of the fiery river.

From this ravine we climbed up the heights above, and approached nearer the crater. There we encountered our guide Beppo, who made the ascent with us. The instant he perceived us, he cried out, "*Bene! bene!* Signora! You remember three days ago, when I allowed you to stop on the side of the cone, and you asked me about the little serpent of smoke that burst from the lava, when the great mountain thundered,—*bene!* that was the mouth of the crater, and the fire was trying to open it. You see what it has done now. *Grazie a Dio!* we shall eat *macaroni* to-night!"

Precisely true were the words of Beppo. Just where I had gathered up pieces of hot lava, and heard far, far down below a wild, fierce murmur, almost like the utterance of human agony, a new crater had opened its flaming mouth, whence came a torrent of lava, sixty or seventy feet in width, flowing down the very path by which we had ascended. It did not dash rapidly along, as does the water, but moved slowly and majestically. It was only when a rocky barrier stayed its progress, that it would swell up into grand waves of fire, and madly dash over it. Imagine Trenton Falls, with every drop of water turned to flame, pouring over ledge after ledge of rocks; or the Anio a river of fire, rushing wildly over the heights of Tivoli, and some faint idea may be formed of the lava-cataract of Vesuvius.

SILVER AND GOLDEN ILLUMINATIONS.

At sunset we drove in an open barouche to St. Peter's, and stopped just within the colonnades. An immense concourse of people, almost equal to the throng of the morning, was assembled in the Piazza. The carriages were drawn up in lines precisely as upon our race-courses in America. The mounted police, with drawn sabres, kept order over the movements of the crowd. A hoarse murmur, like the sound of a distant cataract, rose up from the dense mass of human beings. As twilight melted into darkness, along the front of the church sprang up innumerable gleaming lights, until frieze, column, cornice, and pillar, were all traced out in fire. This was the "silver" illumination. We gazed upon this for some time, in wonder and admiration, when the great bell of St. Peter's tolled the hour of eight. At the first stroke a meteor, as though from the sky above, darted from the summit of the dome, and fixed itself upon the top of the cross; then as quick as thought, swift as electricity, thousands and thousands of blazing fires flashed over the noble structure, along the graceful colonnades, around the statues, and

beneath the arches. The waters of the fountains, catching the vivid radiance, fell like drops of liquid gold into the marble basins. Glorious was the spectacle—a miracle of beauty! It seemed some vision of enchantment—a cathedral of flame, whose perfect architecture was all revealed in glittering light. A slight wind caused the fires to waver to and fro, as though they were stars which had fallen from their sphere above, and were now trembling and fluttering in their new abode.

BALL OF THE COUNTESS DE WALEWSKI.

July 20th.—A few nights ago we attended a magnificent ball at the palace of the Count and Countess de Walewski, on the banks of the Seine, near the Chamber of Deputies. The Count (now Minister of Foreign Affairs) was ambassador at the Court of St. James for several years, where both himself and his lovely wife were exceedingly admired. At Queen Victoria's state ball in Buckingham Palace (during our first visit to England) I had been presented to them, and was earnestly pleased to meet them again.

Twelve rooms were opened, quite as splendid as those of the Tuileries or the Hôtel de Ville. They were each hung with a different-colored damask, and so highly gilded, they shone like the palace of the "Gold King." The chandeliers were singularly pretty, formed of large bouquets of flowers, whence the light issued. Just beneath a large one, fashioned like white lilies, was an elegant crimson divan, the centre of which was a perfect bank of bright-hued verbenas, geraniums, and heliotropes. Around this spot the ladies were clustered, much more at home and as radiant as the flowers themselves. As it was the reception-room, the graceful Countess stood near this group, greeting her guests as they entered with sweet words and gracious smiles. She kindly welcomed us to France, and gave us a seat near her, where we remarked the *entrée* of many distinguished and elegant people. All the "dignitaries of the state" were there, the ministers, and a number of the English nobility; among them the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton; then Prince Napoleon, President of the Exposition, and his two cousins, Charles and Lucien Bonaparte. The Turkish Ambassador has a very interesting face, with eyes of wonderful size and brightness. He was dressed in the modern costume, except the crimson *fez* upon his head; and then he wore no cravat, but a wide black ribbon around his neck, to which was attached a medallion of diamonds of dazzling light. He was accompanied

by numerous young *attachés*, uncommonly handsome men, who were really the most caressed beaux of the ball. Their soft and beautiful eyes seemed to possess a magnetic power over the hearts of the fair ones around them. There were two Egyptians of noble presence (quite as dark-skinned as our Betsey,) and a Haytien prince, entirely black. His manner was grave and dignified.

A few officers in glittering uniforms were present. Several had recently returned from the Crimea, and were still pale and weak from the wounds received there.

The ladies' dresses were very brilliant, and precious jewels sparkled on their bosoms, and bracelets of rare value clasped their arms. But to the vast circumference of the *petticoats* our eyes have not yet become accustomed. They are formed of crinoline (a fabric made of horse-hair), with a quilling of it around the bottom to keep the huge circle distended. They resemble half-inflated balloons, just rising from the ground, and the wearers appear compelled to push the skirts along as they walk. The *courtesy*, or *curtsy*, now in vogue, is most extraordinary. The ladies can no longer move back a step or two, and incline forward (as was their custom formerly), without knocking over some small man by the weight of their petticoats; therefore, instead of bending forward, they give a sudden "duck down," very much after the style of little Chloe when old Aunt Charlotte directs her in their Sunday visits to say, "How do 'ce do, Missis!" Yet how omnipotent is this fashion! How it reconciles us to utter monstrosities, and after a time makes us deem them undoubted beauties! Hence you must not wonder to find us, on our return, pushing along our heavy skirts, and rolling to and fro like half-collapsed balloons!

Serving-men in gorgeous liveries were constantly handing around ices, although there was a sumptuous *buffet*, where every variety of refreshment was politely served to the guests.

We made the acquaintance of many agreeable people, among them the Princess Ghika, daughter of the reigning prince of Wallachia. She is married to a French gentleman, who occupied some diplomatic position in her country. We found her a charming woman, and accompanied her and the Turkish Ambassador to supper, where we had a famously merry time. Not far from us was the Count de Morny, whom Talleyrand prophesied (when he was only a child) would be a Prime Minister of France. His devotion to the emperor, at the time of the *coup d'état* of December, is known to the whole world. Count de Morny, although not more than forty-three

or four, is quite bald; he has a quiet, dignified air, and the self-possession of a man of profound intellect.

After leaving the supper-rooms we went out into the gardens, which were lighted by colored lamps hanging from trees and shrubs. The scene was most inviting, and the fresh perfume of the flowers delicious. Music from the palace floated upon the air, and mingled with the sound of the falling waters of the fountains, while lovely forms flitted to and fro amid the green foliage. How delightful it was!

THE COLISEUM.

The Coliseum is crumbling fast away; Rome has fallen from her early grandeur; but the world progresses more proudly than ever, for that fair and glorious land beyond the broad Atlantic has been added to the treasures of time—that unrivalled land, the birthplace of Washington and of freedom, which seems, "Pallas-like, to have sprung from the head of Jove," with all the knowledge of departed centuries, and the experience of long-buried nations.

At the end of a soft and balmy day of spring, we first entered the Coliseum. Its immensity and desolation were overpowering. The lips absolutely refused to frame into words the emotions inspired by this grandest of ruins. So, to escape questions from our party concerning the impression made upon my mind, I stole away from them, and climbing up a mass of stone, I found a little nook, where I seated myself, and, free from interruption, gazed upon the wondrous extent of the majestic Coliseum. It is of oval form, and when perfect, the walls were one hundred and fifty feet in height. Now, the lofty rim around it is broken in all directions. The deep blue sky seemed to rest like a roof above the arches, which rose up tier over tier to the summit, where once floated an awning, as protection from the mid-day sun. It is built of *travertine* rock, whose coarse grain and porous texture afford a safe lodgment for the grains of dust. These soon become soil, whence spring myriads of flowers, and tufted bushes of dark green foliage. Nature appeared to have seized the ruin from decay, and hidden the ravages of the destroyer beneath a mantle of verdure, sprinkled with glowing blossoms, belonging to a flora unknown elsewhere save in ancient Rome. There were delicate vines clinging around enormous prostrate columns, while long tendrils, like garlands, were waving in the air. Along

a terrace which encircled the arena, were still visible ranges of boxes, intended for the emperors and nobles. This was covered as though with a carpet, so various and brilliant-hued were the flowers growing upon it. Far up along the edge of the broken battlements was a fringe of green and shining ivy.

The Coliseum was commenced by Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus in the year 80, a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Twelve thousand captive Jews were compelled to labor incessantly in its construction, and when it was completed, for one hundred days gladiatorial combats were held within it, and thousands of Christians were torn to pieces by the wild tigers, lions, and leopards. During four hundred years the Coliseum was devoted to these fearful games, where gladiators met, or where savage beasts buried their claws in the quivering flesh of human beings. Seas of blood have washed over the broad arena, and myriads of martyrs to the faith of our holy Redeemer, have yielded up their souls to God within those circling walls. Hence, with all these memories crowding on the mind, I could readily picture the terrific scenes of those horrible days, when

> "The buzz of eager nations ran,
> In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
> As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man
> And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
> Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
> And the imperial pleasure?"

In the reign of Honorius these frightful combats were abolished. The Coliseum remained perfect for many centuries, until it became a kind of quarry of stone and marble, with which many great palaces were built up. It is said that the nephew of Paul the Third asked permission to remove stone for only twelve hours. This being granted to him by his uncle, he employed four thousand men, who assailed the walls, and bore away sufficient material to build the *Farnese Palace*, one of the largest in Europe.

Pope Benedict, in 1750, caused a cross to be erected in the centre of the arena, and consecrated it to the martyrs who had perished within it. There are now rude altars, with paintings illustrating the progress of the Saviour from the prison to the place of his crucifixion. Just after twilight a long train of monks, with a linen mask entirely concealing their faces, went chanting around the arena. Great shadows falling from the walls above,

seemed now and then to ingulf them in dark caverns, as they passed along.

Even more suggestive of picturesque and wild grandeur was the Coliseum at night, when the bright stars were out, and the tender beams of the young moon were just disappearing beyond the ivy-crowned rim of the lofty walls. With that view ended our first visit; but often again did I see it. If Mont Blanc may be styled the "Monarch of Mountains," the Coliseum may be justly hailed as the "Sovereign of Ruins."

THE HOME OF THE BROWNINGS.

I have spent the evening at the *Casa Guidi*, with Mr. and Mrs. Browning, whose poems we have read with such earnest pleasure at home. We have mutual and dear friends in England, and soon after my arrival, we called upon them, and have found in their acquaintance another link of enchantment to bind Florence to memory forever.

During all the years of her early life, Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid, shut in from society, and often even from the conversation of friends. While a close prisoner in her chamber, she wrote beautiful and noble poems, which have made the delight of many a household beyond the Atlantic, and the joy of her compatriots. Robert Browning, himself a poet, a man of rare talent and great personal attraction, read these outpourings of her pure and gifted mind, and loved the unseen authoress. After many weary months of entreaty, he was allowed to visit her, as she lay upon the sofa of her boudoir. I need not tell you, the sight of her sweet and gentle face, and her beaming, soul-lit smile, completed the conquest her genius had commenced. He married her, and brought her immediately to Italy, where they have ever since resided. Although her health is still delicate, and requires the unceasing watchfulness of love and friendship, she becomes every year stronger in this delicious clime, and is the happy mother of a lovely little boy.

Robert Browning is an admirable man, frank, cheerful, and charming. He is said to be the most captivating conversationist on the Continent; (however, I think there are some in America quite equal to him). There is a genial warmth, and a sparkling merriment, in his words, which made us friends at once. Then Mrs. Browning I loved directly. Oh! she is indeed a precious gem! With all her varied and profound learning, and high poetic gift, she is as simple and unassuming in manner as a child. What a visit of

joy it was to me, in their love-sanctified and art-beautified home. Their union seems perfect in happiness, the mind as well as the heart having met its own affinity. When we parted, after some hours of delightful conversation, wherein the bright and tender nature of Elizabeth Browning shone like soft beams of light, I felt as though years of pleasant acquaintance had passed between us.

Dear Mrs. Kinney, our own sweet poetess, has been most cordially kind and affectionate to us. In her apartments we have spent several evenings of true enjoyment. She has presented me to a number of distinguished people who live here, Florentines, English, and Americans; among them an exceedingly handsome couple, the Count and Countess Cottrell, and two brothers of Tennyson the poet. We met there, likewise, Hart, the sculptor, who is modelling the statue of Henry Clay for the ladies of Richmond. He tells me the work is nearly completed, and other persons say it will be a most noble and majestic monument to America's greatest statesman.

JENNY LIND.

Words cannot shadow forth the resistless charm of her wonderful voice; music gushes from her throat in rills of song, until the whole theatre is full of melody.

In the trio with the flutes, her voice soars far above their sweetest or clearest tones. With merry glee, she seems to revel and sport amid the higher notes, and mocks, with playful grace, all efforts of the instruments to follow her wanderings, in her own realm of song.

"The Mountain Song" is a miracle of sound. In it she imitates the herdsman's call to his flocks, and the echoes which the hills give back again. The last long-sustained note is enchanting. It is low, soft, and wild. It swells around you—now above, now below—until the air rings with harmony. It does not resemble any sound of earth or of air I have ever listened to, save the "mysterious music," which haunts the shores of Pascagoula Bay.

The "Birdling Song," is exquisite. The joyous warblings of the bird is as perfectly heard as though you wandered amid the deep forest glades of Sweden. When she sings this melody her face is lighted up with a beautiful smile, and the sweet words, "I am singing, I must be singing," fall like precious gems from her rosy lips.

Her Italian music is rendered with science and the artistic skill of a per-

fect musician. Wonder is excited at the remarkable power of her clarion-like voice; the tones are delightful, but they do not warm the heart. Like the aurora borealis of northern climes, it is exquisite in its beauty, but it is cold as moonlight upon the snow. Hence, in Italian music, I would not style her the "Queen of Song," but in the melodies of her native land, in the wild music of Germany, she is preëminent, and reaches heights unattainable by any but herself. In the uniqueness—in the sparkling brightness of her own music, there is a perfection which no other vocalist has ever approached. It is irresistibly charming. A pure and gentle feeling possesses the heart as you listen. The tones of her voice come upon the senses like the falling of the raindrops—like the moonlight of summer—like the breeze from southern seas. Her music never awakens passionate emotions in the soul, or induces the "pulses' wild play." Its influence is soothing and refined.

At all the concerts her opening song is in Italian, and I am persuaded no one has ever heard her first song without a sensation of disappointment, which, however, quickly changes into admiration when her own songs come to the ear. She steals into the heart—she does not take it by *coup de main*.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THERE is, perhaps, no woman whose name has sustained itself longer and more endearingly with the American public, and is, at the same time, more closely interwoven with the rural and fireside literature of the South, than that of Caroline Gilman. And now, at the age of sixty-six, she stands before the mind's eye, serene, genial, and perennial as her fame. We have strong faith in chirography; and the little note she has sent to us, in a hand guiltless of a single flourish—round, clear, firm, and genuine, would seem to be a true expression of herself.

Mrs. Gilman is best known as a prose writer, though she has published a volume of poems which is marked by some of the happiest characteristics of her style, and holds no unworthy place in the scale of her achievements. To children, especially, are her pure, simple, graceful, and vivacious poems a real comfort and blessing. But it is in the familiar and artistic sketches of her "Recollections of a Southern Matron," and "A New England Bride," that we meet the writer face to face upon the fair and sunny fields of her own proper domain, and feel most sensibly the unaffected and magnetic sympathies of the woman.

Caroline Howard, the daughter of Samuel Howard, of Boston, Mass., was born in that city October 8, 1794. She had just reached the age of three years when her father died, and her mother—a descendant of the Brecks, an honorable family, well

known in Boston and Philadelphia—retired with her children into the country. Though our author, in her piquant sketch of her own life, claims for herself a somewhat early and extraordinary power of mental retention, instancing the memory of her baptism, at *five weeks*, with all its graphic details—"a cold November morning"—"the north aisle" of the church—the minister bending over her in his "bush-wig," and touching his finger to her "befrilled little forehead"—she seems to have taken little note of time or events in the succeeding ten years. Removing with her mother, in the meanwhile, from one New England village to another, they at last settled upon classic and sacred ground, near the entrance of Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, Mass. From thence, at the age of ten years, our writer followed to their resting-place, in North Andover, the cherished remains of her mother.

The religious element was early developed in Miss Howard, and showed itself largely in her first publication, a poem entitled "Jephthah's Rash Vow," which appeared in 1810. This was soon followed by "Jairus' Daughter," brought out in the "North American Review."

In 1819, she married the Rev. Samuel Gilman, and removed to Charleston, S. C., the place of his pastoral charge. Dr. Gilman was known to the world not only as an earnest and faithful preacher of the Unitarian faith, but as the author of "The Memoirs of a New England Village Choir."

Not until 1832 did Mrs. Gilman establish a reputation as a prose writer. She then commenced the publication of a weekly juvenile journal, called the "Southern Rose-bud," which she continued for seven years. From this miscellany her writings have been, at different times, collected and republished. "Recollections of a New England Bride," and "Of a Southern Matron," ran rapidly through many editions, and, of her numerous works, are undoubtedly the most familiarly

known to the public. "Poetry of Travelling," made up of graceful, humorous sketches of Northern and Southern life, appeared in 1838. "Verses of a Lifetime," was brought out at Boston in 1849, and followed by "Tales and Ballads," "Ruth Raymond, or Love's Progress," "Oracles from the Poets," and "The Sibyl"—the last two being compilations from a wide range of poetry, skillfully classified to do *devoir* as oracles. "Letters from Eliza Wilkinson," during the invasion of Charleston by the British, is highly interesting and valuable as a personal memorial of the Revolution.

Mrs. Gilman's autobiographical sketch has been extensively copied, especially into books of this class, but affording, as its *naïve*, graceful, and spirited flow does, the best clue in our possession to her true self and style, we cannot refrain from giving place yet again to large portions of it, commencing with some reminiscences of her old home.

Our residence [she says] was nearly opposite Governor Gerry's, and we were frequent visitors there. One evening I saw a small book on the recessed window-seat of their parlor. It was Gesner's "Death of Abel;" I, opened it, spelt out its contents, and soon tears began to flow. Eager to finish it, and ashamed of emotions so novel, I screened my little self so as to allow the light to fall only on the book, and, while forgotten by the group, I, also, forgetting the music and mirth that surrounded me, shed, at eight years, the first preluding tears over fictitious sorrow.

It was formerly the custom for country people in Massachusetts to visit Boston in throngs on election day, and see the governor sit in his chair on the common. This pleasure was promised me, and a neighboring farmer was good enough to offer to take me to my Uncle Phillips'. Therefore, soon after sunrise, I was dressed in my best frock, and red shoes, and with a large peony called *a 'lection posy*, in one hand, and a quarter of a dollar in the other, I sprang with a merry heart into the chaise, my imagination teeming with soldiers and sights, and sugar-plums, and a vague thought of something like a huge giant sitting in a big chair, overtopping everybody.

I was an incessant talker while travelling, therefore the time seemed short when I was landed, as I supposed, at my Uncle Phillips' door, and the

farmer drove away. But what was my distress at finding myself among strangers! Entirely ignorant of my uncle's direction, I knew not what to say. In vain a cluster of kind ladies tried to soothe and amuse me with promises of playmates and toys; a sense of utter loneliness and intrusion kept me in tears. At sunset, the good farmer returned for me, and I burst into a new agony of grief. I have never forgotten that long, long day with the kind and hospitable, but *wrong Phillipses*. If this statement should chance to be read and remembered by them, at this far interval, I beg them to receive the thanks which the timid girl neglected to give to her stranger friends.

I had seen scarcely any children's books except the Primer, and at the age of ten no poetry adapted to my age; therefore, without presumption, I may claim some originality at an attempt at an acrostic on an infant, by the name of Howard, beginning:

"How sweet is the half-opened rose!
Oh, how sweet is the violet to view!
Who receives more pleasure from them,"

Here it seems I broke down in the acrostic department, and went on:

"Than the one who thinks them like you?
Yes, yes, you're a sweet little rose,
That will bloom like one awhile;
And then you will be like one still,
For I hope you will die without guile."

The Davidsons, at the same age, would, I suppose, have smiled at this poor rhyming, but in vindication of my ten-year-old-ship I must remark, that they were surrounded by the educational light of the present era, while I was in the dark age of 1805.

My education was exceedingly irregular, a perpetual passing from school to school, from my earliest memory. I drew a very little, and worked the "Babes in the Wood" on white satin, with floss silk; my teacher and my grandmother being the only persons who recognized in the remarkable individuals that issued from my hands a likeness to those innocent sufferers.

I taught myself the English guitar at the age of fifteen, from hearing a schoolmate take lessons, and ambitiously made a tune, which I doubt if posterity will care to hear. By depriving myself of some luxuries, I

purchased an instrument, over which my whole soul was poured in joy and sorrow for many years. A dear friend, who shared my desk at school, was kind enough to work out all my sums for me (there were no blackboards then), while I wrote a novel in a series of letters, under the euphonious name of "Eugenia Fitz Allen." The consequence is that, so far as arithmetic is concerned, I have been subject to perpetual mortification ever since, and shudder to this day when any one asks how much is seven times nine!

I never could remember the multiplication table, and to heap coals of fire on its head, set it to rhyme. I wrote my school themes in rhyme, and instead of following "Beauty soon decays," and "Cherish no ill designs," in B and C, I surprised my teacher with Pope's couplet:

> "Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
> Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

My teacher, who at that period was more ambitious for me than I was for myself, initiated me into Latin, a great step for that period.

The desire to gratify a friend induced me to study Watts' Logic. I did commit it to memory conscientiously, but on what an ungenial soil it fell! I think to this day, that *that* science is the dryest of intellectual chips, and for sorry quibblings, and self-evident propositions, syllogisms are only equalled by legal instruments, for which, by the way, I have lately seen a call for reform. Spirits of Locke, and Brown, and Whewell, forgive me!

About this period I walked four miles a week to Boston to join a private class in French.

The religious feeling was always powerful within me. I remember in girlhood, a passionate joy in lonely prayer, and a delicious elevation, when, with upraised look, I trod my chamber floor, reciting or singing Watts' Sacred Lyrics. At sixteen I joined the communion at the Episcopal Church in Cambridge.

At the age of eighteen I made another sacrifice in dress to purchase a Bible, with a margin sufficiently large to enable me to insert a commentary. To this object I devoted several months of study, transferring to its pages my deliberate convictions.

I am glad to class myself with the few who first established the Sabbath School and Benevolent Society at Watertown, Massachusetts, and to say that I have endeavored, under all circumstances, wherever my lot has fallen, to carry out the work of social love.

* * * * * * * * *

At the age of sixteen I wrote "Jephthah's Rash Vow." I was gratified by the request of an introduction from Miss Hannah Adams, the erudite, the simple-minded, and gentle-mannered author of the "History of Religions." After her warm expressions of praise for my verses, I said to her:

"Oh, Miss Adams, how strange to hear a lady who knows so much admire me!"

"My dear," replied she, with her little lisp, "my writings are merely compilations, Jephthah is your own."

This incident is a specimen of her habitual humility.

To show the change from that period, I will remark, that when I learned that my verses had been surreptitiously printed in a newspaper, I wept bitterly, and was as alarmed as if I had been detected in man's apparel.

The next effusion of mine was "Jairus' Daughter," which was inserted, by request, in the "North American Review," then a miscellany.

A few years later I passed four winters at Savannah, and still vividly remember the love and sympathy of that genial community.

In 1819, I married Samuel Gilman, and came to Charleston, S. C., where he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church.

In 1832, I commenced editing the "Rose-bud," a hebdomadal, the first juvenile newspaper, if I mistake not, in the Union. Mrs. Child had led the way in her "Monthly Miscellany," to my apprehension one of the most perfect works that have ever appeared for youth. The "Rose-bud" gradually unfolded through seven columns, taking the title of the "Southern Rose," and being the vehicle of some rich literature and valuable criticisms.

From this periodical I have reprinted at various times, the following volumes:

"Recollections of a New England Bride;" "Recollections of a Southern Matron;" "Ruth Raymond, or Love's Progress;" "Poetry of Travelling in the United States;" "Tales and Ballads;" "Verses of a Lifetime;" "Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the Invasion of Charleston;" also, several volumes for youth, now collected in one, as "Mrs. Gilman's Gift Book." The "Poetry of Travelling," "Tales and Ballads," and "Eliza Wilkinson," are out of print. The "Oracles from the Poets," and "The Sibyl," which occupied me two years, are of later date. To these may be added "Oracles for Youth."

On the publication of the "Recollections of a New England Bride," I received thanks and congratulations from every quarter, and I attribute its popularity to the fact that it was the first attempt, in that particular mode,

to enter into the recesses of American homes and hearths, the first unveiling of what I may call the altar of the Lares in our *cuisine*.

I feel proud to say that a chapter in that work was among the first heralds of the temperance movement, a cause to which I shall cheerfully give my later as well as earlier powers.

After the publication of the "Poetry of Travelling," I opened to a notice in a review, and was greeted with, "This affectation will never do." It has amused me since to notice how "*this affectation*" has spread, until we have now the "Poetry of Teaching," and the "Poetry of Science," etc., etc.

My only pride is in my books for children. I have never thought myself a poet, only a versifier; but I know that I have learned the way to youthful hearts, and I think I have originated several styles of writing for them.

While dwelling on the above sketch, I have discovered the difficulty of autobiography, in the impossibility of referring to one's faults. Perchance were I to detail the personal mistakes and deficiencies of this long era, I might lose the sympathy which may have followed me thus far.

I have purposely confined myself to my earlier recollections, believing that my writings will be the best exponents of my views and experience. It would be wrong, however, for me not to allude, in passing, to one subject which has had a potent influence on my life: I refer to mesmerism or magnetic psychology. This seemingly mysterious agency gave me relief when other human aid was hopeless.

My Heavenly Father has called me to varied trials of joy and sorrow. I trust they have all drawn me nearer to him. I have resided in Charleston thirty-one years, and shall probably make my final resting-place in the beautiful cemetery adjoining my husband's church—the church of my faith and my love.

This sketch was written in 1854. Since that time we have to record the death of Dr. Gilman, and, very recently, the publication of a pure, womanly memorial of him by Mrs. Gilman. A southern paper pays the following tribute to the work:

RECORDS OF INSCRIPTIONS in the Cemetery and Building of the Unitarian, formerly denominated the Independent Church, Archdale street, Charleston, S. C. From 1777 to 1860.

The beautiful monument that perpetuates the remembrance of the faithful services and pure life of the tender and truthful Gilman, with its touching

adornment of lasting love, suggested this collection of epitaphs. The flowers laid by the hand of affection upon that shrine, caused the generous heart of Mrs. Gilman to resolve to do for others what had been done for one distinguished and cherished name. Gratified and struck with the fresh delight with which the almost worn-out inscriptions on the old gravestones were read, it occurred to her that a printed collection of these tributes on the marble would be acceptable to the congregation and circle of friends. We have before us the execution of this happy thought. The pious work could not have fallen into more fitting hands. The volume is a storehouse of sadly sweet memories, which the names upon the stones in that beautiful *God's Acre* will revive in the breasts of many of our readers.

May the days which remain to this estimable woman—this "past-master in the order of American female authors"—like the latter days of our noble Irving, round in ripe golden sunset to their rest.

THE LOST MAIL.

My cousin, Lewis Walpole, from the earliest childhood, was remarkable for finding things. His companions thought he enjoyed what is commonly called good luck, but a closer philosophy might say he was particularly observing. He once found two letters in a morning walk, the reward for which filled his pocket with spending money for a year; and as we were rambling together one day, he brought up from the mud on his ratan a gold ring. It was a plain ring with two initials; and though no immediate reward followed, it introduced him to a friendship which was like golden apples for the rest of his days. Once I stepped on a bit of dirty paper; Lewis followed me, picked it up, and laid it in his little snug pocket-book. Six weeks after, an advertisement appeared, offering three hundred dollars reward for that very bit of paper, which was the half of a note worth as many thousands.

It seemed to me that pins sprang from the earth for Lewis, for he was never without a row of them in his waistcoat. If an old lady was in want of one, Lewis was always ready, and then his head was patted, and he was treated to tit-bits. If a pretty girl's shawl was to be fastened, behold Lewis' pin came forth, and then such a beautiful smile beamed upon him! If a child was in danger of losing her bonnet, Lewis's offered pin was seized, and

he was caressed with lips and eyes, for her preservation from a maternal chiding.

Cousin Lewis, some time since, removed to the far West, and I, his senior by a dozen years (though he was a stricken bachelor), went with him to darn his stockings and keep his hearth clean. We called our log house Sparrownest, and in one way and another made it as cozy as heart could wish. What could poor Cousin Lewis find now, in his wide fields and vast forests? Not pins, certainly; but one day, twenty miles from home, he did find in the wild woods a strange thing, a pretty Irish girl about sixteen years old, all alone, wringing her hands and sobbing as if her heart would break. Cousin Lewis dismounted (he was a noble horseman), and offered her assistance. The poor child only wept the more, crying out:

"And isn't it alone in the wide world that I am."

It was an awkward business, but Cousin Lewis knew better than anybody how to do a kindness, so he wiped her eyes, soothed her, and bade her be of good cheer; then took her up on his saddle and brought her home.

What big bundle has Cousin Lewis brought home? thought I, as he rode up to the door in the twilight—and great was my astonishment to see a red-cheeked girl slip down from the saddle, with a shamefaced look. I bestirred myself about supper, for the child was cold and hungry. When her appetite was appeased (she ate a whole chicken, poor thing!) she began to cry.

"What can I do for you, my child?" said I.

"And isn't it of my father I'm thinking!" said she, sobbing and wringing her hands. "There were twenty of us, big and little, in the wagons, and him in the front one. It was with a clever old lady I was, in the afther one, we to take the charge of one another, ye mind. And when the 'orses was stopped for walthering, I minded to go and gather some flowers I had never seen in my own counthry. So I sated myself down to pull some flowers, and a bit of weed thereabout looked like a shamrock, and I fell a thinkin'; a kind of thdream came upon me, and I was at play with Kathleen and the girls, and thin we were for throwing peat at Dermot, and Dermot made as if to kiss me, the impudent ———, and I slapped him on the face, and thin I knew nothin' more until I started up and found myself alone. The wagons were gone, the owls were hootin', and the night comin' on. Then I shouted, and cried, and raved, and ran till my feet failed me, and my heart was jist like to break in two, when the masther (here she made a low courtesy to Cousin Lewis) came along like the light, on a dark night, and took compassion on the poor girl; and she will love him all her days for his goodness, she will."

With that, Cousin Lewis took out his pocket-handkerchief, and I punched the fire.

So Dora became one of us, and she sang about Sparrownest like a young bird, with a natural sigh now and then for her father.

Did Cousin Lewis find anything else in the forest? Listen. As he was riding on horseback, in his deliberate way, on the far outskirts of his fields, he saw something white scattered among the green herbage. He spurred his horse toward the spot. It was strewed with letters, which were dashed with mud and rain. Cousin Lewis alighted, and quietly deposited them all in his saddle-bags.

Dora and I had made a blazing fire, for the night was chilly, and while I was knitting, she trod about with a light step, laying the cloth for supper, and singing an Irish air about "Dermot, my dear." When Cousin Lewis came in, she sprang toward him with such joy, and hung his hat on a peg, and put his heavy saddle-bags in one corner, and brought him water to bathe his hands, and helped to draw off his great boots. He looked very fondly on her. You would not have thought he was so much older than she, for his hair was curling and black as the raven's; mine has been grey many years.

At supper, Cousin Lewis told us about the letters. I confess, old as I am, I could scarcely keep my hands from the saddle-bags, and I thought Dora would have torn them open.

"We shall have a rainy day to-morrow," said Cousin Lewis in his quiet way, "and will want amusement; besides, our Yankee clock points to bed-time."

"Masther, dear," said Dora, imploringly, "the lethers will not slape a wink for wanting to be read."

"We must keep them locked up, my love, as we do restless children," said Cousin Lewis, and I think I saw him kiss the hand that struggled to take the key of the saddle-bags away from him. No wonder he felt young, for he was very straight and graceful.

The next morning, when we assembled at breakfast, the rain descended in that determined style which announces a regular outpouring for the day.

Dora and I glanced at the saddle-bags; Cousin Lewis smiled.

"Have you settled it with your conscience," said he, "whether those letters should be read? There has evidently been a mail robbery."

"You wouldn't in rason be after sendin' the letthers away, poor things," said Dora, "when they were left in the forests. And it wasn't *that* ye did to me, any how!"

Cousin Lewis looked down, and sighed, and smiled. I could not tell

whether he was thinking of the letters or Dora, but I noticed, when he smiled, how white and even his teeth were.

After some discussion, we decided that no seal was to be broken where the superscription was legible, but that it was right and proper that we should constitute ourselves a committee to decide which of them were in a state to return to the post-office. Cousin Lewis was appointed reader. While he gave us the contents of the following, Dora amused herself by treading on Carlo's paw, who looked up in her face and whimpered. The date was erased

"DEAR JUDGE: You will be surprised to learn that * * * * * has taken the field against us. What will European cabinets say when such addle-headed fellows form a part of our government? B———, is up and doing. You must be on the alert, and circumvent these movements if possible. The Secretaryship may yet be secured by a general canvassing. T. and J. are fit tools. Take care of S., and give a sop to the old Cerberus on the Island. Keep the date in mind, as"——

The rest of the writing was obliterated. The next letter made Dora stop playing with Carlo's paw.

"PHILADELPHIA, ETC.

"DEAR RUSSELL: I received the books safely and thank you. After looking them over, I had an odd dream, and was awoke with my own excessive laughter. It is utterly preposterous that a staid lawyer, half a century old, should be dreaming such dreams.

"I dreamed that I was blowing soap bubbles out of a clay pipe, a thing I have not done since you and I were boys at Fishkill. One after another they floated off, poetically enough; now rising gracefully in the sunbeams, and now exploding softly on the turf at my feet. At length one, the king of the rest, grew and grew at the end of my pipe, until it became as large as a wash basin. It fell and lay roiling about, offering beautiful prismatic hues to the eye, when presently a little square-nosed pig came grunting toward it. Twice he smelt it and tried to turn it, but retreated as it rolled toward him. Again he seemed to gather up his courage, and thrusting his square snout against it, it exploded with a noise like a pistol. Little squarenose ran as if for life and death, and I awoke in a positive perspiration with excess of laughter.

"interpretation of

"your

"JAMES COL—."

Dora shouted with glee at this droll description, and her interest was kept awake by the following, written evidently by a relation of a certain popular character:

"Mrs Sippi
"West End of A merry K.

"Dear Veller: Wot with my see sickness and warious causes, its bin utterly impossible for me to rite to you, tho' it warnt for want of thinkin' on you, as the thief said to the constable. Wos you ever see sick, cousin Veller? If you wos, you would say that you felt in the sitivation of a barrel of licker, that's rolled over and over agin its vill. A most mortifyin' thing happen'd a board the wessel. You know, my lovin' cozen, the jar of bake beans you put aboard for my private eatin'. Wot should the stewhard do, but set it atop of three basins in my stateroom, and won day wen the ladies wos eatin' lunch, there come an awful lurch of the see, the wich burstin' open my door, driv the whole concern into the cabin. The beans was mouldy beyond account, and smelt werry wilely, as the pig said wen he vent to his neighbor's pen. The beans was awfully griddle about the floor under the ladies' feet, who scrambled up into the cheers. I put my head ont of my birth to explain, and was taken with an awful qualm in the midst of a pology.

"Give my love to miss ——, and tell her the Merrycans have been quite shy of my letter of introdneshun from her. I'm jealous she didn't move in sich respectable society as me, or else she made a mistake, as the dissector said wen he got hold of a live body. I ain't seen a drunken lady, nor a young woman married to her grandfather, nor a hypocriticle parson since I left the wessel.

"I vill write agin as ever I get to Mis Soreeye.

"Your loven cozen
"Timothy."

It may well be imagined that Sparrownest rang with our mirth, for little matters move one in the country. Dora laughed until she cried, but her mood was soon changed when Cousin Lewis, in his pathetic tones, read the next letter.

"Father: I take my pen in desperation, not in hope—and yet perhaps, when you know that the body of my child lies beside me without my having the means to buy him a shroud, you may relent. Poor Edward is stretched on his hard mattress beside the boy, and his hollow cough rings fearfully through the empty room. Oh, father, if he had but that old sofa you

banished to the garret on the night of my birth-day ball! You will think me crazy to say so, but you are a murderer, father. My boy died for want of nourishment, and you are murdering Edward too, the best, the noblest ——. Oh, Heaven, to think of the soft beds in your vacant rooms, and the gilt-edged cups from which you drink your odorous tea, with that white sugar sparkling like diamonds! I have just given poor Edward his nauseous draught in a tin vessel. I have not had time to cleanse it since my baby was ill.

"My baby—how tranquilly he rests! Would that Edward and I might lie down beside him!

"Father, will God treat his erring children as you do? 'Like as a *father* pitieth his children'—— Oh, Father in Heaven, art thou like mine?"

"A change has come upon Edward, father; he is dying——dead."

Dora laid her head upon the table in tears, but she soon wiped her eyes, and listened with feminine interest to another letter.

"NEW YORK.

"DEAR ISABEL: You must not fail to be here on the 21st of next month as my first bridesmaid. I can take no excuse. My dress is perfect; papa imported it for me. There is and shall be no copy in the city. The pearls too are exquisitely *unique*. You can form some judgment of what will be necessary for your own dress by mine. Of course you must be less elegant than the bride.

"Frock with lace trimmings, etc.	$150
"Veil	50
"Pocket handkerchief (the divine thing!)	20
"Embroidered gloves	3
"Shoes	2 50
"Stockings	5
"Embroidered scarf	10
"Set of pearls	200
"Bouquet of natural flowers	5

"Come, dearest Isabel, and witness my dress and my felicity!

"Your own

"ELEANOR.

"P. S.—You know you must appear with me on Sunday. Mamma has bought me a heaven of a bonnet with feathers."

Dora rolled up her eyes. "And isn't it feathers that's to make *that* bird?" said she. Upon which she began to speculate on her own wants if she should be married, and decided that ten dollars would be an ample dower for her.

And now the impatient girl's fingers were again thrust into the saddle-bags, but as she drew out several letters, I observed that the superscription on one arrested her attention. She became very pale, broke the seal impetuously, and glanced at the signature. A joyous flush came over her cheeks, she danced about, waving the letter in the air, caught me round the neck and kissed me, and threw herself into Cousin Lewis' arms in a passion of tears. When she could speak, she sobbed out:

"And isn't it father's own handwriting, darlings? and isn't he at Louisville, weeping for his own Dora? And will not the masther" (here she disengaged herself from Cousin Lewis, and stood before him with her accustomed courtesy) "take poor Dora to the father that's her own?"

Cousin Lewis was startled.

"I had hoped," said he, gravely, "that is, Cousin Rachel and I had hoped, that Sparrownest would have been your home for life, Dora."

Dora looked down, embarrassed, for my Cousin Lewis' eyes were fixed upon her, and they were very black and sparkling, though he was a stricken bachelor.

I withdrew toward the window, but did not altogether look away. I saw Cousin Lewis take Dora's hand; I saw Dora blush all up to the eyebrows; I heard Cousin Lewis speak in a pleading tone. One would not have thought him an old bachelor by his voice. I saw little Dora tremble, her heart seemed starting from her bosom, and she began to cry.

"I will not distress you," said Cousin Lewis, tenderly. "Tell me all your feelings, as you are wont to do. Can you love me, and be my wedded wife?"

Dora looked up through her tears. Her eyes shone sweetly.

"I will love the masther to the day of my death and after," said she, "but thin I will love Dermot better, and it is a sin is that."

Cousin Lewis dropped her hand abruptly, and left the room. He stayed away an hour, and then calmly prepared for Dora's journey. And now I never hear him speak her name.

MY KNITTING-WORK.

Youth's buds have oped and fallen from my life's expanding tree,
And soberer fruits have ripened on its hardened stalks for me;
No longer with a buoyant step I tread my pilgrim way,
And earth's horizon closer bends from hastening day to day.

No more with curious questioning I seek the fervid crowd,
Nor to ambition's glittering shrine I feel my spirit bowed;
But, as bewitching flatteries from worldly ones depart,
Love's circle narrows deeply about my quiet heart.

Home joys come thronging round me, bright, blessed, gentle, kind;
The social meal, the fireside book, unfettered mind with mind;
The unsought song that asks no praise, but spirit-stirred and free,
Wakes up within the thoughtful soul remembered melody.

Nor shall my humble *knitting-work* pass unregarded here,
The faithful friend who oft has chased a furrow or a tear,
Who comes with still unwearied round to cheer my failing eye,
And bid the curse of *ennui* from its polished weapons fly.

Companionable knitting-work! when gayer friends depart,
Thou hold'st thy busy station ever very near my heart;
And when no social living tones to sympathy appeal,
I hear a gentle accent from thy softly clashing steel.

My knitting-work! my knitting-work! a confidant art thou,
As smooth and shining on my lap thou liest beside me now;
Thou know'st some stories of my thoughts the many may not know,
As round and round the accustomed path my careful fingers go.

Sweet, silent, quiet knitting-work! thou interruptest not
My reveries and pleasant thoughts, forgetting and forgot!
I take thee up, and lay thee down, and use thee as I may,
And not a contradicting word thy burnished lips will say.

My moralizing knitting-work! thy threads most aptly show
How evenly around life's span our busy threads should go;
And if a stitch perchance should drop, as life's frail stitches will,
How, if we patient take it up, the work may prosper still.

THE PLANTATION.

Farewell, awhile the city's hum
  Where busy footsteps fall,
And welcome to my weary eye
  The planter's friendly hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,
  And list the mockbird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
  Sits on the waving spray.

Then tread the shady avenue.
  Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum-tree, with its flickered shade,
  Or chinquapin's perfume.

The myrtle-tree, the orange wild,
  The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
  Are all before me now.

There towering with imperial pride,
  The rich magnolia stands,
And here, in softer loveliness,
  The white-bloomed bay expands.

The long grey moss hangs gracefully,
  Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
  The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around—the red bird darts
  Like flame from tree to tree;
The whip-poor-will complains alone,
  The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare seuds by my path,
  And seeks the thicket nigh;
The squirrel climbs the hickory bough,
  Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird, with busy wing,
  In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
  And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine,
  The soaring eagle flies,
There builds her eyry 'mid the clouds,
  And man and heaven defies.

The hunter's bugle echoes near,
  And see—his weary train,
With mingled howling scent the woods,
  Or scour the open plain.

Yon skiff is darting from the cove,
  And list the negro's song,
The theme, his owner and his boat—
  While glide the crew along.

And when the leading voice is lost,
  Receding from the shore,
His brother boatmen swell the strain
  In chorus with the oar.

TO THE URSULINES.

Oh pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above—your quiet bark—
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given,
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing—
Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sun-flower, bright with yellow glow
To court the sky—
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow
To live and die.

Space for the ocean in its giant might,
To swell and rave—
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun to tread his path in might,
And golden pride—
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then pure and gentle ones, within *your* ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

MY PIAZZA.

My piazza! my piazza! some boast their lordly halls,
Where softened gleam of curtained light on golden treasure falls,
Where pictures in ancestral rank look stately side by side,
And forms of beauty and of grace move on in living pride!

I envy not the gorgeousness that decks the crowded room,
Where vases with exotic flowers throw out their sick perfume,
With carpets where the slippered foot sinks soft in downy swell,
And mirrored walls reflect the cheek where dimpled beauties dwell.

My fresh and cool piazza! I seek the healthy breeze
That circles round thy shading vines and softly-waving trees,
With step on step monotonous, I tread thy level floor,
And muse upon the sacred past, or calmly look before.

My bright and gay piazza! I love thee in the hour,
When morning decks with dewy gems the wavy blade and flower,
When the bird alights and sings his song upon the neighboring tree,
As if his notes were only made to cheer himself and me.

My cool and fresh piazza! I love thee when the sun
His long and fervid circuit o'er the burning earth has run;
I joy to watch his parting light loom upward to the eye,
And view the pencil-touch shade off, and then in softness die.

My sociable piazza! I prize thy quiet talk,
When arm in arm with one I love, I tread the accustomed walk;
Or loll within our rocking-chairs, not over nice or wise,
And yield the careless confidence, where heart to heart replies.

My piazza, my piazza! my spirit oft rejoices,
When from thy distant nooks I hear the sound of youthful voices;
The careless jest, the bursting laugh, the carol wildly gay,
Or cheerful step with exercise that crowns the studious day.

My beautiful piazza! thou hast thy nightly boast,
When brightly in the darkened sky appear the heavenly host;
Arcturus glows more brilliantly than monarchs' blazing gem,
And fair Corona sits enshrined, like angels' diadem.

My loved and lone piazza! the dear ones have departed,
And each their nightly pillow seek, the young and happy-hearted;
I linger still, a solemn hush is brooding o'er the skies,
A solemn hush upon the earth in tender silence lies.

I feel as if a spirit-wing came near and brushed my heart,
And bade, before I yield to sleep, earth's heavy cares depart;
Father, in all simplicity, I breathe the prayer I love,
O watch around my slumbering form, or take my soul above!

CAROLINE HOWARD.

Mrs. Caroline Howard Glover, the daughter of Mrs. Gilman, was born and educated in Charleston, S. C. Married at the age of seventeen, she was left a widow at twenty-three, and has since resided with her three orphan children at the home of her parents.

Gracefully veiling herself with the maiden name of her mother, she contributed many choice poems and tales to the leading magazines of the South, and has been, to children especially, a sweet interpreter of poetry and romance.

Mrs. Glover is best known, however, as the author of "Vernon Grove, or Hearts as they Are," a novel of extensive circulation, published in 1858 by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton. This work appeared first as a serial in the columns of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and was brought out in book form without the name of the author; but its skillful construction, the grace of its style, and its artistic and analytic power, soon attracted attention, and called out the most favorable notices from the press.

We clip the following from the "Atlantic Monthly" of January, 1859, as an assurance that, though tried by the highest critical standard of New England, "Vernon Grove" has not been found wanting.

This volume makes a pleasant addition to the light reading of the day. It is the more welcome as coming from a new field; for we believe that the veil of secrecy with regard to its authorship has been so far blown aside,

that we shall be permitted to say that, although it is written by a lady of New England birth, it may be most properly claimed as a part of the literature of South Carolina. It is a regular novel, although a short one. It is an interesting story, of marked, but not improbable incidents, involving a very few well-distinguished characters, who fall into situations to display which requires nice analysis of the mind and heart—developed in graceful and flowing narrative, enlivened by natural and spirited conversation.

The atmosphere of the book is one of refined taste and high culture. The people in it, with scarce an exception, are people who mean to be good, and who are handsome, polite, accomplished and rich, or, at least, surrounded by the conveniences and even luxuries of life. It is a story, too, for the most part, of cultivated enjoyment. There are sufferings and sorrows depicted in it, it is true; without them it would be no representation of real life, which it does not fail to be. Some tears will undoubtedly be shed over it, but the sufferings and sorrows are such that we feel they are, after all, leading to happiness; and we are not made to dwell upon pictures of unnecessary misery or unavailing misfortune. Let it not be supposed, however, that we are speaking of a namby-pamby tale of the luxuries and successes of what is called "high life," for this book has nothing of that character. We mean only to point out, as far as we may without entering upon the story itself, that it tells of pleasant people, in pleasant circumstances, among whom it is a pleasure to the reader for a time to be. Many a novel "ends well" that keeps us in a shudder or "worry" from the beginning to the end. Here we see the enjoyment as we go along. Indeed, a leading characteristic of "Vernon Grove" is the extremely good taste with which it is conceived and written; and so we no more meet with offensive descriptions of vulgar show and luxury than we do with those of squalor or moral turpitude.

It is a book marked by a high tone of moral and religious as well as artistic and æsthetic culture. Without being made the vehicle of any set theories in philosophy or art, without (so far as we know) "inculcating" any special moral axiom, it embodies much good teaching and suggestions with regard to music and painting, and many worthy lessons for the mind and heart. This is done as it should be, by the apparently natural development of the story itself. For, as we have said, the book is really a novel, and will be read as a novel should be, for the story—and not, in the first instance and with deliberation, with the critical desire to find out what lessons it teaches, or what sentiments it inspires.

The narrative covers a space of several years, but it is so told that we

are furnished with details rather than generalities; and particular scenes, events, and conversations are set forth vividly and minutely. The descriptions of natural scenery, and of works of art, many of which come naturally into the story, show a cultivated and observant eye, and a command of judicious language. The characters are well developed, and with an unimportant exception, there is nothing introduced into the book that is not necessary to the completion of the story. "Vernon Grove" will commend itself to all readers who like works of fiction that are lively and healthy too; and will give its author high rank among the lady novelists of our day and country.

ADVENTURE IN THE CAVE.

When Sybil turned from her examination of the crystals she found that the party had gone, but feeling no difficulty about following them, turned into the nearest chamber which she observed, supposing it to be the only one besides that by which she had entered, and pursued its winding course for some distance. At length, being a little anxious about not having overtaken them, she called several times but with no response, until a thought of terror came to her, blanching her face and causing her limbs to tremble,—*the thought of being lost*—and she quickened her pace, not knowing that each step led her further from her friends.

At last the truth burst upon her that she was indeed alone and forsaken in that terrible place, so full of unseen perils. The moment was a fearful one in which she realized her situation; she shouted in agony for help, she called upon Vernon until her voice grew hoarse and only whispered vainly his name; her eyes peered into the darkness until they were blood-shot with the straining; a cold chill crept over her; her voice grew fainter in its hoarse whispers and perfectly unmanageable; her limbs were faint. Pausing awhile to reflect upon her situation, a vision of the poor lost guide, of whom she had heard, came to her memory, and she determined that she would remain stationary, hoping that some one would compassionately follow her to the apartment where she was; it was better to do that, she thought, than to rush on into some unseen peril. Still the remembrance of the lost guide would not depart from her; perhaps even now she might be treading upon his bones, and with that sickening thought she raised her lantern to see if the place were at all familiar to her, and to assure herself that at least no unsightly skeleton kept her company; but

moving one step further on, her foot struck upon some unseen obstacle, throwing her down upon the ground, while her lantern was rudely forced from her hand by the shock; the light flickered more brightly for a moment, and then was entirely extinguished, leaving her upon the cold slimy ground in utter darkness. Groping about, she raised herself from her prostrate attitude, and leaning against a broken stalagmite formation, gave herself up to retrospection and prayer.

As in the case of a person who is about to be drowned, a panorama of his whole life is presented in an instant of time, so did Sybil Gray conjure up all the past scenes of her life, and all whom in her short career she had ever known. First she thought of her grandmother, who had been alike father and mother to her, lying at home lonely and ill, with no tender hands of grandchild or relation to arrange her pillows or smooth down her scant grey locks; then of Isabel, so kind and yet so changeable, sometimes treating her as a companion, and then as a child or plaything; of Vernon and his helpless blindness, of his devotion to her through the long years of the past —what could he, what would he do without her? Then Florence's superb eyes flashed upon her in the darkness, and she thought of her; would *she* guide and guard him when they had relinquished all hope of finding her, and would he call *her* his ray of light in the darkness, and would they become reconciled and love each other as they once did? Then the perfect happiness of the young bride and bridegroom came to her mind, and she murmured to herself how sweet it must be to love and to be loved, and to have one in the wide world who would be glad to hear every thought as it came unstudied from the mind, and to sit with clasped hands, as they did, feeling sure that they were dear to each other. Then at length her vivid imagination wandered to Europe, that world of wonders, where Albert Linwood painted those beautiful angel-like heads. She wondered what *he* would say when he heard that little Sybil Grey's bones were moldering in the silence of that fearful cave.

The humblest person, the minutest thing in her eventful life, were all remembered, until at last the memory turned upon herself, and her soul melted in pity for that poor, beating, fluttering heart of hers, and tears chased each other silently down her cheeks, while her hands clasped her throat, as if to repress the choking sensation which seemed to deprive her of breath.

"They will search for me and will not find me," she sobbed; "I shall grow faint, and hungry, and tired here, and, like others, shall wander about

and never be heard of more; some treacherous stream will ingulf me, or I shall starve, day by day, until I die a horrible death."

Then pity, self-pity, turned to madness, and she clasped her delicate hands together wildly, and beat her head against the senseless rock; then extending her hands, as if to ward off some demon, which in her madness she had conjured up, thinking that with hungry eyes it approached her, she uttered a despairing shriek, and struck them against a hard substance near, when a roll, like the heavy tone of a deep bass drum, a sort of knell to departing hope, sounded, and sent new terror into her soul. She did not know then that there was a room within the cave called the Drum Room, which was so named from a thin stalactite partition extending from the ceiling to the floor, and which emits, by even a gentle tap, a tone like distant thunder. Had she known this, she might have kept her consciousness, and even through her madness have had returning gleams of reason; but the poor girl only read in its sepulchral, unearthly tone, a confirmation of her terrible fate, a sort of "Amen" to the shriek with which she filled the cavern, and she rose to fly, anywhere, anywhere, on, on, even if it proved to her certain death, which would be preferable to that cruel, prolonged, suffering life. But she was not equal to the effort; her strength suddenly forsook her, and she fell with a pitiful moan upon the ground, insensible, with scarcely a sign of life about her save in the faint fluttering of her heart.

At peace at last, because unconscious! Unconscious of the darkness, the horror, the damp cold rock which pillowed her head; oblivious to memory, to cheating hope, to life itself. It was a peace like that one sometimes hopes to find in the silent grave when weary of the jar, the tears, the trials, the sorrows of existence. The storm had done its worst; sail, and mast, and pennon, had been torn away from the graceful bark in the struggle with the elements, till at last it had sunk fathoms deep, out of reach of storm or wind, resting peacefully at length amid the coral shores.

Poor driven bark, poor crazed, helpless, unconscious Sybil! And it was thus that the kind guide found her, but no effort of his could rouse her from her death-like stupor. He was a powerful man, used to fatigue and exertion of every kind, and though his outward bearing was rough, he had the heart of a woman, and he gazed upon the poor child somewhat as a mother would look upon a helpless infant, blessing her sweet white face, and feeling a joy, in rescuing her, that he had not known in his monotonous life for years. Then he stooped, and lifting her in his arms, carried her tenderly back to her friends, talking to her all the while in comforting words as though

she heard and understood him, bidding her to be patient, for she would soon be with them again, asking her if her drooping form lay easily upon his strong muscular arm, and changing her position several times for fear that she might be wearied.

It was well that Vernon's eyes were closed to the touching sight as they entered; it would have been too sad a spectacle for one who loved her so tenderly. Long before they entered, the word "Found!" uttered by the guide in a voice which could be heard at some distance, sent a thrill to his heart that he never forgot, and had it not been for the persuasions of the rest of the party, he would have rushed forward to meet her, but they reminded him of the guide's express injunctions and the danger of intricate passages, and he consented at last to wait, though each succeeding moment seemed to swell to an hour's duration.

At length they entered, her slight form borne on the stalwart arm of the guide, while with his free hand he held his lantern aloft so that the light struck immediately upon her pallid face. Her position was so helpless that it was hard to distinguish it from death, for her head was inclined backward, and her long fair hair had escaped from its fastening and was trailing on the ground, while her arms fell in that drooping position which the limbs of the lifeless always have before they become stiffened with cold. It was to the bystanders indeed death, though without its ungraceful rigidity.

"Is she dead!" asked Isabel inadvertently, as they entered, and the group gathered round the guide, anxious to know every particular from his lips.

"Oh, my God, not dead!" was all that Vernon could say, "she cannot, she must not die;" while he pressed his hands tightly over his blinded eyes, as if to invoke sight therefrom, that he might assure himself of her real condition.

"Oh no, not dead; at least not just yet," said the guide compassionately, and yet fearing to raise Vernon's hopes too much, "but she is in a swoon so deep that we cannot hope for her recovery (if she ever wakes) for some hours. In the meantime, we must hurry onward, and as you, Mr. Vernon, require no lantern and have both arms free, strong arms upon which to cradle the poor child, you must carry her as carefully as you can, while John will guide you; but remember it is a long way and a weary one, and if you find that your burden becomes too heavy for you, I will take her awile again until you get rested."

She was transferred to Vernon's arms in silence, as though they were

watching a corpse. All looked upon that beautiful still face with sympathetic pity, and many of the eyes there were filled with tears; some overflowed, but Florence's were tearless, and a fire flashed from them as she saw that gentle head pillowed on Vernon's breast, and the procession, so full of enjoyment in the morning, passed in solemn silence along, while all unheeded were the varied forms of beauty that lined their path.

And what were Vernon's emotions as his arms enfolded that beloved form? Grow weary of *her?* Ask assistance from any one, though the way were twice, aye, thrice as long? Ah, no; it was too sweet a burden that he bore. She seemed but a feather in his arms, as he held her there, heart to heart, with her unbound hair waving at times upon his very lips; and as thus he walked from the darkness into the light of day without, a vision seemed to come to him as he held her there, false perchance, but still blessed because it included her. The cave appeared to him as earth, and its devious perplexed ways, and the sunlight without, the opening heaven—then a wild blissful thought entered his heart, cheating him with its brilliant coloring, that even thus one day might he hope to enter heaven.

Often in tenderest accents he whispered her name, but the still lips gave no answer; then imagining that her swoon was truly death, he placed his hand upon her heart, reassured by its feeble fluttering that life was yet there. Often, too, his soul was torn with cruel fancies, and he feared that from that corpse-like repose she might suddenly wake to madness, and his footsteps quickened to reach the outer world, and to know the worst.

At last they gained the entrance of the cave, and the fresh breezes of heaven brought something like consciousness to the insensible girl. Opening her eyes for a moment, she looked vacantly around, and sighed; then a faint smile played around her lips, and she nestled more closely to Vernon's breast.

"Thank God!" said Vernon, fervently, as he heard that life-like sigh.

His voice seemed to arrest her attention, though she appeared to try in vain to unclose her eyes again, and her lips moved as though she were dreaming, while a few whispered words which Vernon's quick ear heard, made his heart throb wildly while she spoke.

"Oh, it was a terrible dream," the white lips murmured, "but it is over now; the longed-for peace has come at last."

"Sybil, dearest, my own beloved," whispered Vernon, forgetting all his noble plans of concealment, "God is good; He did not, he will not take you from me;" but the impassioned words were all unheard, she only, like a

tired child, drew closer to his bosom, not even knowing where her head was pillowed, and soon Vernon heard her breathing in the calm sleep which betokens life and health.

At this a new joy and strength rose in his soul, and he felt there was still something bright in life—*Sybil would live*—then he yielded to the guide's remonstrances, and gave her up to the care of his wife, who laid her upon her own pleasant couch, and used restoratives which completely aroused her to consciousness. Then Sybil begged to be taken home, and when told that she was too much exhausted for the drive, with almost childish petulance she prayed to be carried to her own room, knowing in its familiar precincts, with her books around her, the soft landscape without, and Linwood's calm picture of Evening within, that she would soon be restored. So they yielded to her entreaties, and entering their carriages with the blessing of the kind guide and his wife, who had reason, from the tangible reward which Vernon left them, to remember the day, they were soon on their way to Vernon Grove.

Sybil and Vernon were alone; he could not yield her to the care of another while she was still so weak and helpless, and when he found that she was unable to sit up, he drew her head upon his bosom and she rested gratefully there. She smiled her thanks, too prostrated in mind and body to utter many words, but remembering that she could not see such an acknowledgment, said with earnest simplicity, "Now I *know* your worth, my kind brother; what should I do without your friendly support?"

Vernon shuddered, but it was thus that he had taught her to address him. Words of passionate affection quivered on his lips, but even had he dared break his vow, that was no time or place, when lying there still trembling and frightened, to tell her that the heart, near which she nestled, was beating, wildly beating, with anything but a brother's love for her who rested there.

Home being reached, Sybil insisted upon visiting her grandmother's room, but finding her well cared for, and still in that imbecile, childish state in which she had left her, gave herself up into the kind housekeeper's care, who brought her some simple nourishment and insisted upon her retiring at once to her own room. There, after a fervent prayer to God for her deliverance, and an upward look at her favorite picture, which she had remembered so faithfully and well, together with a thought if he who painted it had ever dreamed while he was executing it of the calming power it would possess, she fell into a slumber like an infant's, as profound and as innocent.

Vernon's inward struggle was too strong for sleep. "She calls me *only* what I taught her," said he bitterly, in the loneliness of the night, "but that word *brother*, though so tenderly uttered, chilled me through and through. Ah, never can I be to her anything but that, for have I not vowed it? And besides, she regards me only as such, and any knowledge of my love for her might annoy and disgust her, bereaving me even of a sister's affection." Then he made renewed vows of concealment, praying fervently that God would make him content that she should be the guardian angel of his life.

It is a mad thing for a man to enter the lists against such a mighty power as Love, who even with folded or clipped wings can scale the heavens, or break through walls of adamant; and it was a new discipline for Vernon to guard himself against the thousand ways in which his heart was assailed by the tempter, where inclination invited its approach, and principle forbade it. It was a life struggle in which strength was opposed to an almost equal strength; but with Sybil's welfare on his side, Vernon hoped eventually for victory.

SPRING-TIME.

God of the hours, God of these golden hours!
My heart o'erflows with love
To Thee, who giv'st with liberal hand these flowers;
To Thee, who sendest cool, delicious showers
Fresh from the founts above.

God of the hours, the fleeting, checkered time,
When nature smiles and weeps,
Thou paintest sunset clouds with hues sublime,
Thou tunest bird-notes to the joyous chime
That all creation keeps.

Pale emerald trees, how gracefully ye twine
Around your boughs a wreath;
Or does some angel hand, with touch divine,
Bring from celestial bowers your verdure fine
To deck the bowers beneath?

How silently your leaflets, old and brown,
On undulating wings,
In autumn months, came floating, floating down,
To form a carpet as they formed a crown
For you, ye forest kings!

Well may ye bend with proud and haughty sweep,
For sunbeams love to lie
Upon your boughs; the breeze ye captive keep,
And even the dewdrops, which the night-clouds weep,
Upon your leaflets die.

Last eve the moon on modest twilight beamed,
And told the stars 'twas Spring!
She swept the wave, deliciously it gleamed,
She touched the birds, and woke them as they dreamed
A few soft notes to sing.

God of the April flowers, how large thy gift—
The rainbow of the skies
That spans the changing clouds with footsteps swift,
And "rainbows of the earth," that meekly lift
To Thee, their glorious eyes.

And not content with flowers rich and fair,
Thou givest perfume, too,
That loads with burden sweet the tender air,
And comes to fill the heart with rapture rare,
Each blushing morn anew.

God of the Spring-time hours, *what give we Thee*,
While thus Thou bounteous art?
Thou owest us naught, we owe Thee all we see—
Enjoyments, hope, thought, health, eternity,
The life-beat of each heart.

This morn came birds, on pinions bright and fleet,
A lullaby to sing
To Winter as he slept—but other voices sweet
The low dirge drowned, and warbled carol, meet
To greet the waking Spring.

Thus trees, and birds, and buds, and skies conspire
To speak unto the heart,
"Renew thy strength; be fresh; be pure; desire
To be new-touched with purifying fire,
That Evil's growth depart."

God of the heavens! from our bosoms blow
he sin-leaves, and plant flowers
Bedewed by gentlest rains, that they may show,
How tended by thy love *alone they grow*,
God of these golden hours!

TO A BELOVED VOICE.

Speak it once more, once more, in accents soft,
Let the delicious music reach mine ear;
Tell me in murmured accents oft and oft,
That I am dear.

Teach me the spell that clings around a word,
Teach to my lips the melody of thine,
And let the spoken name most often heard
Be mine, be mine.

Why in the still and dreamy twilight hour,
When lone and tender musings fill the breast,
Why does thy voice with its peculiar-power
Still my unrest?

Why does the memory of thy faintest tone
In the deep midnight come upon my soul,
And cheer the parting hours, so sad and lone,
As on they roll?

Oh, if my passions overflow their bound,
Or pride, or hate, or anger call for blame,
Do *thou*, with earnest, mild, rebuking sound,
But breathe my name:

But show the better way by *thee* approved,
Bid me control my erring wayward will,
And at the chiding of thy voice beloved,
All shall be still.

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

Lives cradled in luxury are rarely heroic. Now and then we find one, favored by nature and fortune, who is large of heart, strong in mental resources, and daring enough to do the work revealed, though the lines fall in rough places, and the end is not clear. Among these exceptions it is pleasant to record the name of Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie.

Striking boldly out, when the call came, into an untried field—braving the opposition of friends, and the perils of a profession then under the ban of church and society—she not only achieved a brilliant career, but so preserved the attributes of the true woman, as to exalt her vocation. Presenting to the world the twofold aspect of actor and author, she distinguished herself in each character, redeemed her fortunes, and provided for the necessities of those dependent upon her. Her name is given worthily to fame.

Samuel Gouverneur Ogden, the father of Mrs. Ritchie, for years a merchant of high standing in New York, was a leading spirit in the expedition under General Miranda, which, though unsuccessful, opened the way to South American independence. The losses consequent upon the failure of this expedition made it necessary for him to remove to France, where he remained ten years. He had married the grand-daughter of Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. At the birth of his daughter, Anna Cora Ogden, the family were living at Bordeaux; but a few months after found them

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Anna Cora Ritchie

domiciled at La Castagne—a fine old country seat, two miles from Bordeaux—a retreat, it would seem, of almost paradisiacal grace and beauty.

The children of this family, at that time eleven in number, appear very early to have given indications of marked histrionic talent; yet neither father nor mother were theatrically inclined, nor could they trace the proclivity in either line of ancestry. Private plays were much in favor with the elder sons and daughters, and at the extraordinary age of *four years*, Anna makes her *début* in the somewhat extraordinary character of judge in the trial scene of "Othello." Imagine the baby *débutante* sitting upon a high bench, in red gown and white wig, making the wise eyes and mouth of an august presence. It was the first faint whisper of destiny.

In her eighth year, on the 17th September, the family, consisting of the father and mother, seven daughters and three sons, embarked from Bordeaux, in the ship Brandt, for New York. The voyage proved a most disastrous one. On the 30th they encountered a terrific gale: two of the younger brothers were swept into the sea, and one was lost. The storm continued for forty-eight hours, the vessel barely escaping total wreck. After a few repairs, they put back for Havre, and on the 15th of October, again set sail, in the packet ship Queen Mab, arriving at New York on the 24th November, 1826. But the children carry La Castagne in their hearts, and the brick walls of Gotham oppress them. They cannot speak English, the American children are but dull pantomimists, and their thoughts go out longingly after the frisking, mercurial playmates they have left behind.

Anna and her sister are now placed in a New York boarding school, where the former makes her second appearance upon a mimic stage, and wins her first laurels. Unable to attend school with regularity, on account of delicate health, she made

amends by reading at home whatever came in her way; like Charles Lamb's "Bridget Elia," "browsing at will upon the fair and wholesome pasturage of good old English reading," with which her father's library was packed. Even at this age, she had read Shakspeare's plays many times over.

At the age of fourteen, she proposed to her sisters that they should enact a real play in honor of their father's birth-day. Voltaire's "Alzire" is selected, and suitable costumes are provided by the proprietor of the Park Theatre. The fair manager manages the whole thing, as if to the manner born, and achieves her first triumph as an *artiste*, by merging herself in the Alzire she personates. So, step by step, with no dim foreshadowing of the career of the woman, the child climbs the first rounds in the ladder of its accomplishment.

At this time Anna made the acquaintance of James Mowatt, a young lawyer of wealth and culture. He evidently saw in the bright, handsome, self-asserting school-girl the promise of rare development, and made haste to establish the right to bend the twig as he would have the tree incline. Anna seems to have felt a girlish pride in her man-of-the-world lover, who met her, each day, on her way to school, carried her books and slate, directed her studies, and rewarded application with munificent gifts of books and flowers; but she was entirely unprepared for a serious proposal of marriage. What did she, a child of fourteen summers, know of love—of the responsibilities and sanctities of wifehood? Her own account of this phase of her life is most piquant and significant.* But Mr. Mowatt was not to be denied. Persevering importunity prevailed, and before the age of fifteen, Anna was a betrothed bride; her father consenting, upon the very proper conditions, that the union should be deferred two years, and Mr. Mowatt privileged to visit his bride elect as often as *any other gentleman*.

* See Autobiography, p 45.

In the meantime Anna was to enter society; in view of which event, Mr. Mowatt naturally grew nervous, and determined, if possible, to forestall the dreaded ordeal by a secret marriage. For six months Anna was inexorable; then, through her heart of pity the child-woman relented, and the promise was given; within a week she would become his wife. One sister was taken into confidence, and the marriage was performed by the French clergyman of the city. The usual indignation-storm and reconciliation-calm followed in regular order. A few days passed in the old home, and Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt removed to Flatbush, Long Island, where the former had purchased a fine old mansion, once owned by General Giles; a great, rambling castle of a place, shut in by stately trees, with dark vaults and secret chambers, bounteous in ghostly legends and historic interest. Then there were broad acres, made up of gardens and orchards, abounding with fruits—smiling with flowers. They called the place Melrose, and Anna forgot to sigh for La Castagne.

Duly installed mistress and queen of this baronial estate, she gathered about her a whole army of pets; scoured the country on her Arabian mare; trundled hoops with her sister May; wrote poetry; gave entertainments, varied with music, dramatic performances, and *tableaux vivants*, and pursued her studies. Not so bad a beginning, after all, for the gleesome "child-wife." She began to think the "cares of married life" were only a myth, invented to keep precocious children in their proper sphere.

When in her eighteenth year, her health, always delicate, beginning perceptibly to fail, a sea voyage was recommended. Her sister had recently married a German gentleman of wealth and position, and it was arranged that Anna and a favorite aunt should accompany them to Europe. The voyage was made in three weeks, with most benignant effect upon the

invalid, and in a fortnight she had visited London and Hamburg, and settled in a temporary home among the relatives of her brother-in-law in Bremen.

That she might become thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of German life and language, Mrs. Mowatt hired a furnished house, and commenced housekeeping on the German system. Determined, indefatigable, she was soon able to read Goethe and Schiller with ease.

While thus occupied, Mr. Mowatt arrived, and was soon after stricken with partial blindness, which confined him for four months to a darkened room. In hope of relief, they then went to Paris, where the case was so successfully treated by an American surgeon, that, in a fortnight, Mr. Mowatt was able to distinguish print. Then came to Mrs. Mowatt the joyous reaction. Emerging from the darkened room, she, too, for the first time, opened "wide eyes of sweet wonder" upon Paris. The whirl, the buoyancy, the delicious *abandon* of Parisian life, came to her languid body and weary spirit like sunbeams and fresh air to the pale house-plant. General Cass was then the American minister at Paris, and, with his pleasant family, contributed not a little to her enjoyment.

In the meantime, she did not lose sight of her favorite pursuits. Every morning, before breakfast, came the Italian teacher, and, in snatches of time during the day, she not only wrote elaborate articles for American periodicals, but designed and commenced a drama in six acts, to be represented by herself and sisters at a fête given on her return to America and Melrose. This drama she called "Galzara, or the Persian Slave." The play was afterward brought out successfully before a select audience at Melrose; it was also published in the "New World," and noticed favorably by the press.

With a heart enlarged, and perceptions quickened by her experience abroad, the young wife is once more at home, sport-

ing among her flowers and pets, and realizing the charm of her surroundings with a new sense. She is nineteen now; in the first blush of womanhood, her mind poised and her spirit resolute: more than half conscious of strength in reserve for something unforeseen and strange—and it comes.

Through Mr. Mowatt's infirmity of sight, he became incapable of the business of his profession, and reluctantly abandoned it. Othello's occupation gone, a natural fondness for speculation grew into a mania with him, and, soon after their return to America, his ample fortune was swept suddenly away. In one month Melrose must be sold. They must begin life anew, this disabled husband and young wife—and how?

Very tenderly were these tidings unfolded to Anna, but her dream was broken. Alone, in the bower built for her in the first butterfly phase of her married life, she went down into herself, and sat in solemn conclave with the present, the future, her own good gifts, and new-born thoughts. It was the crisis of her life, and she came out of it full-grown, with a purpose. She was possessed of a full, rich, *contralto* voice; she would give dramatic readings, like Mr. Vandenhoff, and redeem her home.

Mr. Mowatt's consent gained, the way was open. With the audacity of conscious ability, she allowed one fortnight for preparation, and then put herself to the work with all her native energy. Silencing objections with wise eloquence, and inspiring those about her with the glow of her own dauntlessness, she made selections from her favorite poets, recited aloud, each day, in the open air, and laid the necessary plans to appear before a public auditory. Boston had been called the American Athens. She would be judged first by the highest standard of intellectual taste, and secure a just, critical judgment. Our sometime pet and hoop-trundler grows apace into the grave philosopher.

Through valuable letters of introduction, Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt were favorably presented to the fastidious Athenians, and, with the additional *prestige* of high-toned personality, Mrs.

Mowatt was soon at home among them. A series of readings was given at the Masonic Temple under the brightest auspices. The fine sensibilities of the woman quivered in the ordeal, but the motive power was stronger and deeper than these, and her *début*, before a large and select audience, was, in every sense, a triumph.

Leaving Boston, she gave one night's recitation in Providence, and then announced a course of readings at the Stuyvesant Institute of New York. She had now to come before friends and acquaintances, many of whom were disposed to ostracize her for the heroism which they could not understand, and so did not credit. She missed the magnetic, sympathetic quality of her Boston auditories, but, strong in the right, rose out of the ungenial sphere and achieved her usual success.

But the excitement of an experience so new, as well as the chilling demeanor of some on whose friendship she relied, wrought painfully, at last, upon her sensitive system; after appearing once before the Rutgers' Institute, and giving a short course to the Society Library of New York, she was attacked with fever and hemorrhage of the lungs, and for many months held life by the slightest tenure.

During this illness, she for the first time became acquainted with the phenomenon of mesmeric somnambulism, and declares herself indebted to its agency, on more than one occasion, for her life. The experiences which she has given to the world on this head, together with her own sound, sensible philosophy concerning them, are worthy of careful consideration.

Not regaining sufficient strength to avail herself of one good gift, she turned resolutely to another. Forced by their fallen fortunes to occupy the most lucrative ground, she compiled books, and

> ——— "Wrote for cyclopædias, magazines,
> And weekly papers, holding up her name
> To keep it from the mud."

Mr. Mowatt, encouraged by the ready sales of her books on knitting, netting, cookery, and etiquette, then embarked in the publishing business, hoping thus to secure to Mrs. Mowatt the entire profits of her toil, as well as to occupy her in a larger and more congenial field. Under these auspices she prepared abridgments of the lives of Goethe and Madame d'Arblay; but the people preferred etiquette and cookery to biography, and amiably persistent in a good cause, she turned again to the most profitable. About this time, in intervals of leisure, she wrote "Evelyn," a tale of domestic life, in two volumes. The manuscript, at the suggestion of an English friend, was sent to London for publication; but, on hearing from the modest London publisher that he would bring out the book if she would be good enough to raise her dead heroine and carry her through another volume, she transferred it to an American house, more regardful of quality than quantity.

It was at this stage of her life, and not, as some have supposed, in her days of affluent ease, that Mrs. Mowatt took in charge the three orphan children, whom she afterward reared and educated; an act which the recording angel has written the crowning grace of her life.

"Evelyn," successfully launched, was soon followed by "Fashion," a spirited comedy, which was promptly accepted, and brought out with unusual magnificence at the Park Theatre. Mrs. Mowatt "awoke one morning and found herself famous," the success of her play having placed her at once in the public eye, and challenged the especial consideration of *littérateurs* and managers. From the latter she began now to receive the most advantageous proposals to go upon the stage. As if to leave her no alternative, Mr. Mowatt's publishing house, at this juncture, disastrously failed. Conspiracy of events most marked and unmistakable! With a calm carefulness she reviews her life, and finds that the Divine hand alone

could have led her to the brink of this consummation. Assured of this, the right path fully indicated, with the consent of her husband and father, she would walk in it. She had lost none of her womanly sensibilities, but she had learned to ensphere them within a conscientious purpose.

With her usual promptitude, she set apart three weeks for preparation, and then, as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," made her *début* at the Park Theatre, and became at once a star. Proposals for engagements now crowded upon her from all parts of the Union. She made the tour of the United States, and in one year achieved a series of two hundred successes. The way was not all smooth and flowery; her feet climbed many a Hill Difficulty, and pressed many a thorn, but she remembered that she had entered the profession with a higher aim than mere amusement, and pushed steadily on.

The experience of the second year was like that of the first; a persistent routine of study and discipline, a tour through the United States, and a succession of engagements and triumphs. At the close of this year, Mr. Mowatt sailed for Europe, to prepare the way for her professional appearance in England, and Mrs. Mowatt withdrew for a brief season to her father's house, of which it is said she was ever the brightest ornament. Here, amid the gay criticisms of a bevy of gifted sisters, who had come from near and far to welcome her, she wrote "Armand," a drama in five acts, pledged, before its commencement, to the manager of the Park Theatre. This play was produced in the autumn of 1847, after the return of Mr. Mowatt, Mr. Davenport and herself personating the principal characters, and proved every way a worthy successor of its honored sister, "Fashion."

On the 1st of November, 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt, in company with Mr. Davenport, sailed from Boston for Europe;

and after tossing for fifteen days in a succession of gales, arrived at Liverpool, quite worn out with illness and anxiety.

Mrs. Mowatt was now to encounter a new trial. Her husband had arranged, by the judicious advice of Mr. Macready, that she should make her *début* in some of the English provinces, in order to appear before a London audience fully accredited by English critics. The Theatre Royal, at Manchester, had been selected, and the 7th of December was the day appointed. English and American critics are of different brotherhoods; those of Manchester, in a high degree, astute and hypercritical, merciless sifters of transatlantic pretension. But failure was a word unknown in Mrs. Mowatt's vocabulary; with her faithful and accomplished coadjutor, Mr. Davenport, she met the test fearlessly, and brought down the phlegmatic English house in spite of itself.

After appearing every night for two weeks, she received and accepted a proposal for an engagement at the Princesses' Theatre, of London. The slow fire of Manchester criticism was, after all, only an earnest of the white heat of her London experience. At the first rehearsal, she was received by the "stars" of the company with unqualified disdain, and listened with the best grace she could command, while they dictated the proper situations of the play, until patience, at last growing weary, she proved herself a worthy descendant of her illustrious grandsires, by turning the tables upon her British persecutors, in a most adroit and effective "Declaration of Independence."

Again, despite the frigid atmosphere of her audience, the sneers of "London assurance," the petty manœuverings of London rivals, and the horrors of "stage fright," her *début* was a triumph, to which the London press lazily awoke and paid tribute.

A six weeks' course at this theatre was followed by one of

still greater length at the Olympic, and a succession of engagements at the Marylebone, which left Mrs. Mowatt a fixed "star" in the royal firmament of the latter. Here "Armand" was first given to the dramatic and literary world of London. It was enacted twenty-one nights, winning for the artist-author a double weight of golden opinions, and at the close of the season, the more substantial offering of an exquisite silver vase, lined with gold, surmounted by a statuette of Shakspeare, and inscribed "To Anna Cora Mowatt, for her services to the drama, as authoress and actress, and as a record that worth and genius from every land will ever be honored in England."

An engagement for a second season at the Marylebone and Olympic had been completed with great satisfaction to all parties, when Mr. Mowatt was again stricken with serious illness and threatened with entire loss of sight. Hoping by change of climate to effect a speedy cure, he set sail at once for Trinidad. It was impossible for Mrs. Mowatt to accompany him. Through the fulfillment of her engagements alone could she meet their many responsibilities, not least among them the outfit of the invalid; and with a brave heart she still pressed on in the path marked out.

A third season engagement was entered into at the Olympic. "Fashion" and "Armand" were re-produced and re-stamped with cordial English favor; but with every steamer from Trinidad, tidings of the invalid grew sadder; intelligence of a painful character reached her from America; and when, at last, the lessee and manager of the Olympic, a man high in the esteem of the public, was arrested for embezzlement, the theatre closed and the company dispersed, her cup ran over; she was attacked with brain fever and lay for months in a state of unconsciousness. When she *awoke*, her head had been shorn of its wealth of tresses; the winter had passed; Mr. Mowatt had recovered sufficiently to return, wasted and pallid, to England; the

manager had been convicted and sentenced, and, crazed with the shock, had loosed his own life. All seemed, indeed, like a fitful dream.

As soon as Mrs. Mowatt could endure the fatigue of the journey, the two invalids removed to Malvern. Their cottage was only a stone's throw from the famous water-cure establishment of that place, and they passed the summer in the pursuit of health. Mr. Mowatt then, for the first time, revealed the startling fact that the fruits of Mrs. Mowatt's toil had been placed in the hands of the ill-starred manager, and that all was lost. There was no time to linger; she must gird her delicate strength anew, and go forth to provide for their necessities.

The most advantageous offer for an engagement which she had received, and which Mr. Mowatt was bent on her accepting, was from Dublin; urged by him she nerved herself for the trial, and, leaving the now partially restored, and really cheerful invalid in charge of his faithful nurse and physician, with a worthy woman in attendance, she turned her face Dublinward.

A brilliant *début* followed, and the usual series of successes filled the engagement. Mrs. Mowatt was then making preparations to return to London, when the news came that Mr. Mowatt was no more. No need, now, to catch the trick of sorrow—to put on grief like a robe—to weep well—to moan effectively; the tragedy is real—and *dumb*. He had died like one falling asleep, with her pet name, "Lily," upon his lips, and a serene trust in his heart.

On the 9th of July, 1851, Mrs. Mowatt, accompanied by her brother-in-law, embarked for America, arriving at New York on the night of the 22d instant. Two golden weeks were passed in the bosom of her family, and she then appointed a time when she would take leave of the stage; resolving, meanwhile, to perfect herself in her art, and retire in the very zenith

of artistic success. In pursuance of this plan, she commenced an engagement at Niblo's, and began to apply herself vigorously to the study of her profession; spending several hours each day in dramatic reading, and testing each night the measure and quality of her advance, by its effect upon her audience. This engagement was followed by a professional tour through the Union, marked by successes which were crowned most fittingly by a complimentary benefit, proffered by the leading men of Boston. To be told by such persons as Geo. S. Hillard, Henry W. Longfellow, E. P. Whipple, Epes Sargent, and others:

"You have not bought these honors with the price of better things; you have moved with simple dignity along the slippery paths of praise and success. When we have seen you embodying your own conceptions of tenderness and truth, we have felt that the charm of your performance flowed from the fact that your words and your voice were but imperfect expressions of yourself:"—to be told this by such men was no common tribute.

Her star was steadily nearing the desired point, when Mrs. Mowatt fell seriously ill, and was conveyed to her father's house at Ravenswood, L. I., where, during the long months of professional inactivity which followed, she wrote the "Autobiography," to which the world is indebted for its deepest and truest knowledge of her twofold life. "Truth is stranger than fiction." The book has all the charm of a romance, while on every page we feel the strong leaps of a human heart. It is a live lesson of moral courage and persistency sent home with many a sparkling *bon mot* and shining tear.

In the winter of 1853, Mrs. Mowatt entered upon her farewell engagements. The clarion call of duty had been answered. In nine years of loyal service, the special objects of her mission had been accomplished. She had redeemed that sweetest

privilege of competence—the power to minister unto the "shorn lambs" within and without her fold. She had retained her womanly graces, and magnified her office; proving to the world that the true woman creates everywhere an inviolable sphere. By close application to her art, and careful discipline of her powers, she had come to sway the hearts of the people at will; and now, in her highest "dignities," it was meet and right that the "green curtain" of private life should fall before her.

Her farewell series were worthy of the career they crowned; the grand *finale* at Niblo's, New York, on the 2d of June, 1854, exceeding in enthusiasm and brilliancy all the triumphs of the past.

But while the life of the *artiste* was thus ending amid pomps and acclamations, the life of the woman was quietly beginning anew. Five days after Mrs. Mowatt's last appearance upon the stage, she gave her fair hand and wealth of laurels—her heart had gone before—into the keeping of William Foushee Ritchie, of Richmond, Va., the editor of the "Richmond Enquirer;" "a rare compound," as one has said,* "of ability and amiability." The same graceful writer says of Mrs. Ritchie and her new surroundings: "She lives, as a poet should, in a cottage *orné*, a little distance from the city. I could have selected her house from a thousand as easily as I could the fair occupant among a multitude of women. There were flowers before the door, flowers on the lawn, a flowery taste manifest in the disposition of the window drapery; a pleasant, affectionate, *riant* expression radiating from all around, fitly preluding the holy harmony of a happy home. Within, the *entourage* was more exquisite still. Books, pictures, statuettes, and all the every-day, yet elegant appliances of household life, completed the ideal 'poetry of home.'"

* See "Belle Brittan on a Tour."

In 1855, Mrs. Ritchie gave to the world the volume, "Mimic Life," a series of tales and pictures of the stage, which hold the reader with their breathing verity. This was followed, in 1857, by "Twin Roses," a story also of stage life—a sweet, sad narrative, dipped in the tenderest poetry of the writer's soul. Mrs. Ritchie is yet true to her "mission," and aims to give in her books faithful revelations of theatrical life, about which the world, seeing it, at best, through a glass darkly, was getting very dark fancies.

The stirring public life of Mrs. Mowatt does not seem at all to affect the serene, private life of Mrs. Ritchie. Into its ambient atmosphere of love and beauty, there stealeth, apparently, no longing for the old whirl and circumstance of the stage. The centre of a gifted and refined circle, in communication with many of the leading minds of the age—Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Association for Virginia, her life is still crowded. The power of concentration is remarkable in Mrs. Ritchie. At present, the purchase and improvement of Mount Vernon is the all-absorbing thought with her, and every energy is pushed to this consummation.

Of her success as a dramatist, it is sufficient to say that "Fashion" and "Armand" have kept the stage persistently, the first for sixteen, the last for fourteen years. Her poetic faculty should be gauged by passages—full of poetic fire and beauty—in "Armand," rather than by her fugitive poems, though many of these do her great credit.

With the exception of her characteristic sketches, contributed weekly to the "New York Ledger," she finds time, just now, for no literary labor, every hour being occupied with home duties, correspondence, and the various claims of Mount Vernon.

[Since this was written, a great sorrow has come upon Mrs. Ritchie, in the death of her father. On the 5th of April, 1860,

after an illness of twelve days, during the agonies of which he beautifully demonstrated the power of a Christian faith, Mr. Ogden passed, in the eighty-first year of his age, to another sphere. Bound to him by a love that was more than filial, for ten days and nights this daughter, the pride and joy of his long life, kept faithful vigil by his bedside, and when he "fell asleep, it was calmly and gently, like a trusting child, in her arms.]

MESMERIC SOMNAMBULISM.

I was annoyed at being told that I had spoken, done, or written that of which I had no recollection. Numerous poems were placed in my hands, which, I was informed, I had improvised as rapidly as they could be taken down, the subjects having been given hap-hazard by any person present. It was no particular gratification to be assured that I had never produced anything as good before. Nor was it any consolation to be told that in sleep-waking I was far more sensible, more interesting, and more amiable than in my ordinary state. With womanly perverseness, I preferred my every-day imperfection to this mysterious and incomprehensibly-brought-about superiority. For the former I was, at least, responsible; to the latter I could lay no conscious claim.

I say *conscious* claim, though it may be admitted that there may be separate states of consciousness. In the phenomena of this separation, the student of human nature may, I believe, find the clue to momentous truths. The essential facts in ordinary somnambulism will not be denied except by those awfully rigorous inquirers who will accept nothing which they cannot weigh, gauge, and handle, and who are quite as likely to be deceived as the most credulous, inasmuch as the skepticism which admits too little is as liable to mistake as the marvellous propensity which admits too much. But if pretenders to science will not grant it, common experience and common sense will, that a person in somnambulism may hold long and rational conversations, and perform acts, of which he will have no recollection in his waking state. Let him again pass, however, into somnambulism, and he can recall everything that he ever experienced in that state.

It would seem from this common and undeniable phenomenon, as if there

were an inner consciousness occupying a higher plane than the external, and commanding a more extensive prospect, a consciousness undeveloped in most minds except by *flashes*, and retiring within itself before the external can distinctly realize its presence.

How shall we account for the thick veil of separation, dropped at once by the cessation of somnambulism (whether independent or induced by mesmerism) between the normal and abnormal, the external and internal consciousness? An analogy drawn from intoxication or insanity is not quite applicable here; for under somnambulism, one may be as calm and rational, and as completely in possession of all his faculties, as ever in a waking state; nay, those faculties may be considerably quickened and exalted. And yet a wave of the mesmerizer's hand will bring the subject back from the higher to the lower every-day consciousness where all that he has been saying and doing in his somnambulic state is an utter blank! Another wave of the hand, or an access of natural somnambulism, intirely independent of mesmerism, and lo! all the knowledge of the former state is restored, as if a curtain had been lifted.

On one point I felt a degree of satisfaction, though perhaps it was only a proof of my natural obstinacy. They told me that I was what is called an *independent somnambulist*, and that I could, at any time, defeat the will of the mesmerizer, unless I chose to submit. It was also told me that my reasoning faculties were singularly developed under somnambulism, and that I often maintained opinions at variance with those of the mesmerizer, and others with whom I was in communication, especially on religious subjects. These opinions I could not be forced to relinquish by arguments, or even through the exertion of a superior will.

AN OLD MAID.

An old maid! Was there ever woman so wise that she could hear the obnoxious title applied to herself without a suppressed sigh? Though few are the old maids who might not have been wives if they had so willed, the sense of incompleteness—of undeveloped capacities—of unfulfilled duties, perforce will cause a passing pang.

But who that knows Miriam Pleasance feels that the life of an old maid is neeessarily dreary, profitless, colorless? And *is* Miriam an old maid? Damsels in the primrose-season of youth, for whom the wedding ring binds

in its charmed circle the manifold joys of an ideal elysium, mockingly call her so; happy mothers about whose necks twine the chubby arms of cherub childhood, keeping "low and wise" the "vines that bear such fruit," pityingly call her so; broken-hearted wives, whose shattered idols prove all clay and ashes, whose pale lips, wreathed in smiles, veil, with Spartan heroism, the vulture preying on their souls, indignantly call her so! But mark how men—intellectual, thinking, feeling men—hesitate to apply the ungallant appellation to sweet Miriam. Perhaps they are tongue-tied by that vague charm about her which half cheats one into the belief that she carries in her vestal bosom some mystical light ("the lamp of human love"), and lets fall its radiance on the path she treads, on the hearth where she sits, on the face into which she gazes. Certain it is that all are strangely brightened by her presence.

Man recognizes the magic of a cheerful influence in women more quickly and more willingly than the potency of dazzling genius—of commanding worth—or even of enslaving beauty. Thus men, in general, value Miriam's especial gift above the more brilliant endowments of her favored sisters.

In stature Miriam is below the medium height. A form not voluptuously rounded nor charmingly fragile, but a neat, compact little figure, supple and light of motion. Not a single feature of her countenance can be termed beautiful, yet the whole face possesses a mobility—a capacity for rapidly varying expression—an indefinable harmony that produces the effect of beauty. Her white teeth sparkle between flexible lips—her black eyes dance and shine through jetty fringes—her dark hair, fine but not abundant, is knotted with peculiar grace at the back of an admirably balanced head.

Her dress is usually of some neutral tint—a silver grey—a delicate fawn—or a soft dove color, lighted up and relieved by the gleam of crimson, or dark blue, or purple ribbons.

Then her age—she has passed the season of youth—of summer, perhaps, and is verging upon autumn. A rich, mellow autumn—an autumn full of gorgeous tints—an autumn whose forest leaves turn to scarlet and gold without withering—an autumn that makes one think the spring-time could hardly have been so beautiful. True, the dewy, evanescent, morning freshness is gone, but in its place reigns the more lasting, self-renewed freshness of mental and physical vigor. In a word, Miriam has reached and passed the green ascent of thirty, and is calmly descending the verdant slope beyond. But life has been all gain to her—she has gathered fruits of knowledge, and flowers of beauty, and herbs of balm on the way, and lost nothing she does not think it well to part with in exchange.

We have seldom met with an old maid upon the pages of whose early history there was not some love-tale inscribed—some story of unrequited affection—of betrayed hopes—of love sacrificed to duty—or of the grave's untimely snatching away. But strange to say, there is no love-tale written upon Miriam's book of life. She could never have been numbered among that large class of maidens who, according to Rasselas, "think they are in love, when in fact they are only idle." Her intellect is too highly cultivated —her penetration too acute—her life too active, for her to form an attachment through the mere "*besoin d'aimer*," the longing, though often unconscious, desire to be loved and protected, which is the secret spring of half the so-called love-matches in the world. A young girl's affections, like graceful tendrils formed to cling, too often twine themselves around the object nearest and most inviting, and no other vindication save that it was near and invited.

> "Seeing that to waste true love on anything
> Is womanly past question."

But if Miriam unconsciously admits that love is a "grand necessity" of existence, she feels that existence has other necessities. To bestow her heart, her judgment must approve the gift, and she has not encountered the being (though doubtless such exists) who could win the one with the approval of the other. This is the sole secret of her freedom.

Had Miriam been thrown upon her own resources to gain a livelihood, her energy of character, and her delight in use, would have impelled her to fill and dignify some of the few intellectual avocations which woman's hands and brains are allowed to grace. Her birth and wealth forbid, yet the current of life, with such an organization, can never become stagnant. Occupation is enjoyment. Her perceptions are keenly alive to discover the work that is spread for her hands, and to do it when found. She religiously believes that there is work, Heaven-allotted, to all, in the great vineyard of the world, and that our work lies just within our grasp, if we will but look for and recognize the task. "Labor is worship!" says the prophet. "Labor is worship," responds every throbbing pulse in Miriam's well-attuned frame. Like the woman of Bethany who poured the perfumed ointment (her humble attribute of love) upon the head of her Lord, she "did what she could!" What she could? What more could be required of her? Do what we can—as *much as we can—all we can!* Oh, how large would be the sum of works of the very humblest, feeblest, poorest, when counted up

in the Hereafter, if they only "did what they *could!*" Alas! for the thousand opportunities of ministering and comforting thrown daily in our pathway, while we pass by on the other side through sheer unconcern—through "lack of thought" rather than "lack of heart!" Will they not rise up to convict us when we render the account of our stewardship in the great day?

With such thoughts ever quickening her to action, Miriam takes a lively, never-failing interest in all things around her. No fellow-creature is indifferent to her. She regards all with a tender sympathy—a sympathy which breaks unaware through cold conventionalities, and fraternizes with beings too seldom recognized as members of the human family. Toward the sick, the poor, the sad, the suffering in any shape, her hand is unhesitatingly stretched out. They need no credentials, save the stamp of sadness, sickness, poverty; and prompt aid is true aid. She seems endowed with God's special license to console—to translate mysterious sorrows into promised joys—to strengthen the weak—to soften the hard—to reconcile the rebellious.

The history of any one day of her life would fill chapters with scenes of anguish—of passion—of hope—of happy consummations, that might adorn the pages of a romance.

Thus, Miriam, "the old maid," is not less happy, less useful—less *beloved* than the wife and mother whose heart and hands are full of alternate cares and blessings. Those upon whose path of life the smile of Miriam Pleasance shines, never after speak scornfully of an "old maid." We entertain but one fear for Miriam—it is that she will not always bear the vestal title around which she has woven such an indescribable charm.

WOMAN-FRIENDSHIP.

All the world gives ready credence to the possibility of friendship between man and man—some people are even inclined to believe that the immutable attachment of Orestes and Pylades, of Æneas and Achates, may be repeated among men in these inconstant modern times;—but the devotion of woman to one of her own sex, the sincerity with which she clasps the hand or presses the lip of woman, the genuineness of her self-sacrifices daily made for a beloved sister, are subjects of a vast amount of skepticism. Philosophic writers, poets, wits, have openly declared their disbelief in the

existence of the strange phenomena of woman-friendships. Even Dinah Mulock, who has written so many lines of woman which bear the impress of truth and wisdom—who has solved so many of the enigmas inseparable from woman's nature—gravely shakes her head when she touches upon "female friendships," and calls up such a doubting host of "ifs" and "buts" to usher in the possibility of perfect love between women, that we inevitably draw the inference that she sides with the unbelievers.

On the other hand, Shakspeare, that "intellectual miracle," (as he has been called) whose seer-like vision pierced deeper than the eyes of grosser mortals—Shakspeare, whose magic plummet sounded the unreached, uncomprehended depths of the human soul, reveals the hearts of women united by adamantine links.

Instance the clinging fondness of Helena and Hermia, in Midsummer Night's Dream:"

> "We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Have with our needles, created both one flower
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
> As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
> Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
> Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet a unison in partition,
> Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
> So with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
> Two of the first like coats in heraldry.
> Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

We have another illustration of woman-friendship, in its consummate beauty, portrayed in the passionate, protecting love of Beatrice for Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing;" and in "As You Like It," a still stronger picture in the self-renouncing, absolute devotion for Rosalind of the gentle Celia, who startles her wrathful father with the declaration:

> ——"If she be a traitor.
> Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans
> Still we went coupled and inseparable!"

When the implacable Duke banishes Rosalind, Celia replies:

> "Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege,
> I cannot live out of her company."

Shakspeare against the world! for who knew the world one half so well?

Not only are we impressed by the conviction that his glowing portraitures of woman-friendship are life-drawn; not only have we perfect faith in the possibility of a thoroughly unselfish, all-absorbing attachment between two women, but we entertain the belief that there are certain female minds so constituted that a tender friendship with one of the same sex is positively *indispensable to happiness*. Such natures experience an irresistible impulse to confide in one who, enlightened by her own yearnings and failings, can understand feminine wants and frailties—who can look upon feminine insufficiencies, not from a strong, manly, but a weak, womanly point of view.

A woman may be the most irreproachable of wives to the best of husbands, and yet feel a void in her affections, a chamber in her large heart unfilled—a something needful lacking, if there be no Celia into whose ear she can pour the history of her joys and sorrows—to whom she can turn for advice, and lenient judgment, and comprehending sympathy.

There are trivial domestic difficulties, petty annoyances, perplexing positions with which no woman of tact will trouble and bewilder her husband by relating to him. If he is a man of decided intellect, he will not attach any importance to these small crosses, will not even understand these minor miseries, and the wife is thrown back upon her own resources, vexed and disheartened by her failing attempt to enlist his aid or sympathy. If he is a man of limited mental powers, he will be more annoyed than she, and will only increase her vexations without disentangling a single thread of the fine web of dilemmas, into which she is snared. But to a sympathetic female companion, a woman may enter into all the details of these insignificant trials, and, clasping a friend's hand, she may search for and discover the clue that can guide her out of her domestic labyrinth.

The higher love—the love for man—neither absorbs nor forbids the lower, the friendship for woman. They are distinct, emotional capacities which may be coexistent in one heart. They are evidences of rich, spiritual organization. If they dwell together in pristine purity, one affection strengthens rather than weakens the other.

Who can deny that two women, through a mysterious affinity, may

become, and recognize each other as sisters in heart? Who can doubt that there is a bond of sisterhood between their spirits, as real and as strong as the tie of blood between sisters? And if this be true, must not that internal kinship outlive even the dissevering stroke of death, and proclaim them *true sisters* in the great hereafter? But in this lower sphere, what name can we give to their attachment but that of "woman-friendship?"

LADY TEAZLE'S INOPPORTUNE NAP.

As may be readily imagined, I was often weary to exhaustion, even during the performance. On one occasion my fatigue very nearly placed me in a predicament as awkward to me as it would have been amusing to the audience. We were fulfilling a long engagement at Niblo's. I was playing Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal." When Lady Teazle, at the announcement of Sir Peter, is concealed behind the screen in Joseph Surface's library, she is compelled to remain a quarter of an hour, or perhaps twenty minutes, in this confinement. I was dreadfully fatigued, and glad of the opportunity to rest. There was no chair. At first I knelt for relief. Becoming tired of that position, I quietly laid myself down, and, regardless of Lady Teazle's ostrich plumes, made a pillow of my arms for my head. I listened to Placide's most humorous personation of Sir Peter for a while; but gradually his voice grew more and more indistinct, melting into a soothing murmur, and then was heard no more. I fell into a profound sleep. When Charles Surface is announced, Sir Peter is hurried by Joseph into the closet. Lady Teazle (according to Sheridan) peeps from behind the screen, and intimates to Joseph the propriety of locking Sir Peter in, and proposes her own escape. At the sound of Charles Surface's step, she steals behind the screen again. The cue was given, but no Lady Teazle made her appearance. She was slumbering in happy unconsciousness that theatres were ever instituted.

Mr. Jones, the prompter, supposing that I had forgotten my part, ran to one of the wings from which he could obtain a view behind the screen. To his mingled diversion and consternation, he beheld Lady Teazle placidly sleeping upon the floor. Of course, he could not reach her. I have often heard him relate the frantic manner in which he shouted, in an imploring

stage whisper, "Mrs. Mowatt, wake up! For goodness sake, wake up! Charles Surface is just going to pull the screen down! Wake up! You'll be caught by the audience asleep! Wake up! Good gracious, *do* wake up!"

I have some confused recollection of hearing the words "wake up! wake up!" As I opened my heavy eyes, they fell upon Mr. Jones, making the most violent gesticulations, waving about his prompt-book, and almost dancing in the excitement of his alarm. The hand of Charles Surface was already on the screen. I sprang to my feet, hardly remembering where I was, and had barely time to smooth down my train when the screen fell. A moment sooner, and how would the slumbering Lady Teazle, suddenly awakened, have contrived to impress the audience with the sense of her deep contrition for her imprudence! how persuaded her husband that she had discovered her injustice to him during her pleasant nap!

JULIET'S DAGGER.

During the drudgery of rehearsal, the actor drops disenchanted from the realms of cloudland, where he dwelt with the ideal creations of the poet. The incongruous elements that compose, the frigid atmosphere that pervades, a theatre blind his mental vision. He struggles in vain to catch the golden rays that flooded his spirit in its serene seclusion. The prismatic hues of imagination fade into utter darkness before the conventionalities of his profession. All the delicacies of his inspired conception suddenly vanish, and he stands with the bare, cold outline of what he designed, before him, powerless to clothe it with beauty. Thus I felt when I first attempted to rehearse Juliet. Disappointed and dispirited, I turned wearily from the task.

But when night comes, and the actor lays aside his personality with his every-day garments, the Promethean fire is rekindled—he reascends the height from which he fell in the morning—external circumstances lie beneath his feet—his gaze is upward, not downward—he not embodies merely, but *ensouls* the emanation of the poet's mind. Such were my experiences when I first had the hardihood to enact Juliet.

No character ever excited me more intensely. Juliet's dagger, too impetuously used, more than once drew blood. But I found the sensation of stabbing one's self anything but poetic; the dagger's point was consequently dulled into harmlessness. Once I forgot this necessary appendage of the

heroine in the last act. Romeo, who was lying dead upon the ground, was better provided. As I stooped to loosen the steel from his girdle, the poisoned lover, who was aware of my stabbing episodes, came suddenly to life, and whispered, in a sepulchral tone, "Look out—it's very sharp—you'll stab yourself."

JULIET'S TOMB.

I well remember my sensations the first time I was ever laid in Juliet's tomb. The friar tells her that, according to the custom of her country, she shall be borne

"In her best robes, uncovered, on the bier."

Adhering to the text, I have since worn bridal attire in place of the shroud-like dress usually adopted by stage Juliets. But that night, a loose white muslin robe, drawn in folds around the throat, and fastened with a cord at the waist, was the garment accidentally chosen for me. It was too palpably suited to the bier. The walls of the tomb were hung with black. An antique lamp, that shed a luridly-green light upon my face, was suspended from the centre of the sombre, though temporary, inclosure. As I lay waiting for Romeo to kill Paris, and break open the doors of the sepulchre, I overheard the whispered conversation of some scene-shifters who stood without. They were each holding a cord attached to the doors of the tomb. The cords according to stage direction, were to be loosened at the third blow of Romeo's "wrenching iron." The worthy scene-shifters passed sentence of death upon me with admirable *sang froid*, and decided that I would soon be lying "for good" and "in earnest" where I was then reposing as Juliet's representative—in the tomb.

To use the expressive language of one of the men, I was "booked for the other world, and no mistake!" Their *grave* predictions were interrupted by Romeo's first blow upon the door. I was not particularly sorry when the funereal portals flew back, and he bore me out of the mock sepulchre.

THE REPRESENTATIVE BALCONY.

Juliet was one of the characters in which I seemed fated to be placed in constant peril of life or limb. Several times the balcony, from which the loving lady of Verona makes her midnight confession to Romeo, was dangerously insecure. Once a portion of the railing, over which I was leaning, forgetful of its *representative nature*, gave way. Had I not dropped suddenly on my knees, Juliet must have been precipitated into Romeo's arms before he expected her, and very probably would not have visited Friar Lawrence's cell that night.

THE INKY POTION.

One evening, the property man—so the individual who has the charge of potions, amulets, caskets of jewels, purses filled with any quantity of golden coin, and other theatrical treasures, designated as stage properties, is styled—forgot the bottle containing Juliet's sleeping potion. The omission was only discovered at the moment the vial was needed. Some bottle must be furnished to the Friar, or he cannot utter the solemn charge with which he confides the drug to the perplexed scion of the Capulets. The property man confused at discovering his own neglect, and fearful of the fine to which it would subject him, caught up the first small bottle at hand, and gave it to the Friar. The vial was the prompter's, and contained *ink*. When Juliet snatched the fatal potion from the Friar's hand, he whispered something in an undertone. I caught the words, "so take care," but was too absorbed in my part to comprehend the warning. Juliet returns home—meets her parents—retires to her own chamber—dismisses her nurse—and finally drinks the potion. At the words—

"Romeo! this do I drink to thee!"

I placed the bottle to my lips, and unsuspiciously swallowed the inky draught! The dark stain upon my hands and lips might have been mistaken for the quick workings of the poison, for the audience remained ignorant of the mishap, which I only half comprehended. When the scene closed, the prompter rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Good gracious! you have been drinking my bottle of ink!" I could not resist the temptation of quoting the

remark of the dying wit under similar circumstances, "Let me swallow a sheet of blotting-paper!" The frightened prompter, however, did not understand the joke.

THE CAUTIOUS ACTOR.

The misfortunes that attended the representation of Romeo and Juliet that night, did not all fall upon me. The part of Paris was intrusted to a promising young novice. He delivered the language with scholarly precision, and might have passed for an actor until he came to the fighting scene with Romeo. Romeo disarmed him with a facility which did great credit to the good nature of Paris, for whom life had, of course, lost its charms with Juliet. It then became the duty of Paris, who is mortally wounded, *to die*. The Paris on this occasion took his death-blow very kindly. His dying preparations were made with praiseworthy deliberation. First he looked over one shoulder, and then over the other, to find a soft place where he might fall—it was evidently his intention to yield up his existence as comfortably as possible. Having satisfied himself in the selection of an advantageous spot, he dropped down gently, breaking his descent in a manner not altogether describable. As he softly laid himself back, he informed Romeo of the calamity that had befallen him by ejaculating:

"O, I am slain!"

The audience hissed their rebellion at such an easy death.

"If thou art merciful"——

continued Paris—the audience hissed more loudly still, as though calling upon Romeo to show no mercy to a man who died so luxuriously.

"Open the tomb, and"——

faltered Paris—but what disposition he preferred to be made of the mortal mold, upon which he had bestowed such care, no Romeo could have heard; for the redoubled hisses of the audience drowned all other sounds, and admonished Paris to precipitate his departure to the other world.

The next day, the young aspirant for dramatic distinction was summoned

by the manager, and asked what he meant by dying in such a manner on the night previous.

"Why, I thought that I did the thing in the most gentlemanly style," replied the discomfited Thespian.

"How came you to look behind you, sir, before you fell?" angrily inquired the manager.

"Surely you wouldn't have me drop down without looking out to see what I was going to strike against?"

"Do you suppose a man, when he is killed in reality, looks behind him for a convenient spot before he falls, sir?"

"But I wasn't killed in reality, and I was afraid of dislocating my shoulder!" pleaded Paris.

"Afraid of dislocating your shoulder! If you are afraid of breaking your leg, or your neck either, when you are acting," said the stern manager, "you're not fit for this profession. Your instinct of self-preservation is too large for an actor's economy. You're dismissed, sir; there's no employment here for persons of your cautious temperament."

HAPPINESS.

Babette. You seemed so happy!

Blanche. Then did I—do I *seem* the thing I *am!*
Seem happy—how could I seem otherwise?
'Tis happiness to me to live—to be!
My very instincts—nay, the very use
Of every separate sense by which we hold
Communion visible with external being
Is happiness! To gaze upon the sky
Arched in blue glory o'er my upturned head—
The forms of beauty called by loving spring
Out of the affluent bosom of the earth;
The sun, beneath whose warm, resplendent light
All nature teems: these simplest, daily things,
Which custom cannot strip of loveliness,

To look on these is to be happy!—is
To feel my bosom swell with gratitude
To Him who made them, to make us more blest!

ARMAND'S GRIEF.

Arm. (*after gazing awhile on* BLANCHE.)
Oh! Blanche! my own—though lost—still, still my own!
A little while I yet may gaze on thee,
And in the treasury of my soul may store
The memory of each stiff'ning lineament
Where beauty lingers still! "It cannot be!
Shall those soft eyes no more look into mine,
Nor veil themselves when with too bold a joy
I gaze within their azure depths? shall love,
With its aurora, tint thy cheek no more?
The low, glad music of thy voice, no more
Sunder those gentle lips, with words that fell
Like blessings on the ears that took them in?
My Blanche! my other and my better self!
How weary seems the path I thought to climb,
Thy hand in mine,—thy smile to light me on,
Thy sunny presence to make glad each step!
Alone life's burden must be borne—alone
The struggling heart crush underneath its weight!"
A holy smile yet hovers on thy face,
As though the angels, when they summoned thee,
One golden glimpse of paradise revealed,
And left that happy print upon thy lip.
No, no! thou art not lost—we are not parted!
For, Heavenward as my tearful eyes I turn,
A radiant vision meets them there, and bids
Me guard my soul, unsullied by a deed
That could divide us in that land of joy!
My heart hath but one wish—my life one hope—
All time one joy—that of rejoining thee!

ARMAND'S LOVE.

King. You loved her, then?

Arm. Loved her? the earliest page
In memory's record held but that young love.
From boyhood up to youth—from youth to manhood—
Each tenderer thought—sublimer aspiration—
And purer hope was woven with that love.
Our very natures blended as we grew,
My spirit, gentleness from hers imbibed,
And hers, its strength and vigor caught from mine!
Our childish tears upon each other's breast
Were ever shed. Our childish laughter rang
The changes of its mingling mirth together,
And in each other's joy all childhood's blessings
Were mirrored—magnified—and multiplied!

ARMAND'S TRUTH.

King. Beware! our patience is not made of stuff
Too lasting—try it not beyond its strength—
Marry De Rohan's daughter! 'Tis thy king
Commands!

Arm. My gracious liege, no king can tear
The land-marks from the honest path of Truth.
Marry! call'st thou that marriage which but joins
Two hands with iron bonds? that *yokes*, but not
Unites, two hearts whose pulses never beat
In unison? The legal crime that mocks
The very name of marriage—that invades—
Profanes—destroys its inner holiness?
No! 'tis the spirit that alone can wed,
When with spontaneous joy it seeks and finds,
And with its kindred spirit *blends* itself!
My liege, there is no other marriage tie!

VIRTUE ITS OWN SHIELD.

King. Nay, Blanche,
Mar not thy beauty with this frigid bearing,
Frowns do not suit those gentle eyes, nor fierceness
Thy timid nature—weak thou art—
Blan. Not weak,
My liege, when roused by insult and by wrong!
I tell thee, haughty king—presumptuous man!
That like the unshorn locks the Nazarene
Vowed to his God—the purity of woman
Becomes at once her glory and her might!
King. Ah, Blanche! and is there no excuse for love?
Blan. Thy love is but *self-love!* that first and worst
Of passions—poisoned spring of every crime—
Which hath no attribute of perfect *love!*
King. This to thy king?
Blan. Art kingly in thy deeds?
The star that shines so brightly on thy breast
Is worthless if it shed no light within!
The throne that lifts thee o'er thy fellow-men
Should teach thee virtues which alone can raise
Thee 'bove them!
King. At thy feet let me implore—
Blan. Stand off! approach me not!
King. Thou fearest me, then?
Blan. Fear thee? Danger should be where fear is—I see none!
King. Woman! thou shalt not brave me thus! [*Seizes her.*
No human power can save thee—thou art mine!
What are thy feeble struggles in my grasp?
Blan. (*sinking on her knees*) Spare me, my liege, spare me!
King. It is thy turn
To sue, and all in vain! thou hast forgot
That I am king, and thou hast no protector!
Blan. (*starting up*) I have! I have! One who forsakes me not!
One whom thou darest not brave! unloose thy hold

Or dread his fury! Heaven protects me still!

[*The king releases her, awed by her manner.*

Thou art my sovereign—I a friendless subject—
I woman and thou man!—my helplessness
Was of itself a claim to thy protection—
A claim thou hast rejected! Answer, king!
Hast thou done right? Man, was it well to use
Thy strength against my weakness? Thou art dumb!
Thou canst not answer! King of France, I scorn thee!

[*Exit* L. 1 E.

King. Why should I shrink from one so powerless?
And can it be that Virtue's presence awes
Me thus? *That* Virtue which no weapon needs
Except its own resistless dignity!
She speaks, I'm hushed—she spurns me, and I cower—
She leaves me, and I dare not follow her!

MR. AND MRS. TIFFANY AT HOME.

Tif. Your extravagance will ruin me, Mrs. Tiffany!

Mrs. Tif. And your stinginess will ruin me, Mr. Tiffany! It is totally and *toot a fute* impossible to convince you of the necessity of *keeping up appearances.* There is a certain display which every woman of fashion is forced to make!

Tif. And pray who made *you* a woman of fashion?

Mrs. Tif. What a vulgar question! All women of fashion, Mr. Tiffany—

Tif. In this land are *self-constituted*, like you, madam—and *fashion* is the cloak for more sins than charity ever covered! It was for *fashion's* sake that you insisted upon my purchasing this expensive house—it was for *fashion's* sake that you ran me in debt at every exorbitant upholsterer's and extravagant furniture warehouse in the city—it was for *fashion's* sake that you built that ruinous conservatory—hired more servants than they have persons to wait upon—and dressed your footman like a harlequin!

Mrs. Tif. Mr. Tiffany, you are thoroughly plebeian, and insufferably

American, in your grovelling ideas! And pray what was the occasion of these very *mal-appro-pos* remarks? Merely because I requested a paltry fifty dollars to purchase a new style of head-dress—a *bijou* of an article just introduced in France.

Tif. Time was, Mrs. Tiffany, when you manufactured your own French head-dresses—took off their first gloss at the public balls, and then sold them to your shortest-sighted customers. And all you knew about France or French either, was what you spelt out at the bottom of your fashion plates—but now you have grown so fashionable, forsooth, that you have forgotten how to speak your mother tongue!

Mrs. Tif. Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Tiffany! Nothing is more positively vulgarian—more *unaristocratic* than any allusion to the past!

Tif. Why I thought, my dear, that *aristocrats* lived, principally, upon the past—and traded in the market of fashion with the bones of their ancestors for capital?

Mrs. Tif. Mr. Tiffany, such vulgar remarks are only suitable to the counting-house, in my drawing-room you should——

Tif. Vary my sentiments with my locality, as you change your *manners* with your *dress!*

Mrs. Tif. Mr. Tiffany, I desire that you will purchase Count d'Orsay's "Science of Etiquette," and learn how to conduct yourself—especially before you appear at the grand ball, which I shall give on Friday!

Tif. Confound your balls, madam; they make *foot-balls* of my money, while you dance away all that I am worth! A pretty time to give a ball when you know that I am on the very brink of bankruptcy!

Mrs. Tif. So much the greater reason that nobody should suspect your circumstances, or you would lose your credit at once. Just at this crisis a ball is absolutely *necessary* to save your reputation! There is Mrs. Adolphus Dashaway—she gave the most splendid fête of the season—and I hear on very good authority that her husband has not paid his baker's bill in three months. Then there was Mrs. Honeywood——

Tif. Gave a ball the night before her husband shot himself; perhaps you wish to drive me to follow his example? [*Crosses to* R. L. H.

Mrs. Tif. Good gracious! Mr. Tiffany! how you talk! I beg you won't mention anything of the kind. I consider black the most unbecoming color. I'm sure I've done all that I could to gratify you. There is that vulgar old torment, Trueman, who gives one the lie fifty times a day—haven't I been very civil to him?

Tif. Civil to his *wealth*, Mrs. Tiffany! I told you that he was a rich old farmer—the early friend of my father—my own benefactor—and that I had reason to think he might assist me in my present embarrassments. Your civility was *bought*, and, like most of your *own* purchases, has yet to be *paid* for. [*Crosses to* R. H.

Mrs. Tif. And will be, no doubt! The condescension of a woman of fashion should command any price. Mr. Trueman is insupportably indecorous; he has insulted Count Jolimaitre in the most outrageous manner. If the count was not so deeply interested—so *abimé* with Seraphina, I am sure he would never honor us by his visits again!

Tif. So much the better—he shall never marry my daughter!—I am resolved on that. Why, madam, I am told there is in Paris a regular matrimonial stock company, who fit out indigent dandies for this market. How do I know but this fellow is one of its creatures, and that he has come here to increase its dividends by marrying a fortune?

Mrs. Tif. Nonsense, Mr. Tiffany. The count—the most fashionable young man in all New York—the intimate friend of all the dukes and lords in Europe—not marry my daughter? Not permit Seraphina to become a countess? Mr. Tiffany, you are out of your senses!

Tif. That would not be very wonderful, considering how many years I have been united to you, my dear. Modern physicians pronounce lunacy infectious!

CATHARINE ANNE WARFIELD.

Catharine Anne Ware was the daughter of Major Nathaniel A. Ware, of Natchez—formerly Secretary of State of the Mississippi Territory—and of Sarah Ellis, his wife. Her maternal grandfather, Capt. Charles Percy, of the British Navy, had retired from his profession on half pay, to settle on a grant of land conferred upon him by the crown, during the brief tenure of the Natchez country by England. His estate lay near Fort Adams, and he was widely known in the region in which he dwelt for his liberal hospitality and baronial style of living, so different from the primitive simplicity around him. He left behind him large possessions, to which his children succeeded.

The marriage of Major Ware with Mrs. Ellis took place after the death of her father, and about the time of the termination of the last British war. The pair resided at their country-seat near Natchez, during the brief period of their union.

Of two children—the only offspring of this marriage—Catharine was the elder. By the birth of the younger daughter, the sisters were deprived of a mother's care, and the arduous duty of rearing and educating them devolved thenceforth solely on their father.

In order to conduct their education with greater advantage and facility, Major Ware sold his southern estates, and removed to Philadelphia. There, in connection with his own instruction, he obtained masters for the lighter branches and accom-

plishments, still adhering consistently, however, to his favorite plan of home education. Himself a man of rare scientific attainments, he was eminently qualified for this self-appointed task, which his want of other employment, and singularly reserved nature, made valuable to him as a resource against *ennui*, and as an outlet for feeling.

It was a part of his plan to develop the minds of his children by travel; and a portion of each year was devoted to visiting different points of interest either in the northern or southern States. These journeys, together with his prejudices against schools—which necessarily limited the intimate companionship of his daughters to each other—may have had much to do with the development of the poetic faculty, which must, however, have been inherent in both, if we accept the ordinary theory of natural gifts.

The elder daughter, Catharine, was married very young to Elisha Warfield, a gentleman of Lexington, Kentucky, and a member of a large and honorable family in that region. They continued to reside in this place until 1857, when circumstances induced them to remove to a farm in the vicinity of Louisville, Kentucky.

The life of Mrs. Warfield has been almost wholly domestic and social, and uneventful save in its emotional character. Her literary tastes have found outlet chiefly in her intercourse with her father and sister, while they lived, and later, through the medium of two or three chosen papers. The turn of western society, however graceful and refined it may be, is opposed to the detail of letters; yet no people more cordially and appreciatively acknowledge literary prestige, whenever it is well founded. But the mind that finds its pleasure in literary pursuits, is scarcely satisfied with a mere recognition of the dignity of its vocation; it demands a more near and immediate sympathy for the full growth and development of its powers.

The poetic faculty, especially, requires the stimulus of high mental atmosphere and attrition, to bring it to perfection. Mrs. Warfield may have felt the need of this incentive.

A volume containing the joint productions of herself and sister, was published in 1843, under the title of "The Wife of Leon and Other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West." It was made up of short pieces, written from time to time as the poetic element stirred, in ebb-tide intervals of social enjoyment, without a thought that they would ever come under the public eye. But, urged by literary friends, in whom they had implicit confidence, and more especially by their father, whom they could refuse nothing, they reluctantly consented to appear as authors.

A most favorable reception of this volume by the press generally, and one or two critical journals in particular, encouraged them, in 1846, to publish a new collection of their writings, entitled "The Indian Chamber and Other Poems." In this volume is discernible a marked advance in poetic range and depth, as well as facile and ingenious construction. Both collections indicate strong powers in reserve, and we naturally looked to these writers for something still higher in the way of poetic art. But, as the years rolled on, the younger sister—Mrs. Lee—passed with her varying lyre into the unseen world, and Mrs. Warfield, feeling, perhaps, that the utterances of maturer life need a broader and deeper channel than the trammels of verse afford, has recently "slanted off" into the ocean of prose—if rumor may be credited, is even now busy upon the pages of a romance, which promises very soon to make its mark upon the time.

Among the poems of Mrs. Warfield, which we subjoin, "The Legend of the Indian Chamber" and "The Foe's Return" are strongly dramatic, and reveal a tragic vein in the writer, of which she herself seems only half conscious.

(Since this sketch was written, we have been favored with the proof-sheets of the first volume of Mrs. Warfield's promised work.

As one roaming over a goodly domain, whose value he has already gauged by visible stretches of hill, valley and wood land, comes suddenly, in the heart of the latter, upon a rocky height looking far out upon loftier heights, and far down into wild ravines—so have *we* come upon these pages of the "Household of Bouverie." Here is a revelation of our author beside which the few words we had written of tragic power in reserve, seem tame and spiritless. We are glad, however, that such words stand in favor of any degree of insight on our part.

If the last volume of this work bears out the promise of the first, it is one which "the world will not willingly let die." We doubt if any such book was ever written before by an American woman—a work so great in conception and so masterly in execution.

It is refreshing to read something new in this book-plethoric age. "The Household of Bouverie" is a story projected from the writer's own brain and being—a bold, sharp, live, magnetic creation. The several scenes in the mysterious chamber, the interviews between Lilian and Erastus Bouverie, with their pungent, pre-Raphaelite details, are pictures which, having once burned into the brain, can never be forgotten. A quaintness and originality remind one constantly of Hawthorne, yet belong wholly to Warfield.

But we have no space for a full analysis of the sharp, imaginative power, the subtilized *diablerie* of this large-brained book. It will have its meed. We are only too happy to record it here—the master-piece of our author, and a worthy criterion of her powers.)

THE HOUSE OF BOUVERIE.

My grandmother's spacious bed-room, ending in a half octagon, formed a central projection from the rear of the building. Three doors opened into this apartment from the sides that joined the house, and presented a stiff array, separated as they were by wide panels lined with mirrors. The central door opened with leaves into a square or rather oblong hall; the others, narrower and of simpler construction, gave into small rooms, evidently partitioned from the hall for convenience rather than symmetry, since the effect to the eye must have been far more liberal when the passage swept across the house, as I knew afterward it had originally done. One of these chambers, some twelve feet square only, yet lofty and well ventilated, had been fitted up for me with a care and taste that left me nothing to regret, even when I compared it with the comfort and luxury of my former home. That which I supposed to correspond with it on the other side (which indeed the form and size of the mansion made evidently the case), was kept strictly locked; and at first I conceived it to be my grandmother's oratory—recalling that of the mistress of Taunton Tower—or study, perhaps, where books and paintings, sacred to her eye alone, were cautiously concealed, as I had heard was the custom among the authors and artists of the world.

But my grandmother, I soon discovered, was neither the one nor the other; and when I found how simple and even homely were the details of her every-day life, I descended from my pedestal of fancy, and determined that this "Blue Beard chamber," so mysterious and inaccessible to me, was nothing more nor less than a shy woman's dressing-room. A deep reticence of nature did indeed *underlie*, in a very remarkable degree, the sparkling cordiality of my grandmother's manner. You stumbled on this constitutional or habitual reserve, accidentally sometimes, as you might do on a stone hid in a bed of flowers, and with something of the same sharp, sudden anguish; but I am digressing to speak of this now. I wish to give at once, for reasons that will be plainer hereafter, as correct an idea as I know how to convey by words, of the construction of the house of Bouverie.

The central building, as seen from without, built as it was of the dun-colored sandstone common to that region, consisted of two stories surmounted by a circular dome or cupola. A glitter on the roof of this superstructure, which was observable at some distance from the mansion, pointed to the idea of a skylight or glass framework, which might in the beginning

have lit the lower as well as the upper hall, if such indeed existed. No evidence that an upper floor formed any portion of the house was afforded by its internal construction; it contained no stairway, and the circular hall of entrance was ceiled over, so as to shut out any connection with that which might have been supposed to lie above it.

The house was built in the outline of a disproportioned cross, in which the small square vestibule in front, my grandmother's projecting chamber in the rear, and the two long wings, containing severally the gentlemen's apartments and accommodations and offices for servants, represented the four limbs. The main building contained only, as far as the eye could see within, the central circular hall to which I have already referred, and one large room on either hand opening from this rotunda, and made square, or rather oblong, by means of triangular closets. The lateral hall, with its divided chambers, completed the quadrangle.

I understood later how it was that after her husband's death—one of violence and horror it was whispered—my grandmother had cut off all communication with those upper rooms which he had chiefly inhabited, associated in her mind as they were with bloodshed and self-slaughter; and how, as the dark legend crept stealthily around, that night after night he might still be heard walking their floors, and had even been seen descending the spiral stairs that linked one circular hall with the other, while the moon shone down through the great skylight, revealing to the startled watchers his ghastly lineaments and spectral form—she had, in the desperation of her fear and agony, sealed up forever those haunted and accursed chambers. For this purpose the stairway had been removed, and the space between the two halls floored and ceiled. This was done with an expedition that made food for conjecture in the neighborhood, having its origin, doubtless, in the almost frenzied terror of her own sensations, that caused her to spare neither expense nor urgency to have her alterations executed with dispatch. The workmen who performed this task were summoned from a distant town, and spoke in a foreign tongue. They came and went like shadows; and in this manner she evaded, as much as possible, the neighborhood gossip and espionage which must otherwise have so annoyed her in her crushed condition. For, at the time all this was done, my grandfather's fearful death was recent; and the same artisans who removed the stairs, and sealed away from sight and access those abhorred upper apartments, placed the simple marble obelisk which bore his name, above his grave in the cedar grove.

A great lamp swung in the centre of that circular hall now, where the

sunlight and moonlight had once streamed freely down from the transparent roof; and the restless ghost might walk forever in those large dim chambers, with their nailed-up windows, and disused and moldering furniture, and disquiet no one.

"Not one article was touched or brought away, Miss Lilian, that ever belonged to *him*," added my informant in low whispered tones, the old demure, and yet gossiping woman who assisted at my toilet, and who had lived with my grandmother and cared for her since her birth; "not one article, lest a curse might cleave to it and fall on *us;* and still he may be heard at times—don't be frightened, Miss Lilian!—walking, walking, the livelong night, the livelong day even, as though no rest were granted him in the other world, who took no rest in this."

I had hidden my face on Dame Bianca's arm as she proceeded in her vague narration, thrilled by a momentary terror. Now I looked up and was annoyed by the expression of her countenance as my sudden glance fell upon it. She seemed to be enjoying the emotion with which she had inspired me, and a furtive and half-suppressed smile lurked on her lips and in her eyes that shook my confidence in the sincerity of her representations.

"She is trying to fool me," I thought, "with this ghost-story, and to make a coward of me; but I *know* there is nothing of the kind."

And nerved by this sudden conviction, I proceeded to question her with more coolness and sagacity than she could have expected from one evidently so impressed with her narration a moment before.

"What made my grandfather so restless, Dame Bianca?" I asked. "Was he unhappy and wicked, or only busy?"

"All, child, all! wretched enough, I daresay, when he stopped to think of his misdeeds—and busy *always* as any working-bee in summer-time. Busy with hand and brain, with pen and sword, with drug and pistol, reading and thinking, plotting and contriving; and trampling over every one that stood in his way, without fear or mercy. But he was a great gentleman after all, more like a prince than a common man it appeared to me, and so grand in his ways, that no man could ever take a liberty with him, not even the old master, Ursa Bouverie, that had no respect for any one else, and trod on human feelings as a horse treads on grass. Old 'Ursa Major,' they call him hereabouts; but I never could see the sense of putting his title last; 'Major Ursa' would have sounded better, I think, Miss Lilian?"

"Why, that means the great bear, Bianca," I said, laughing heartily at the conceit, and entirely roused from the horrors of her narrative; forget-

ting, too, in my amusement, the pique her expression of triumph had occasioned me when she felt sure of my credulity. "An excellent title, I have no doubt, for the cross old man—Ursa! what a funny name for a Christian!"

"He was no Christian, Miss Lilian," she said, gravely; "but a dreadful old heathen as the Lord ever permitted to live! I never knew how it was that your grandfather crept into his feelings so toward the last, unless it was"— and she hesitated, then digressed abruptly. "'She shall have a home of her own, if my act can give it to her,' I heard him say one night about a week before he died, when your grandfather—his nephew, you know, child, he was—was talking with him about making his will in the library, and he slammed his hand down *just so* on the table till it shook again! 'Shall I insert the clause now, uncle?' I heard Mr. Erastus Bouverie say in his soft, sweet tones, more like trickling water or falling silver than any other sound I ever heard. 'Or shall it be done later?'

"'You need not trouble yourself about it *at all*, Erastus,' the old man answered; 'after all your objections, it might give you too much pain; or, maybe, you might *accidentally* leave a flaw!' and old 'Ursa Major' laughed long and loud."

"Oh, Bianca, that was very insulting to say to his nephew, I think."

"Not for him, Miss Lilian, who never had a civil word for any one except Miss Camilla; but her he fairly worshipped. Anyway, the look he got that night from Mr. Erastus would have killed any one else outright. Few people could stand before your grandfather's eyes, I tell you, my child; but he said nothing on this occasion, but went on writing. I have heard them say that knew his disposition best, that he never justified himself in any way but *one*."

"And that *one*, Bianca?"

"Never mind, Miss Lilian, *what* that was, it was a dreadful way at the best; but as I was saying, he kept on writing in silence. The old man did not live long afterward; he died suddenly, you know, but he did not forget to add the clause, and that was the way your grandmother came to own Bouverie."

"But where were you all the time, Bianca, to see and hear so much? Were you hid away to spy and to listen, Bianca? Oh, I hope not, for the credit of our house."

"Busy in the next room, child, and the door ajar between; but if you hold such suspicions, you may learn the rest for yourself." And the injured

dame drew up her slight, erect figure in an attitude that indicated fixed resolution; nor could I hope to learn from any other source the unfinished history I burned to know.

A little scene had been enacted before this conversation occurred with Bianca, which taught me the necessity of self-control in the household of Bouverie, both as to question and remark. I could not venture, after this, to inquire of any member of the family concerning my grandfather's fate or the events of his life, in view of the lesson that my own indiscretion had taught me.

It was on the day after my arrival that, sitting at the supper-table, during a long pause in the conversation, and while my grandmother was especially engaged with her coffee-urn, I was suddenly shaken by one of those unseasonable fits of laughter common to excitable children.

"What amuses you, Lilian?" asked Dr. Quintil. "Come, give us your merry thought, and we will pluck it together."

"Oh, Dr. Quintil, I was only thinking how funny it was—and I never thought of it until this minute, which makes it funnier still—that my uncle Jasper has never spoken one word to me since I came to Bouverie! Not *one word*, Mister Jasper, have you said to your niece since she came to live with you, either for good or for bad," and I shook my finger playfully at him across the table.

He gazed at me a moment earnestly, and then suffered his forehead to droop into his hands. Had I offended him? I looked anxiously at Dr. Quintil; he, too, was pale and grave, and averted his eyes from mine. My grandmother alone retained her self-possession.

"My child," she said, "in this house, above all others, learn to be discreet. It is our misfortune to be an afflicted household—Jasper has *never spoken*."

I dropped the untasted morsel, and, in a passion of grief and mortification, I slid from the table, and lay with my face on the floor. I was raised by kindly hands. Jasper held me in his arms.

"Oh, what have I done!" I said; "I did not know—indeed I did not know—that one might hear, and still be dumb. Poor Uncle Jasper! Can you forgive me?"

Words never spoke as his eyes spoke to me then. I have since believed that in the spirit-world there will be no need of speech, but that light, shining from each heavenly visage, shall reveal whatever the immortal essence seeks to communicate, and words be put away with other bonds of

flesh. He held me to his bosom long, for my feelings, when once vividly aroused, were not easily consoled to quiet again; and they told me that on that home of peace I sobbed myself to rest.

Jasper—my Jasper—from that hour I loved thee as entirely as I shall ever do when we meet at the feet of God!

GENIUS.

Jasper usually sat in the same room in which I was taught, pursuing his separate studies, and entirely engrossed by the volumes he pored over, to the exclusion of voices and other disturbing causes. He had, indeed, that power of application in an uncommon degree, which, by some French authors, Montesquieu, I believe, has been used as a definition of genius. If the meaning be extended so as to cover the ground of the application of knowledge after its acquirement—the result of application of mind—to all occasions of life, this definition may be found to possess merit, and even originality, and to answer as well as most that have been accepted as expositions of that Protean gift of which Prometheus was the antique type.

At noon, when study hours were over for the day, I sought my grandmother's chamber, and found her usually seated at her work by the large window I have before described; while the little repast of fruit, or cake, or conserves, she never forgot to provide for me, was placed on the table by her side. When I had partaken of this, I was free to go, to ride my pony, to walk, to swing, and gather flowers in the fine season; or in winter, to exercise in the basement below, kept warm for the benefit of the flowering plants it sheltered, or to pore over the volumed lore of the library, until our late dinner hour arrived, or to play and sing at my piano, unquestioned and unnoticed; for my grandmother knew better than most persons, how important to the growth and dignity of a child's character, is a certain freedom of action and solitary self-reliance.

I still look back to those lonely hours, as the basis of much that is strong and resolute in my character, and as the promoters, if not originators, of that poetic faculty which, however limited in its results, has been my chief comfort and resource in life—a faculty I would not surrender for Victoria's crown, were I obliged to fill its place with commonplace and inanity, and which, more than all else, has reconciled me to life, and assured me of the certainty of a glorious immortality.

A great orator has lately in his eulogium of the most distinguished states-

man of any age, in his zeal for those qualities which peculiarly appertain to the character of the august subject of his debate, levelled cold and cruel blows at the peculiar organization to which we give the name of "genius." When God takes back his gift of flowers, limits sunshine, wipes out the rainbow, dashes from the shell and gem their lustre, and from the bird the hues of his glorious plumage, replacing these with cold, *utilitarian* coloring; when the love of the beautiful—the germ of all poetic power—ceases to lift the human heart to Him who adorned the world with such exquisite consideration for this master passion of his noblest creatures—including, as it does, love, heroism, religion, glory,—then, and not until *then*, shall I believe that genius is superfluous; and that in the eyes of the Creator it is of little or no avail!

Dr. Kane, sailing on the lonely arctic seas, renders meet tribute to the comfort that genius gives him; I use the word advisedly!

"None," says he, "who have not read the poems of Tennyson, under circumstances of isolation like those that surrounded me, can form any idea of the *consolation* to be derived from their perusal."

These are not his exact words—I do not own these volumes—but any one can find the passage I refer to with such a clew. Following out the impulse of his gratitude, he calls by the name of his favorite poet, the wondrous column of green basalt that stands forth as if made by the hand of human art, bare and terrific even in its strange solitary grandeur, from the cold, grey rocks around it, and looms above the lonely glassy ocean of that Arctic zone. This he calls "Tennyson's Monument." What prouder tribute has poet ever received?

Dear as were those solitary hours to me, and life-giving as they proved themselves, the tendency of my nature was essentially social and loyal; and, had I been permitted to do so, I would have attached myself warmly and entirely to my grandmother's society, and even service. But, while with one hand she drew me to her, with the other she put me away—gently, but no less decidedly.

Her conversation was especially delightful to me—so animated, so varied, so natural, so full of detail, that it was like reading a pleasant book to listen to it. One is said, I know, oftener in derision than in praise, to "talk like a book;" but this is a prejudice derived from old times, when books were oftenest prating and pedantic oracles. Who would not like to hear such conversation daily, as we meet with in the pages of many modern novels? Terse, sparkling, and graphic illustrations of nature itself, compared to which all ancient dialogues seem flat and affected!

RELIGION.

Temperament has, after all, more to do with religion than theologians are willing to acknowledge, and there certainly was in my very veins some principle antagonistic in its nature to Catholicism. I was made, I think, of those elements from which new churches, new forms of government have sprung. It was natural to me to investigate motives, and demand reasons for action; and if I was a poor logician, I was, at all events, no sophist, no self-deluder; what I believed was a part of my own being.

I have heard people talk of *choosing* a religion, as they would select a garment, and marvelled at the fallacy! Oh, who can choose a conviction; or who would not, if this were possible, believe in the comforting doctrines of the universalist or the epicurean?

No! religion is made of sterner stuff! We cannot banish or deny the presence of evil; it is here—we can only contend against it, with what limited power we have, and what divine assistance we receive. We cannot shut out the bitter belief in the vast inequality of human lots, prate as philosophers may of compensation on earth; nor fail to perceive the absence of all justice in the *visible* dispensations of Providence. Else would no virtuous man go down in the fiery sea of sorrow and adversity; else would no icy-hearted villain prosper! That these things are, none can deny—that noble lives are failures, that base ones are crowned with success; let Kossuth —let Louis Napoleon testify, for want of fitter examples, known to all men! But we need not stop with public characters like these. In every sphere of life there are innumerable instances of this kind, and when we try to persuade ourselves that there is no truth in the dark doctrines of fate and election, let us reflect on these manifest inconsistencies, before our daily eyes.

Yet who wants to believe in these doctrines—who would incline to it if it were possible to waive them away by any process of human reasoning or self-deception! And why should any belief, after all, however gloomy and oppressive in its tendency, make us, for one moment, falter in our faith in, and perfect love for God?

For the future is in his hand of which we know nothing now, and the instinct is in all hearts, to trust in its mighty developments, its compensations, its unerring fidelity to, and correspondence with the past, so that they may be said to represent the two scales of a balance—one before us, with its

heavy and uncomprehensive measure of good or ill—the other with its unseen freight far in eternity.

Yet happy those who, closing their eyes on its complicated inconsistency, and seeing its sublime comfort, and loving charity alone, bow down and worship at the foot of the Catholic cross! Happy those who deem that sin can be forgiven by proxy, and the gates of heaven entered by death-bed repentance! These are the beings whom the rapture of heaven possesses even on earth, and who bear most often, lightly the burden of sin and sorrow so crushing to the sterner thinkers. Nature had never intended me to be one of these.

THE SECRET CHAMBER AND ITS OCCUPANT.

In the centre of the room stood a ponderous rosewood bedstead, very dark from age, and shaped like a lengthened throne, and so placed as to give its inmate whatever advantage of light and air existed in that dusky atmosphere.

He lay on his snow-white bed, propped with pillows scarce paler than himself, that remarkable man, whose face seemed to have become familiar to me in one brief gaze of terror and mystery. He was sleeping when my grandmother led me to his couch, and with noiseless step and lifted finger impressed on me the necessity of silence—sleeping the tranquil sleep of illness merged into debility.

"Dr. Quintil pronounces this a saving slumber," she whispered, "if not interrupted; yet if any observable change occurs during its continuance you must not hesitate to call him. He lies at present on the sofa in the opposite room, having watched all night; observe our patient closely, Lilian; I confide all to you!"

She withdrew, and I sat close by his side, watching a sleep that closely simulated that of death itself—so profound, so tranquil was it—and poring on his face, as though it were a book opened before me. An expression of tender repose (if I may so express it) lingered over the thin, straight features, almost transparent from disease.

The grey hair, singularly indicative of strength and vitality, and bearing unmistakable traces of its original color, lay loose and wavy on the pillow. Long as it had seemed before, it had probably grown to an unusual length during his sickness, and now imparted an almost womanish character to his face and head.

His slender and elegantly formed hands were closed lightly on his breast, as those of the dead are often placed. A white napkin lay at his side, folded and glossy; but streaked and dappled with blood fresh from his bleeding lungs—a few Strombio roses were thrown carelessly by it, as if dropped from nerveless fingers.

Beside him, on a small table, was a flask of ice-water, a goblet of antique form, some grapes on a plateau of fine china, and a vial of pyramidal shape, filled with a liquid of such brilliant amber-color, that it seemed almost to diffuse rays of light around it.

During that long watch, my eyes became frequently riveted on this vial, and attracted by its lambent lustre, I raised it between them and the light, so as to scrutinize the contents. I saw with an almost fascinated interest what appeared to be a hair of gold, waving to and fro in the liquid like a miniature serpent. Now rising to the top in spiral lines, as if trying to escape from its confinement—then collapsing in a ring to the bottom of the wide-based vial.

On the bottle a label was pasted, on which was inscribed in small, clear Italian characters, the "*elixir of gold.*" This, then, was that marvellous remedy, of which I had recently heard, for the first time, with more of interest than faith I must confess! Here, then, was the realization of what had appeared to me but a mere fable!

A gentleman with whom we had met in travelling, a peculiar and striking person, whose name and mien indicated a foreign origin, had told Dr. Quintil a story in my presence, illustrative of the immediate efficacy of this medicine.

A child lay dying in a peasant's house, in which a horseman sought temporary refuge from the storm which raged without. Hope was over, and the death-struggle approached, the eyes were glazed and half-rolled back in their orbits—cold dew stood on the clammy face, the power of speech, of deglutition itself was gone, when the stranger asked permission to pour a few drops from a small vial he drew from his bosom into the parted lips of the child. The request was granted, and at short intervals he was allowed to repeat the experiment.

The subtle drug seemed to insinuate itself into the system without the assistance of the epiglottis; but, for a time, exerted little opposing influence against the power of the conqueror. He described the marvellous and sudden change that at last occurred—the returning hues of life, the renewed intelligence of the eye, the strength restored as if by magic. In an hour

later the child sat up in bed and called for food, and the next day rose to its feet convalescent! Such was the tale.

Something in the graphic manner of the narrator left the impression on my mind, that he himself was the benefactor thus referred to, and I smiled at the faith the empiric lent to the work of his own hands—doubting not for a moment, that the recovery he described had taken place from natural causes.

And now my incredulity seemed reasonably confirmed. Here was a dying man (he certainly seemed so to me) with this wondrous yet unavailing remedy in reach!

Yet what a radiantly beautiful fluid it was!

Had it been called "essence of sunshine," it would not have surprised me, for inherent radiance it certainly seemed to contain. I had just time to set the vial down, which I had raised between my vision and the line of light that came through the slightly opened door, when he awoke, coughing violently and fixed his glittering eyes full on my face.

Aroused by the shrill summons, or perhaps already watching for such a signal, Dr. Quintil came almost instantly to his assistance, and sustained him in his arms; at the same time whispering to me to withdraw from the chamber, and remain without while the paroxysm lasted.

Fabius had arranged my breakfast in the hall, on that great round table, from which books and papers were now cleared away, that stood beneath the skylight, and it was truly acceptable, for the day was on the tide, and I had not tasted food since the previous evening; I was half famished; yet I had hardly time to swallow a few mouthfuls, and drink my coffee, when Dr. Quintil called me from within.

I returned greatly agitated. He was awake; he would speak to me. He, my mother's father! It was like the recognition of spirits in another world—ineffable, overpowering.

I advanced to the foot of the bed, and stood thrilled, yet mutely before him.

"Come nearer, my love," he said, extending one long, thin hand to me, that fell in the next instant almost lifeless beside him. "Nearer, that I may discern your features distinctly. Lilian, the child of Morna," he murmured, "the daughter of my child!"

"Even so, grandfather," I said, as solemnly as ever a devotee gave back "Amen" to prayer and kneeling. I bowed my head on his nerveless hand, and my nature took on her new allegiance.

The very sound of his voice—clear, sweet, slightly tremulous at times, infinitely pathetic in its quality—vibrated through my whole being, as no sound, whether of speech or music, had ever done before. I felt within me then the power, won from the electric shock, of the clashing chains of kindred in our veins; perchance to serve him faithfully from that hour with any sacrifice that he might see fit to demand, or that I might find it possible to make.

Yet, why was this? Others as nearly related to me had awakened no parallel enthusiasm in my soul. I have done wrong perhaps in thinking that it was the power of blood that stirred me thus. Was it not rather some fine magnetic influence totally independent of mere relationship, that rendered every faculty of my being as responsive to his will as the keys of the lute to the touch of the master player?

I know not how long I continued kneeling and praying silently beside him—if prayer might be called that almost unformed communing of my soul with God—more a mood than an utterance. He was now forbidden to speak; yet when I arose and stood beside him again, his beaming eye and smile were more eloquent than words. They seemed to say:

"Welcome, my love, to this solitary life of mine, art thou, as morning to the sleepless, or showers to the sear grass. Henceforth thy being shall be blended with my own, and the shadow that envelops me fall over thee also, even as from thy young existence, some light and joy shall gild the clouds of mine. For of this nature is the mighty and inscrutable bond of blood."

Such, to my excited imagination, seemed the meaning, his mute but quivering features sought to convey; such the impression my mind received from their expression—never to leave it more.

Yet again I question, why was this?

ELIXIR OF GOLD AND BLOOD.

He held my wrists in his grasp, silently for a time. I felt that he was counting my pulses.

"There is health enough in these young veins," he said, "to justify me in making the request I have sent for you to prefer. The rich life-blood abounds here even to superfluity. Lilian, you have blood, and to spare."

"Blood, grandfather!" I repeated, struggling slightly to withdraw my

arm. "You do not want my blood, I hope? Is he insane, after all?" was the rapid thought that swept through me, "and is this a part of the past, so long esteemed a crime, mere madness at last?"

He relinquished his hold immediately, and said, with evident mortification: "You surely do not think I mean to harm you, Lilian?"

I stood before him with my head cast down, as the guilty stand before their accusers.

"No, no indeed," I murmured, "I know you would not harm me, unless —unless "——

"Unless I were mad, Lilian; is that what you would say?" he asked, still surveying me with his piercing, reproachful eyes; then waiting a moment for a reply, which never came, he added, "you are right there; but I am not mad—have absolutely no capacity for madness, child. Listen, I only ask you for one cup of that generous blood, that flowed from my veins in the beginning."

"This is a strange fancy of yours, grandfather—a horrible fancy. Do you drink blood? Are you a vampire?" I tried to smile, but shuddered in the attempt. "I must not seem afraid," I thought, "for if this be mania, such evidence would increase it; and yet how can Fabius seem so unconcerned, if he meditates any horrible thing? Perhaps they are going to unite and sacrifice me."

In spite of my better resolution, I felt myself trembling at the thought of playing the part of an unwilling Iphigenia. Fortunately, this passed unobserved.

"Hear me dispassionately," he said; "then decide as you will. I ask your assistance in the preparation of a remedy, on which my feeble life depends. I have been in the habit of drawing from my own veins, or those of Fabius, the required amount of fluid to complete my preparation; but since my long illness, my strength has failed. His, too, declines, and unless the properties of perfect health be found in the blood thus used, it is of little or no avail. To-day I threw three hundred sovereigns, the last of my treasure, in the crucibles. All this will be wasted, unless I obtain the necessary ingredient wherewith to divide the smoldering mass from the ethereal spirit that makes the elixir."

"Why not use the blood of a lamb, or of a goat, grandfather; or beef's blood, as I have heard they do in sugar refineries? These can be easily procured, and human nature spared the horror of such an experiment."

"Because the chemical affinities are all wanting in these, that success

depends on; but, Lilian, I will not urge you further; I will not ask again, even to save my own life, for a gill of the blood I gave you."

I was nerved to sudden determination by these words.

"Be sure you take no other, grandfather," I said, hazarding a feeble jest to raise my own courage. "Spare my De Courcy blood, I implore you;" and, baring my arm, I stretched it forth, and turned away.

A small porcelain urn was brought forward, and Fabius breathed a vein with a dexterity that manifested practice. I had just begun to feel slightly faint and giddy, when my grandfather staunched the orifice, and bound my arm himself with bandages, in readiness for the occasion; first touching the wounded vein with a liquid which removed soreness from the arm, and prevented all subsequent inconvenience.

"Aye, Lilian, this will do," he said; "this young and ruddy blood is what I needed. Do you know, child, that the time is not far distant when he who can afford to purchase such relays for his veins weekly, or even monthly, may put off death indefinitely? The surgeon will let young blood into the old man's veins then, as easily as the barber trims his beard now, and it will be a part of the received hygeian system to do this, indispensable even to the toilet of every sexagenarian."

He held the all but transparent cup between his eyes and the brilliant lamps. "It is perfect," continued he, "every globule round as a drop of rain. I fear I have not spared your De Courcy blood, as you requested, however. I think I discern a mixture; but come, you shall see the charm work. Medea was a bungler compared with Erastus Bouverie!"

He led me to the crucible, red hot over its charcoal furnace, and, lifting the lid, showed me the dull, yellow, molten mass within.

"Now look, Lilian."

He took from the marble slab, or counter, as I have elsewhere called it, a vial of white liquid, which, when opened, emitted the odoriferous, and, to me, grateful and reviving smell of almonds, and bending over the crucible, poured in carefully about half the contents of the bottle, quickly replacing the close-fitting glass stopper.

Instantly the seething mass stood still, a few large bubbles rose, flashed, dispersed, and a dull violet flame seemed to flit and flicker over the surface.

"Now, Lilian, all is ready. Look attentively and behold the crisis!" His face was rigid as steel as he dashed in the blood.

The flame died out, the whole mass seemed to shudder and recoil; then separate as instantaneously as I have seen the curd and whey of milk divide

under the action of an acid, or, to use a grandiose comparison, as earth and sea might have divided in the beginning of time. A mass of substance was precipitated to the bottom of the crucible, and oh, wondrous vision! in the clear, amber-colored fluid above, myriads of tiny serpents of flashing light seemed gliding, quivering, coiling in ring after ring, and springing in spiral movements to the surface!

"It is the vital principle at work," he said, in suppressed tones, "electrifying the duller agent. The combination will be more than usually perfect. The blood of genius works well! Fabius, extinguish the fires." His voice was low and husky.

He spoke no more until this was done; then steadily and slowly, and with every nerve strained to its fullest tension in the anxiety of the moment —for much depended on the accuracy of this movement—he poured into a silver bowl the wonderful elixir, preparatory to sealing it in crystal vials.

LEGEND OF THE INDIAN CHAMBER.

PART FIRST.

"Basil! set my house in order,
For, when I return to-day,
I shall bring with me a stranger,
Tarrying on his homeward way.
Open fling the Indian Chamber,
And the arras free from mold;
There array a goodly banquet,
Such as cheered my sires of old;
When, from chase or war returning,
Dukes and princes of my line,
From the evening till the morning,
Filled the cup and drained the wine."

"Master, in thy lordly castle
There are many halls of pride,
Where no damps the walls encumber—
Where no spells of gloom abide.

In the gallery of the Titans,
In the hall of Count Lothaire,
In the grand saloon of columns,
Better had ye banquet there.
But the dreary Indian Chamber,
Oh! bethink you, master mine—
There have slept, in mortal slumber,
All the princes of your line.

There the mourners ever gather,
Forth to bear the noble dead—
There you saw your stately father,
And your noble brother laid;
There, save in these times of anguish,
Never, since my life began,
Entered in a ray of sunlight,
Or the step of mortal man.
And the sounds of mystic meaning—
Master! need I speak of these?—
Which from that lone eastern chamber
Meet the ear—the spirit freeze!"

With a brow of haughty pallor,
Straight the Baron turned away,
In a scornful accent saying,
"'Tis my mandate, slave! obey."
Then in haste, with gloomy aspect,
Forth he went upon his steed,
Rushing headlong on his pathway,
Like an evil spirit freed.
And with sad and stricken spirit,
Basil watched his lord depart,
While a dark and evil omen,
Hearse-like, pressed upon his heart.

Long he lingered at the portal,
Bound as with a gloomy dream;
Long he looked upon the landscape,
Which before him ceased to seem;

Then, with low and prayerful mutterings,
Shaking oft his tresses grey,
Clasping oft his withered fingers,
Basil went upon his way.
Passed he up the ancient stairway,
Groped he through the echoing aisle,
Where, to seek the olden chapel,
Oft had passed a kingly file.

Climbed he the remotest turret
Of that castle grand and vast,
And before the Indian Chamber
Wearily he paused at last;
Yes, a moment there he faltered,
He who oft had stood the shock
Of the hottest, fiercest battle,
Firm as a primeval rock.
On the bolt his fingers trembled,
Scarcely could their strength unclose
The immense and ponderous fastening,
Rusted by its long repose.

Yet a moment—yet a moment,
Ere the door was open flung,
Paused the old and awe-struck Basil,
Fervent *aves* on his tongue.
As if Heaven his prayer had answered,
Peace and comfort round him stole,
And a calm and lofty courage
Nerved his hand and filled his soul.
With a slight, yet sudden effort,
Back the oaken door he threw,
And upon the darkened threshold
Stood the fearful place to view.

Dark and dreary was that chamber,
Which in lengthened gloom appeared,
With its dark and mystic arras,
Wrought in symbols wild and weird.

Life-like were the gorgeous figures,
  Giant-like they seemed to loom
In the dim, imperfect twilight
  Of that long-forsaken room.
Warily the old man entered—
  With a solemn step he trod
Through the drear and dark apartment,
  Trusting to his Father's God.

In the ample hearth he kindled
  Brands that, in departed days,
Quenched and blackened, had been left there—
  Strange and ghostly seemed their blaze.
And upon the marble table
  Ranged the regal store of plate,
And arrayed the goodly banquet,
  As became his master's state:
Urn and vase and chalice brimming
  With the floods of ruby wine,
As beseemed the dukes and princes
  Of that mighty Norman line.

Then he silently betook him
  To his first appointed task—
Wiping from the ancient arras
  Many a spot of mold and mask.
But the dark and loathing horror,
  It befits me not to speak,
Which, while still his task pursuing,
  Shook his hand, and blanched his cheek;
For he could not but remember
  How, in long departed years,
Woven was that wondrous fabric
  By the spells of Indian seers.

Wrought with themes of Hindoo story,
  Life-like, in their coloring bold,
Yemen's fall, and Vishnu's glory,
  Was that arras quaint and old;

Juggernant's remorseless chariot,
Funeral pyre, and temple proud,
Bungalow, and Rajah's palace,
With their strange and motley crowd;
Jungle, low, and flower-crowned river,
Dancing girls, with anklets bright;
These, like gorgeous dreams of fever,
Crowded on the gazer's sight.

And the long and twisting serpents,
And the tigers crouching, grim,
Seemed the dark and fearful guardians
Of that Indian Chamber dim.
To the simple, earnest spirit
Of the old and faithful man,
For a Christian hand to touch them,
Was to merit Christian ban.
Saint and martyr inly calling,
Still he wrought his master's will,
When a terror more appalling,
Caused his very veins to chill.

In that dreary Indian Chamber,
Strangely grand and desolate,
With its long and hearse-like hangings,
Stood a plumed bed of state.
Closed around with solemn mystery
As a kingly purple pall,
High it towered, a silent history
Of departed funeral.
And with eyes amazed—distended
By their dread and spell-bound look—
Basil gazed in stony horror,
Lo! the trailing curtains shook!

And a groan of hollow anguish
From the close-drawn hangings broke,
As if one for ages sleeping
Suddenly to torture woke—

God of terror! slowly parted
By a wan and spectral hand,
Back were drawn the purple curtains—
Back, as with a spirit wand.
And a face of ghostly beauty,
With its dark and streaming hair,
And its eyes of ghoul-like brightness,
Seemed upon his sense to glare.

How in that terrific moment
Basil's senses kept their throne,
Is alone to God and angels
In its wondrous mystery known.
How he gathered faith and firmness
To uplift his aged hand,
And address the disembodied,
Man may never understand.
Save that in the ghostly features
Still a semblance he descried,
To the high and lovely lady,
Who had been his master's bride.

"In the name of God the Father,
In the name of God the Son,
In the name of all good angels,
Speak to me unearthly one.
Answer why, from wave returning,
Moanest thou in anguish here;
Surely for some holy purpose
Thou art suffered to appear.
If for evil, I defy thee,
By the cross upon my breast,
By my faith in life eternal,
And my yearning hope for rest."

Then with moveless lips the Phantom
Spake in low and hollow tones,
As if shaped to words and meaning
Were the night-wind's hollow moans.

"Basil! darkly was I murdered
Sailing on the River Rhine,
By thy harsh and ruthless master,
Last of an illustrious line.
False the tale his lips have uttered,
False the tears his eyes have shed—
I was hurled upon the water
With the marks of murder red.

"Basil! thou art good and faithful,
Thee I charge, by hopes divine,
With a hundred chanted masses,
Shrive my soul by Mary's shrine.
None shall stay thy holy fervor,
None forbid the sacred rite;
For thy master's life is destined
To expire in crime to-night."
Fixed in awe, the aged Basil
Gazing on the spectre stood;
But not with the waning Phantom
Passed away his icy mood.

Long in that drear Indian Chamber,
Like a form of sculptured stone,
Kept the old and awe-struck servant,
Vigil terrible and lone;
Till the sound of coming footsteps,
And of voices loud and clear,
And of ringing spur and sabre,
Smote upon his spell-bound ear.
And in haste the door was opened,
And with high and plumed crest
Entered in the noble Baron
Ushering in a foreign guest.

"Basil! all is dark and sombre,
Cast fresh fagots on the hearth,
And illume the silver sconces
To preside above our mirth.

Let the chamber glow like sunlight;
Ill this gloom befits our glee."
Then loud laughed the stately Baron,
Seldom, seldom, so laughed he.
'Twas a sound that chilled with terror
All that knew his nature well:
'Twas the Heaven's electric flashing
Ere the bolt of lightning fell.

PART SECOND.

Now the chamber glowed like sunlight—
Strange and wondrous in that glare,
Was the weird and ancient arras,
Were the figures woven there;
Wavering with the flickering torches
Seemed the motley multitude;
Twisting serpent, rolling chariot,
All with ghostly life imbued.
Crouching tiger—hideous idol—
All that grand and splendid masque,
Mixture strange of truth and fable,
As in sunshine seemed to bask.

"Long have I sojourned in India,"
Thus the lofty stranger said;
"There, for wealth and idle treasure,
Health and youth and blood I shed.
And I feel like one who dreameth,
As I on these walls survey,
All those objects so familiar,
Year by year and day by day."
All in strange and blended splendor,
Like a vision of the night—
Never yet on earthly fabric
Glowed a scene so rich and bright.

Fixed upon the spell-wrought arras
Was the Eastern stranger's gaze;
With his head and heart averted,
There he dreamed of other days.
When, with eyes of watchful terror,
Basil saw his master glide,
And within the golden chalice
Brimming with its purple tide,
With a stealthy, glancing motion,
As a conjurer works his spell,
Cast a drop of ruby liquid
From a tiny rose-lipped shell.

"Hither turn, thou Eastern dreamer,
Pledge me in this golden cup;
'Tis our old and feudal custom,
He who tastes must quaff it up.
Why that brow of gloom and pallor?
Answer, why that sudden start?"
Low the Eastern stranger muttered
Of the spells that chilled his heart.
"No! my eyes have not deceived me,
As I fondly dreamed erewhile:
See, the victim bride 's descending
From the Rajah's funeral pile.

"See, she cometh, wildly streaming
Are her robes; her raven hair:
See she cometh; darkly gleaming
From her eyes their fell despair.
Now she stands beside the altar,
In the Brahmin's sacred shrine;
Now a jewelled cup she seizes,
Flames within it seem to shine.
Now, O God! she leaves the arras,
Steps upon the chamber floor;
We are lost—the prey of demons;—
Baron! I will gaze no more."

Turned away the soul-sick stranger,
  Traversed he the chamber high,
When the Baron's awful aspect
  Chained his step and fixed his eye.
Never from his memory perished,
  Through long years of after life
In the camp, the court, the battle,
  That remorseful face of strife.
Rooted as a senseless statue,
  In his hand the cup of gold;
Lips apart and eyes distended,
  Stood the Norman Baron bold.

High her cup the Phantom lifted,
  Flames within it seemed to roll;
Then alone these words she uttered,
  "*Pledge me in thy feudal bowl.*"
Chained and speechless, guest and servant
  Saw the Baron drain the draught;
Saw him fall convulsed and blackened,
  As the deadly bowl he quaffed;
Saw the Phantom bending o'er him,
  As libation on his head
Slowly, and with mien exulting,
  From the cup of flames she shed.

Then a shriek of smothered anguish
  Rang the Indian Chamber through,
While a gust of icy bleakness
  From the waving arras blew.
In its breath the watchers shuddered,
  And the portals open rung,
And the ample hearth was darkened,
  As if ice was on it flung.
And the lofty torches warring
  For a moment in the blast,
In their sconces were extinguished
  Leaving darkness o'er the past!

THE FOE'S RETURN.

She deemed him dead in a foreign land,
And the smile came back with its glory bland;
Lighting her face, as in other years,
Ere shame and sorrow had taught her tears.

She felt like a bird from its cage let free,
Elate and wild with her ecstasy.
Oh, thought of horror! that death should bear
A balm to the bosom of one so fair!

Yet, deem her not of the cold and vain;
Long had she bow'd 'neath a galling chain;
She had cower'd to the dark disgrace and wrong,
That demon vengeance had threaten'd long.

And when she knew that her foe was gone,
Her life awaked to a second dawn.
He was dead! that secret of shame and gloom
Lay buried deep in his distant tomb.

He was dead! and no more could that dark face gleam,
Haggard and vengeful in thought or dream;
No more should she shudder to hear his name,
With a chilling heart and a brow of flame.

'Twas a horrid joy that made her start,
With tearful smiles and a thankful heart,
As she thought on his corse, bloody and stark!
And his lonesome grave, chilly and dark!

And she bless'd the steel that laid him low,
And she sent up prayers for his mortal foe;
And again the glory of earth and sky
Came flashing back to her heart and eye.

She stood once more in halls of pride,
And the light of her beauty was deified:
And she seemed to the eyes of men a star,
Lovely, but lonely—flashing, but far.

There came a festal of splendor rare,
To welcome a warrior from toil and care;
He had been afar amid Egypt's sands,
The dauntless leader of conquering bands.

He had risen by his sword from his humble lot,
And his youth of mystery was all forgot;
He had won a name mid his country's peers—
None knew the tissue of his earlier years.

And when he stood in that stately room,
His brow for awhile forgot its gloom—
That gathering gloom, that had lingered long
Over those features haughty and strong.

His ear inclined to the measures sweet,
That seem'd the echo of fairy feet;
And haply all memory of other time,
Lay hushed awhile in that breast of crime

A voice sang forth from the festal crowd,
"We would crown thy temples with laurel proud;
Hero, bend, that thy brow may wear
A garland wreathed by the young and fair."

He bow'd his head with a mocking smile,
And the crowd made way for a radiant file;
Creatures of beauty, stately and fair,
With flowing robes, and with floating hair.

And one, the first in that lovely train,
Like a form that gleams from a Grecian fane;
With her antique paleness, her godlike mien,
Fit emblem seemed for the festive queen.

She came with a timid and stately grace,
The noblest and last of a princely race;
Unconscious she, as the lamb led up,
To fill with blood the libation cup.

And now they are standing face to face;—
Hath a dream come o'er that festive place?
One of those visions ghastly and wild,
That makes her shriek like a thing defiled?

She raised her hand to her wildered brow!
'Tis a strange delusion! she murmured low!
'Tis but a dream—and she strove to speak,
But her heart was frozen, her voice was weak.

She met his gaze with its fearful spell.
And the wreath from her fainting fingers fell:
While his low voice hissed on her shuddering ear,
"We've met at last, slave! dost thou fear?"

For awhile she stood, as a bird is said
To meet the gaze of the serpent dread;
Pale and still, for a time she stood,
In the midst of that wondering multitude.

And who shall say, what horrors shook
Her parting soul in that long, fixed look?
Death had deceived her, and again flung back
That loathsome form, with its spirit black!

The grave had yawned, and the dead unurned,
And with ghastlier horrors the foe returned!
He who had crushed her for years in dust,
Had rent the tomb to resume his trust!

Such might have been her tempestuous thought,
If thought in that chilling bosom wrought;
But the sudden horror, its fear, its strife,
Sever'd the strings of that youthful life.

And prone she fell on that floor of stone,
With a gasping sob, and a long, low moan;
Then all was o'er. Even thus she died!
And in death at last—was the foe defied!

I HAVE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE.

I have seen this place before—
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
In childhood or in youth;
I know these ruins grey,
I know these cloisters dim—
My soul hath been in these walls away,
When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,
I have stood upon this heath,
With this blue and winding stream,
And the lonely vale beneath;
The same dark sky was there,
With its bleak shade on my brow,
The same deep feeling of despair
That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,
That binds these ruins grey;
Why came my spirit here to dwell,
When my frame was far away?
Can the wild and soaring soul
Go out on its eagle sweep,
And traverse earth without control,
While the frame is wrapt in sleep?

Hath memory caught a gleam
From a life whose term is o'er,
And borne it back in that mystic dream—
Say, have I lived before?

Or was prophetic power
To that midnight vision lent?
Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?
Speak! thou art eloquent.

MADELINE

All day that name has haunted me—
That sweet and gentle name—
Like some deep olden melody,
Forgotten long by fame,
Which in one unforgetting heart
Is loved and prized alone;
Beautiful from the thoughts that start
To life with every tone.

Oh Madeline!—dear Madeline!
Thy name hath still a spell
To lead me from this passing scene,
Back with the past to dwell.
And when I hear that gentle word,
So beautiful to me,
Wild tears within my heart are stirred,
I yearn to be with thee.

Thou hast a foreign grave, my friend,
A lone Italian bed;—
Oh! do green trees above thee bend?
Are blossoms o'er thee shed?
Or do the wild rank weeds alone,
In all their southern bloom,
Clamber around the simple stone
They placed to mark thy tomb?

It is not there that thou should'st sleep,
Nor yet in vault or aisle.
Where the sweet rain may never weep,
The glad sun never smile.

In that lone dell where clings the moss,
Hid from the burning noon,
Where evermore a fountain voice
Singeth the same low tune;

Where the wild flowers grow tall and fair
In the sun-chequered shade,
And the song of birds is in the air,
Should thy low grave be made.
I would that I could share thy sleep;
I sicken to depart:
I'm weary of the thoughts that keep
Their vigils in my heart.

I'm weary of the daily care,
The hourly dread and strife,
The joys that pall, the dreams that wear
The energies of life;
I'm weary of the light and vain,
That still to me are dear;
The hearts too weak to give again
The love I lavish here.

I meet on earth no sympathies;
My spirit stands alone;
I see with deeper, sadder eyes,
Than those around me thrown.
My smiles are sadder than my tears;
My sky is overcast;
I live with dreams of other years,
And memories of the past.

Even as I sit and dream alone
Within this antique hall,
With its dim echoing floor of stone,
Its dark empannelled wall,
With its neglected glimmering hearth,
Its twilight grey and drear,
Amid my lone and voiceless dearth
I dream that thou art here.

I think I still can see thee stand
  Amid the dying light;
Still hear thy voice, still touch thy hand,
  As on that parting night;
For wheresoe'er thy step hath been,
  Where'er thy voice was free,
To me—to me—dear Madeline,
  Thou seemest still to be.

UNHOLY LOVE.

I will not think of him—I'll pace
  This old and ruined hall;
And dream of that illustrious race,
  Whose pictures line the wall.
And from their dark and haughty eyes,
  Though faded now, and dim,
A better spirit shall arise—
  I will not think of him.

I may not think of him! I'll stand
  Beneath those branching elms;
And drink the sunlight soft and bland,
  And dream of angel realms.
And from the earth, and from the eve,
  And from the sunlight's urn,
My soul her coloring shall receive;
  He shall not here return.

I must not think of him. I'll call
  Around me dance and song;
Until this lone dismantled hall,
  Shakes with the motley throng:
And with those flashing smiles he praised,
  I'll move amid the scene,
Till haughty spirits stand amazed,
  And own me for their queen.

I dare not think of him! 'tis crime—
'Tis infamy—'tis shame!—
I'll turn to hopes serene, sublime,
And lands where dwells not blame.
Here prostrate on this marble floor,
I pray with outstretched hands,
That Heaven may give me wings to soar,
And burst these tyrant bands.

Yet even here, in solemn prayer,
His face, his presence cling;
A deep delight, and yet despair—
A solace, yet a sting.
There is no time, there is no spot,
There is no thought, nor dream,
Wherein that aspect cometh not—
I cannot banish him.

ELEANOR PERCY LEE.

Mrs. Lee was the younger sister of Mrs. Warfield, and author, jointly with her, of the "Wife of Leon, and Other Poems," as well as the collection which followed it. As a child she composed little and with no great facility. Her poetic taste, at that period, seemed rather to manifest itself through the inspirations of others. She was in the habit of committing to memory every poem that struck her fancy; and this was done with a facility reminding one of the chemical operation of photography. A few moments of steady gazing and murmured repetition, and the poem was engraven upon her retentive brain, ready for recitation.

Her talent for declamation was so marked as to have entitled her to a distinguished place in histrionic annals, had inclination or necessity led her to adopt this line of art. Gifted with grace, beauty, marvellous flexibility of feature and attitude, wonderful nerve and self-command, and that most "excellent thing in woman"—a richly sympathetic voice—nothing was wanted to insure her success, either as reader or actress. Her resemblance to the antique heads of Sappho has been more than once remarked by artists and admirers of the Greek lines of beauty.

It was not until the sorrows of life began to overshadow her joyous spirit, that her native poetic element broke forth in strains passionate and tender as her own depths.

In her nineteenth year she sustained a loss from which she never wholly recovered, and for which she found her greatest

consolation in poetry and religion. She became, soon after, a member of the Catholic church, to the doctrines of which she had early inclined, and in the observance of which she lived and died.

She had passed her majority when she gave her hand to Henry Lee, a native of Virginia, although a resident of Mississippi at the time of their union. They resided henceforth, first on Mrs. Lee's estate in Hinds County, Mississippi—where her children were born—and later on Deer Creek—where her husband still lives with his sons. She left one daughter, who passed to her sister's guardianship.

Her valuable life was cut short in its bloom, during the fearful epidemic of 1849, which ravished alike North and South. She had merged its last years almost wholly in domestic interests, and left only fragmentary literary remains, if we except some highly finished translations of the choicest poems of Beranger and Lamartine, which it is hoped her friends will soon lay before the public.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Round that house, deserted lying,
Wearily the winds are sighing
Evermore with sound undying
  Through the shattered window pane;
As if with its wails, distressing,
It could call each earthly blessing
From the sods, above them pressing
  Back, to live and breathe again.

There the cuckoo sits complaining,
All night long her voice is straining,
And the empoisoned oak-vine training,
  Hangs its tendrils on the wall.

Once within those chambers dreaming,
Gentle looks of love were gleaming,
Gentle tones with deep love teeming,
Did unto each other call.

Far above the roof-tree failing,
See the hoary vulture sailing,
Marketh she the serpent trailing
Underneath the threshold stone.
Heaven's bright messengers resembling,
Ringdoves, here, of old, were trembling,
As round some fair hand assembling,
They were fed by her alone.

Through the chamber windows prying,
Softly on the dark floor lying,
See the ghostly moonlight, flying
Through the untrodden gloom.
Seems it not to thee, sweet faces,
Shadowy forms of vanished graces,
Stealing, flitting to their places,
In that long forsaken room?

Where the darkened stairway windeth,
There her brood the Eagle mindeth,
And with chains Arachne bindeth,
Balustrade to balustrade.
Once so lightly upward bounding,
Fairy steps were heard resounding,
While sweet laughter, wild, astounding,
Echoes through the mansion made.

Round the oaken tables spreading,
Through the hall the guests were treading,
Where the festal lamps were shedding
Light upon the ruby wine.

Now swift through the doorway shrunken,
Creeping o'er the threshold sunken,
With the dew and starlight drunken,
  Reptile insects seem to twine.

In the parlor, long forsaken,
Once the lute was wont to waken;
And with locks all lightly shaken,
  Maids and matrons joined in mirth.
Gentle accents here were swelling,
Hallowed voices often telling
Heaven alone was virtue's dwelling;
  All these beings rest in earth.

'Mid these garden flowerets pining,
'Neath the starlight dimly shining,
Where the deadly vine is twining,
  Once were glorious bowers.
Once were gladsome children playing,
O'er the grass plots lightly straying,
With their golden ringlets swaying
  'Neath their crowns of flowers.

By yon gnarled oak's curious twisting,
Here was once a lover's trysting,
Fondly to each other listing,
  While they told their plighted vows.
Often when the lightning streaketh,
And the wind its branches seeketh,
Then that olden oak-tree speaketh,
  And sweet voices fill the boughs.

Could we bring again the glory,
To this mansion grey and hoary,
Flinging light on every story,
  Yet it would be desolate.

Yet (they say) 'tis doomed hereafter;
Forms shall gleam from wall and rafter,
Full of silent tears and laughter,
  Mingling with a human fate.

Some indeed have said, that creeping,
Nightly from the window peeping,
Lightly from the casement leaping,
  They a ghostly maid have seen.
On the broken gate she swingeth,
And her wan-like hands she wringeth,
And with garments white she wingeth
  O'er the grassy plain so green.

To the dark oak-tree she cometh,
Round its trunk she wildly roameth,
Shuddering, as the dark stream foameth,
  There she roves till break of day.
Hers they say was love elicit,
Yet from out her murdered spirit,
This sad mansion did inherit
  A curse never done away.

Therefore, in the balance weighing,
Underneath the sods decaying,
With their white hands clasped as praying,
  Sleep the owners of the spot.
While this home of the departed,
Making sad the lightest hearted,
Standeth still, *a house deserted*—
  By the world, save me, forgot.

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

Oh! exquisite thou art—thy stately form
Rears well its head of antique beauty, high
Above earth's more degenerate blossoms—for
Thou wert when Europe was a wilderness,
And we an unknown people.
Thou hast seen
The gorgeous triumphs of Egyptian kings,
And made thy snowy leaf the scroll, whereon
The oracles of Isis and Osiris
Were writ in ages past. Egyptian girls
Have swept their long robes past thee, as they went
Bearing their pitchers to the ancient Nile.
And thou hast seen thine image in its waves,
As beautiful as theirs. Oh, mystic flower!
Thy presence fills my heart with inspiration,
And Pharaoh's palaces arise again.
Perchance Cleopatra bound thee on her brow,
(Not dark, as many deem it, for she was
Of the pure old Greek race,) and in such crown
Received the kingly Cæsar in her arms.
Oh, thou art beautiful without compeer,
Thou sculptured urn—thou handiwork of God!

Once, in a spell of sickness I lay prone,
With weeping friends around me. All things were
Tried in succession, to restore my smile.
"What would'st thou, then?" the weary watchers cried;
And I replied, "A Lily of the Nile!
Oh, let me look upon its stately stem—
Let me search deep within its scroll-like leaf,
Filled to the brim with the cool midnight dew,
And I grow well again. Friends, friends, I die
Because my heart yearns for THE BEAUTIFUL,
Shut from my gaze forever; bring me that,
And I grow well again!—And that fair flower

Hath in itself all that is pure and rare—
Bear me that flower!" But thou wert far away;
Yes, far away—and thus, from year to year,
With hurried feet I trod along earth's gardens,
Searching for thee! parting the overhanging boughs.
Putting aside the flowers, and searching still.
And when they said, "Are these not beautiful?"
My heart asked for the old Egyptian flower,
Until I found thee!

Upon all earth's blooms,
Hath my heart looked with love almost religious:
But chief to me some speak as if with tongues.
For me the lone, blue hyacinth, hath a voice
Redolent of sweet music. Angel dreams
Float o'er that flower—angel voices breathe
From its blue petals, with a sacred song.
For me, the white cape jessamine's perfume
Bears thought of love upon it, human love,
But purified, exalted as the skies.
But thou, rare Lily! thou art more to me;
Thou stirrest up the fountain of my life.
What is it makes thy spell? Say, have I stood
In some past life upon thy banks, O Nile!
Amid thy pyramids, thy priests, thy kings,
So strong is thy spell round me?
It may be,
For as I saw thee, flower! my heart leaped forth
As if to welcome thee, and life itself
Stayed for a moment all its rushing tides,
To live within thy breath, and my soul drank
Thy beauty, like an old familiar thing.
For thou hast filled some vacant measure up,
Of my deep yearnings for the immaculate!

THE ANCESTRESS.

She is weary,
She is dreary,
In the earth she longs to rest—
All she cherished,
All have perished;
All on earth she loved the best.

All who loved her,
All who moved her
With their passionate hopes and fears:
All around her,
All that bound her
To the home of earlier years.

Softly walking,
Gently talking,
Evermore in silence sighing;
Never dreading,
Never shedding
Tears, to know that she is dying.

She is aged,
Grief hath waged
War with all her beauty bright;
And she weareth—
Yet she beareth
On her brow a seal of light.

Oft she sitteth
And repeateth
Many a broken accent there;
God she praiseth,
And she raiseth
Oft her withered hands in prayer.

She is mourning,
Ever turning
Backward still her longing glance;
And she weepeth
Ere she sleepeth,
That her dream is but a trance.

For the cherished
All have perished,
All on earth she loved the best.
She is dreary,
She is weary—
In the green earth let her rest.

THE CHILD OF MANY TEARS.

His very birth with grief was fraught,
And ominous the day;
The angel who the infant brought,
The mother called away;
And still we reared, in doubt and care,
The boy through rolling years;
And called him, in our valley fair,
"The child of many tears."

He was a gentle, loving thing,
Of a soft heart and true;
With love that to our souls did cling,
And daily, hourly grew;
And his were dark and shaded eyes;
And lashes soft and fine;
A forehead calm as summer skies,
A childish face divine.

But his was an imperfect mold—
Oh! sorrow lone and dim—
Those limbs so free, and lithe, and bold,
God had not given to him.

But bent, and wry, and ill at ease
In his dark, mournful lot,
He seemed like a rich master-piece
Half finished, and—forgot.

He grew up in our native vale,
Ev'n with the bending flowers;
His boyish cheek was very pale,
As jas'mine of the bowers.
And most he loved to lie at length
Upon the long soft grass,
While visions of a sweeping strength
O'er his deep heart would pass.

His was a keen and subtile soul—
And words of power and might,
And visions he could not control,
Burst evermore to light.
The hidden treasures of his thought
First calmly flowed along,
Until they swelled, with beauty fraught,
A river broad and strong.

He left us—left that lowly home,
That porch he loved so well:
We listed his slow step to come,
Vainly, when evening fell.
We often to each other spake
Of him with earnest fears;
We loved him for his parent's sake,
That "child of many tears."

And many a year rolled slowly on,
With changes crowded fast;
We had not heard of him since on
Our step he pondered last.

One eve, a stranger to our door
Came covered with the snow,
And from his lips we heard once more
Of him—lov'd long ago.

The highest in the council-room,
The wittiest in the hall;
The lord of a far distant home,
Adored, revered of all;
Wearing upon a youthful brow,
The power and pride of years.
With yearnings strange, we name him now
The "child of many tears."

THE SUN-STRUCK EAGLE.

I saw an eagle sweep to the sky—
The God-like!—seeking his place on high,
With a strong, and wild, and rapid wing—
A dark and yet a dazzling thing;
And his arching neck, his bristling crest,
And the dark plumes quivering upon his breast;
And his eye, bent up to each beam of light,
Like a bright sword flash'd with a sword in fight.

I saw him rise o'er the forest trees;
I saw his pinion ride the breeze;
Beyond the clouds I watched him tower
On his path of pride—his flight of power.
I watched him wheeling, stern and lone,
Where the keenest ray of the sun was thrown;
Soaring, circling, bathed in light:
Such was that desert eagle's flight.

Suddenly, then, to my straining eye,
I saw the strong wing slack on high;

Failing, falling to earth once more;
The dark breast covered with foam and gore;
The dark eyes' glory dim with pain;
Sick to death with a sun-struck brain!
Reeling down from that height divine,
Eagle of heaven! such fall was thine!

Even so we see the sons of light,
Up to the day-beam steer their flight;
And the wing of genius cleaves the sky,
As the clouds rush on when the winds are high;
Then comes the hour of sudden dread—
Then is the blasting sun-light shed;
And *the gifted* fall in their agony,
Sun-struck eagle! to die like thee!

BURY HER WITH HER SHINING HAIR.

Bury her with her shining hair
  Around her streaming bright;
Bury her with those locks so rare
  Enrobing her in light.
As saints who in their native sky
  Their golden haloes wear,
Around her forehead, pure and high,
  Enwreathe the shining hair.

She was too frail on earth to stay;
  I never saw a face,
On which, of premature decay
  Was set so plain a trace.
She was too pure to linger here,
  Amid the homes of earth;
Her spirit in another sphere
  Had its immortal birth.

She was not one to live and love,
  Amid earth's fading things;
Her being had its home above,
  And spread immortal wings.
And round her now, as still she sleeps
  Encoffined in her prime,
No eye in anguished sorrow weeps,
  For grief is here sublime.

Even while she lived, an awe was cast
  Around her loveliness;
It seemed as if, whene'er she passed,
  A spirit came to bless.
A child upraised its tiny hands,
  And cried—"Oh, weep no more,
Mother! behold an *angel* stands
  Before our cottage door."

We would not bring her back to life,
  With word, or charm, or sign—
Nor yet recall to scenes of strife
  A creature all divine.
We would not even ask to shred
  One tress of golden gleam,
That o'er that fair and perfect head
  Sheds a refulgent beam.

No!—lay her with her shining hair
  Around her flowing bright;
We would not keep, of one so rare,
  Memorials in our sight.
Too harsh a shade would seem to lie
  On all things here beneath,
If we beheld one token by,
  Of her who sleeps in death.

Mrs. J. McIntosh

MARIA J. McINTOSH.

It is now nineteen years since Miss McIntosh, suddenly deprived of an ample fortune, sent out her first little volume to feel the pulse of the public, and decide the question, "to be, or not to be," in the sense of authorship. It was a child's book, of religious tone and pleasantly familiar style, its very name ("Blind Alice") suggestive of its doubtful mission. But the "cry of the children," and the verdict of the people, were a unanimous "to be;" and in all these after years, she has not only held her position, but, without adventitious aids, eccentricities of style, or any species of chicanery, steadily advanced. Her name is familiar now in every household, and her books have become a feature of American literature.

Twenty-five years have made Miss McIntosh a citizen of the North, and gladly would we claim her by birth as by adoption; but "honor to whom honor is due." It cannot be denied, that though of Scottish descent, tracing back to the clan McIntosh, famous in history as loyal adherents of the House of Stuart, she was born in Georgia, in the village of Sunbury, not far from Savannah, and there received her primal stamp and stamina.

Driven from his native land by the fall of the Stuarts, Captain John More McIntosh, the great-grandfather of the author, set sail, in 1735, with one hundred retainers, for the colony of Georgia. They landed on the banks of the Altamaha, and called their settlement (now known as Darien) New Inverness, in memory of Fatherland. The county still bears the

original name of McIntosh. Among the sons and grandsons of this brave pioneer, were Colonel William and Major Lachlan McIntosh, the grandfather and father of our author; both officers in the American army of the Revolution, the latter a lawyer as well, and proving himself large enough to combine, and adorn equally, the two arduous and honorable professions.

Soon after the Revolution, Major McIntosh, who seems to have been a man of heart and great social attractions, married a lady every way worthy of him, and removed to the village of Sunbury, where, in a fine old mansion looking out upon the sea, was born and reared the subject of our sketch. Very vivid and tender are her recollections of this old home, amid whose natural loveliness, and social and fireside genialities, passed the spring-time of her life; warm, golden, *native* memories, which are woven with the very fibres of her being, and stamp her, everywhere, a southron born.

Even the little village of Sunbury boasted of an Academy, with an "Irish gentleman," a graduate of the University of Antrim, at its head; and under these auspices the "young idea" of our author commenced, happily, its development. To the discipline of this school, in a good degree, she gratefully ascribes the habit of self-reliance, which was afterward her invaluable and distinguishing characteristic. It was very early called in requisition; for her mother, rendered helpless for years before her death by a prostrating illness, was obliged to throw upon the young school-girl not only the mantle of her own responsibilities, but the flesh-and-spirit-trying office of a devoted nurse. Years of cheerful, self-denying ministration by the bedside of this dear invalid, prepared our author, perhaps more effectively than any other experience, for her part in the stirring drama of life.

In 1835, after the death of both father and mother, Miss McIntosh came to reside in New York with her brother, Captain

James M. McIntosh, U. S. Navy. Disposing of her property in Georgia, she then vested the proceeds in New York securities, and entered, with the full glow of her exuberant nature, upon the electrical currents of her new sphere.

But not thus was she to awake to a true self-knowledge. In the crisis of 1837, every vestige of her patrimony was swallowed up, and out of the vortex rose a new creation. Thrown upon her own powers, they met her, for the first time, face to face, strong and vigorous. Cast upon the beautiful faith of her childhood, she found herself serenely upheld, and with a hopeful prayer she began her work.

It had been suggested by a friend, that she should test her powers in a series of juvenile tales, and establish a relation with the public under the name of "Aunt Kitty." In two years "Blind Alice" was completed, and then ensued the delays usually attendant upon the publication of an unaccredited work. Not until January, 1841, was it brought out by Mr. Newman, and then with marked success.

Thus stimulated, our author went rapidly through the proposed series, and, in 1843, had given to the world successively, "Jessie Grahame," "Florence Arnott," "Grace and Clara," and "Ellen Leslie," each one a simply tissued casket, in which, pure as a dew-drop, sparkled its own jewel of moral truth. "Aunt Kitty" grew famous. Countless were the curly-headed darlings who blessed her in their nightly prayers, and carried her, a last, sweet thought, into dream-land. Nor can we doubt that from these little books has dropped into many a tender heart such seed as afterward sprang up and ripened into golden fruit. About this fair, fine basis of her fame, Miss McIntosh loves to wreathe the choicest of her laurels.

In 1844, "Conquest and Self-Conquest," and "Woman an Enigma," were published by the Messrs. Harper, and, in 1845, the same house produced "Praise and Principle," and "The

Cousins," a little volume intended, originally, to complete the series called "Aunt Kitty's Tales." She then wrote "Two Lives, or To Seem and to Be," which was published by the Messrs. Appleton in 1846, with the name, until then withheld, of the author. In 1847, the same house republished "Aunt Kitty's Tales," corrected and collected in one volume; and, in 1848, brought out "Charms and Counter-Charms," a work in which the author seems to have concentrated the strength of her artistic and womanly nature. It is threaded with veins and nerves, as if she had dipped her pen in living hearts, and written on, and on, because the electric tide would flow. It impresses one with a painful sense of reality, and, at the same time, with a conflicting sense of unnaturalness—the unnaturalness, not of highly-wrought fiction, but of *intense truth*. The plot is complicate, but well defined and sustained. Questions of vital import are involved, and worked out with a will and fervor which leave their indelible record upon the memory of the reader.

Easton Hastings, the hero, belongs, we should say, to the German type of organism and temperament. A "dark man"—the philosopher Alcott would call him—with luminous phases. A man of strong will and rare physical and spiritual magnetism; skilled in metaphysical disquisition, worldly-wise, skeptical, and sufficient; lofty and cold as a mountain peak to the many, but to those who interest him, or whom for any reason he would interest, warm, winsome, and low-voiced as the sigh of a summer twilight; a man of whom we can, most of us, say, we have known *one* such in a lifetime; one whom we admired and deprecated; a sphere that was not loud nor discordant, but deep and unserene; a spirit that knew its power and loved to test it, though in the process it stirred and troubled many waters.

Evelyn Beresford, a young girl of warm heart and generous impulses, the pet and sunbeam of her father's house, marries Easton Hastings, and is borne along his fiery orbit, ignoring, to

meet his exactions, one after another, the finer and holier instincts of her nature, till at last she reaches a point from whence she must retrace her steps or lose all. Stifling the cry of her agonized heart, she goes forth from his home, with her frail life in her hand, and Easton Hastings, left alone with the memory of her love and prayerful vigils, for the first time awakes to a sense of "heart within and God o'erhead." Penitent and subdued, he seeks out the fugitive, and a new union, based upon the sympathy and fitness of divine appointment, secures to both the happiness which had well-nigh been wrecked forever.

There is no work from the pen of Miss McIntosh which conveys to the world a more important and salutary lesson than this. Written with a fervidness and *abandon* which belong to no other production of the gifted writer, it sends its moral home with greater certainty, and affords the fairest criterion of her powers.

In 1849, "Evenings at Donaldson Manor," a collection of stories, written at different times for magazines, was published by the Appletons, and, in 1850, they also issued "Woman in America, her Work and her Reward."

In this book the writer appears in a new aspect. Leaving the rich fields of imagination, she comes before her readers with an ethical treatise, in which she most skillfully dissects the artificial system of social life in America, and shows herself capable of a wide and well-linked range of logical thought. We find in this work strong proofs of the writer's self-assertion and equipoise. She has evidently lost much of her respect for

"The pleasant old conventions of our false humanity."

and looks at life's shams and servilities through her own proper eye-glass. She even ventures to define clearly her conception of that hackneyed, evasive, nondescript thing, "a woman's

sphere;" and her ideas upon the subject are in strict accordance with her life.

Her next book, "The Lofty and the Lowly," appeared in 1853. It is a tale descriptive of Southern life, and has sold largely at home and abroad.

In 1857, "Violet, or the Cross and the Crown," was brought out by Jewett & Co., of Boston. This work is marked by fine delineations and dramatic power, no less than by simplicity and pathos.

The story unfolds with a wild shipwreck scene on the coast of New Jersey. A sweet babe, the only living thing upon the stranded vessel, is found lashed to an upper berth, while its dead mother lies, white and cold, beneath the water upon the cabin floor. The burial scene upon that desolate shore—the group of rude wreckers, and the lonely waif-child—the still sleeper in the rough deal-box—the "dust to dust" of the sublime service, mingling with the hoarse roar of the ocean—is singularly impressive. The book is full of such pictures.

The foundling is claimed by one of the wreckers, and taught to look upon him and his coarse companions as her natural protectors. While yet very young, by one of the coincidences occasional to real life, inevitable to romance, she is thrown into the presence of her true father, who, unconscious of their tender relation, yet impelled by an undefinable instinct, adopts his unknown child. She is baptized Violet Ross, in memory of his angel wife—her mother—and removed from the lawless wreckers to a refined and luxurious home. But, amid the amenities of her new position, one thought haunts and distresses her; she is *not* Violet Ross, the daughter of her noble foster-father, but Mary Van Dyke, and must still say "father" to the repulsive wrecker, and "mother" to the wrecker's wife; they have a first claim, and may, at any time, recall her. The good pastor tells her that every human creature must bear a cross on earth, who

would wear a crown in heaven, and that this is her cross. That night the angels record the vow of the beautiful girl, to bear cheerfully and unfalteringly the burden imposed upon her; and then commence a life of sacrifice and a series of events which give to the book a peculiar and deep interest. Many a bruised heart has lifted itself hopefully in the light of little Violet's smile and the strength of the promise, thus happily presented, "Bear the cross, and ye shall wear the crown."

In 1858, "Meta Gray," a juvenile tale, which has been read through springing tears by more than one with small claims to juvenility, was published by the Appletons.

In January, 1859, Miss McIntosh, in company with her nephew (the Hon. John Ward, American minister to China) and his family, sailed for Liverpool. After spending some months in pleasant wanderings about England and France, Mr. Ward proceeded upon his mission, and Miss McIntosh, in company with Mrs. Ward and her children, settled quietly down in one of the picturesque valleys of Geneva, Switzerland; just such a nestling-place as Ossian would have painted with one dash of his magical pencil: "a green field in the bosom of hills winds silent with its own blue stream." Their little cottage, shut in by Alpine heights, looking out only upon its own vale and stream, the bright flowers in the clefts of the mountain, and the deepening depths of ever-changing cloud-land, was the very haven of rest which the over-wrought brain of our author required. Here, in the society of a few genial friends, and in tender and worshipful communion with the great heart of Nature, she not only gathered strength and inspiration, but memorized much valuable material for future labors.

At the close of the year, unwilling to remain longer from duties and responsibilities at home, she returned to America, and is now preparing for publication a work commenced before her departure for Europe: writing in intervals of leisure,

snatched from social, tutorial and fireside claims, which would fill up, and overrun, a life less determined and systematic. Two or three hours of each day are devoted to the young ladies of Miss Haines' well-ordered school: and occasionally, as if to show the utmost tension of which twelve mortal hours are capable, she *stirs up* an appreciative class at her own house, with readings from the Greek tragedies.

Miss McIntosh is known to the world chiefly as a prose writer; yet among her unpublished papers are to be found metrical gems such as only a poet could have conceived and crystallized; *fragments* of songs, too, are there: a sigh of "A Lament," a swell of "A Pean," a pinion of "A Prayer," some of which thrill on the ear like the impinging strains of the old harpers. These specimens are simple in their construction; there is no straining for metaphorical effect, and no sublime ambiguity; but they come, as true poems should, from the heart, mellow and rhythmical with the heart's emotions.

Miss McIntosh's books have all been translated into French, and have sold largely, both in England and France. She has achieved for herself independence and distinction, and now, in a pleasant home, dispenses those refined courtesies which are ever a distinguishing mark of the high-bred Southerner.

But we must not forget that we are presenting Miss McIntosh to the world only as the *writer;* the mimosan modesty of the woman will ever limit to her immediate circle the truest knowledge of her native nobleness and Christian worth.

WOMAN—HER OFFICES AND HER POWERS.

How many eloquent theses have been written, and how much logic wasted, to prove the equality of the sexes! It seems to us, that the writers and speakers on this subject would have done well to commence by defin-

ing their terms. What is meant by equality as here used? It is intended to convey the idea that the soul of woman is as precious to the Father of spirits as that of man? that woman has an equal interest with man in all those great events which have marked the dealings of God with His intelligent creation on our earth, from the hour in which Adam, awaking from a deep sleep, found beside him the companion of his sinless and happy life, to the present moment, when the sin-stricken and sorrowing soul of man, echoing the divine conviction that it is not good for him to be alone, still seeks in woman his "help-meet" in the labors, the trials, and sufferings of mortality? Are we to understand from it that woman, equally with man, has a trust committed to her by the Judge of all, for the fulfillment of which she will be held responsible? Can these things be matter of doubt? Were not Mary and Martha loved as well as Lazarus? Did not the soul of Anna kindle with as divine an inspiration as that of Simeon, when she held in her arms the infant Saviour?

Or is the question, whether woman exerts an equally important influence over the character and destinies of our race? This can scarcely be a question to one familiar with the records of Paradise and Bethlehem.

And yet the unqualified assertion of equality between the sexes, would be contradicted alike by sacred and profane history.

Different offices and *different* powers—this is what we would assert of them, leaving to others the vain question of equality or inequality. Each seems to us equally important to the fulfillment of God's designs in the formation, the preservation and the perfection of human society.

The stout heart and strong hand of man are obviously needed in every successive stage of social organization, from its earliest attempts to the highest development it has yet attained. There has been a time predicted, indeed, and we humbly hope there are already tokens that this good time is coming, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them;" that is, when the passions which have made mankind like ferocious animals shall be subdued, and a little child, the type of love, shall lead those for whom bolts and bars had been needed. But till that period arrive, would not our earth be as one wide Bedlam, were it not that the strong arm of government supplies outward restraints for those who have no restraining principle within? And this government—is it not clearly man's province? Has it not been committed to him by heaven, and is not the nature with which he is gifted the seal of that commission? Law

is an uncompromising, inexorable power; can it be the product of a gentle woman's mind? It must be upheld by a force which will prove opposition bootless; does that belong to woman?

But while all the outward machinery of government, the body, the thews and sinews of society, are man's, woman, if true to her own not less important or less sacred mission, controls the vital principle. Unseen herself, working like nature, in secret, she regulates its pulsations, and sends forth from its heart, in pure, temperate flow, the life-giving current. It is hers to warm into life the earliest germs of thought and feeling in the infant mind, to watch the first dawning of light upon the awakening soul, to aid the first faint struggles of the clay-encumbered spirit, to clasp the beautiful realities which here and there present themselves amid the glittering falsities of earth, and to guide its first tottering steps into the paths of peace. And who does not feel how her warm affections and quick irrepressible sympathies fit her for these labors of love? As the young immortal advances in his career, he comes to need a severer discipline, and man, with his unconceding reason and stern resolve, becomes his teacher. Yet think not that woman's work is done when the child has passed into the youth, or the youth into the man. Still, as disease lays its hand heavily upon the strong frame, and sorrow wrings the proud heart of man, she, the "help-meet," if faithful to her allotted work, is at his side, teaching him to bend to the storms of life, that he may not be broken by them; humbly stooping herself, that she may remove from his path every "stone of stumbling," and gently leading him onward and upward to a Divine consoler, with whose blessed ministerings the necessities of a more timid spirit and a feebler physical organization have made her familiar.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."*

The little Eva, for so Easton Hastings called his first-born, was a fair child, with the soft eyes and dimpled cheeks of her mother, and with all her mother's loving heart. The affection of this child for her grave, quiet father, had been the subject of wondering observation to nurses and nursery-maids, and of silent delight to Evelyn, almost from her birth. She was a gentle child, and few things moved her to any vivacious demonstration of feeling, but his entrance was early welcomed by a soft, dove-like note, and an eager,

* "Charms and Counter Charms."

dancing movement of her hands and feet. She would lie quietly for hours with her head pillowed on his bosom, and when he was compelled to resign her, though she seldom cried aloud, the quivering of the little lip, and the tenacious grasp of the baby-hand, made a more touching appeal to his feelings. That clinging baby-touch, that soft baby-voice, had exercised a magic power over the heart of Easton Hastings, awakening the first pure, unselfish love he had ever known. To this love, and to the home it brightened, he turned with new power of enjoyment, after the knowledge of Mrs. Mabury's death had set him free from the torture caused by the thought of her living agonies. It was but a few short weeks after this, that he sat reading one day in the room which Mary had formerly occupied at Beresford Hall, but which had long been designated in the family as Mr. Hastings' study, from the fact of his having removed his books and papers there, and spending many of his hours among them. He had not read long, ere he heard those little feet, "whose very step had music in't" for his ear, come pattering along the floor of the wide hall, and then, as they paused, a little hand tapped at the door, and a soft voice cried, "'Tis Eve, papa."

He delayed for awhile to open the door, that he might hear the sweet summons again. When admitted, the child amused herself for some time with a book of colored engravings, but at length climbed upon the sofa, on which he sat, and saying, in a languid voice, "Eve tired, papa," stretched herself out with her head on his knee, and soon fell asleep with his hand stroking her ringlets. She had looked a little pale in the morning, but as she slept her color deepened till her cheeks and lips were of a carnation tint. Her breath came quick, and while he was admiring her beauty, and rejoicing in what he thought the glow of health, fever was rioting in her veins—the canker-worm was eating into the heart of his flower. We pass over the thrill of agony when he first discovered the truth—the days and nights of fearful watching beside the couch of that beloved sufferer, during which Evelyn—the fond Evelyn, to whom her children were as the dearer parts of her own being—had to become his comforter, and come at once to those last hours, every moment of which impressed itself indelibly on his being.

The child's disease was scarlet fever; and as it was before the German Hippocrates had revealed to the world the great antidote against that poison with which God has furnished it, or, at least, before that revelation had been widely received in America, her case admitted little hope from the first. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of ill-

ness through the day, should retire to bed, Easton Hastings sat alone watching with a tightening heart the disturbed sleep of little Eva. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Easton Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve want mamma to say 'Our Father!'"

Easton Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling, with clasped hands, beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer, or since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eva's softly-murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eva's simple phrase, "To say our Father."

"Mamma is asleep," he said; "when she awakes I will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No—don't wake poor mamma; papa, say 'Our Father' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were clasped, and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eva remained silent.

"No—Eve too sick, papa—Eve can't talk so much. Papa kneel down and say Our Father, like mamma did last night—won't you, papa?"

Easton Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hands over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to that hallowed form of prayer which was given to man by a divine teacher. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Easton Hastings understood its solemn import, its recognition of God's sovereignty, its surrender of all things to Him. He *understood* it, we say, but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated, but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed, "Papa, papa, see there—up there, papa!"

Her own eyes were fixed upward, on the ceiling, as it seemed to Easton Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again. "Take Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Easton Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in broken tones, "Papa come, too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa"——

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Easton Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him forever. That she had ceased to exist, with the remembrance of that last scene full in his mind, he could not believe. Henceforth, heaven with its angels, the ministering spirits of the Most High, was a reality, it was the habitation of his Eve, and his own heart went longingly forth to it. His proud, stern, unbending nature had been taught to tremble at the decree of "Him who ruleth over the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth"—the Being and Nature upon which he had hitherto speculated as grand abstractions, became at once unspeakably interesting facts. Would He contend with him in wrath? Would he snatch from him, one by one, the blessings of his life, crushing the impious heart which had reviled His attributes and denied His existence? Or was He indeed "so long suffering," so "plenteous in mercy," that He would prove even to him that His might was the might of a Saviour?

A SOUTHERN HOME.

Home! Home! I have had too many resting-places in my not very long life—this is my twentieth birthday—but I have had, I can have, but one home. For eight years I have not seen it with the bodily eye, and yet how vividly it stands before me! A week ago, I determined to paint it, and the picture, to which I have given every moment of leisure, is done; here in this record of thought and feeling meant only for

myself, I may say what I truly think, that it is well done; but I am not satisfied.

There is the very beach on which I gathered shells with my faithful nurse, my kind, devoted Charity. To the eastward, the blue waves are lifting their white foam-crests to the sun; inland, I can distinguish amid the mass of verdure which marked the almost tropical luxuriance of St. Mary's Isle, the glistening leaves of the orange-trees only half concealing their snowy flowers and golden fruit, and the darker green of the old oaks, "the king of forests all," from whose giant boughs the long pendent moss suspends its floating drapery of silvery grey. Within the circle of those live oaks, rises the home which sheltered my orphan childhood; a frame building, two stories in height, and surrounded by a piazza, whose pillars wreathed with roses, honey-suckles, and woodbine, gave something of airy brightness to what would otherwise have been without ornament and grace.

VIOLET; OR THE CROSS AND CROWN.

Mr. Devereux went to his little bed, up stairs, with a pleasant feeling that he had this night done the work appointed to him by heaven. With loving thoughts of her who was now associated with every noble endeavor of his life, with pleasant dreams of a blissful future spent with her—dreams with which the storm-sounds mingled strangely, seeming to give intensity to his enjoyment of their perfect peacefulness—he fell asleep. When he awoke, the dull grey light of the morning was shining in at his little window, and, even with consciousness half restored, the noise of loud voices below him mingling with the raging of the storm, made him start up and look out. Oh, for the pencil of a Salvator, to present the scene on which he gazed! The mad waters, white with the foam of the breakers, rushed hissing and roaring, far up the beach, looking, at times, as if they would dash themselves into the very window at which he stood, while the wild winds flung their spray far, far beyond. On the beach were men and women, shrieking, screaming, fighting, plunging into the roaring waves to snatch a trunk, a bale of goods, a keg, as it floated up amidst broken spars and timbers; and, Oh, horror! were those dead bodies? Dimly seen at one moment, completely shut out by the driving rain and spray at the next, seeming so near the shore that Mr. Devereux believed he could swim to it, lay the ship, or rather the

remains of it, careening to the shore till the water nearly reached the top of its leeward bulwarks, and its one mast scarcely maintained an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. The stern, and even so far forward as the mainmast, was either already gone, or lay so deep that the sea broke over it continuously. An instant had been enough to give Mr. Devereux the main features of this scene, and, hastily flinging on his clothes, he sprang down the steps, and emerged among the excited actors on the beach. He found Ben Ham and Mike among the most eager of them, though obliged to fight, not with the elements only, but often with the angry men around them for their possessions. Listening to the oaths against them, he soon discovered that no suspicion was entertained of their agency in extinguishing the light, last night. He afterward learned that it was the custom for the one first on the ground in the morning to do this; and that he who had found it done this morning supposed, naturally enough, that another had been before him, and in the following excitement, no inquiry had been made. For Mr. Devereux himself, there was but one thought, one excitement, in this scene. Were there lives on board that ship which might yet be saved? He shouted the question into the ears of more than one, but could obtain no answer; none seemed to have thought of it. He rushed into the house for a glass which always hung in Dick Van Dyke's cabin, and, finding a rest for it, he kept his eye steadily directed to the wreck for several minutes. Suddenly throwing the glass aside, he sprang down to the shore, and seizing Ben Ham, shouted, "There are living creatures on that wreck—a man and a woman! Let us try to save them! A hundred dollars for you, if we bring them safe to land."

A hundred dollars! It seemed a fortune to the wrecker. He looked around him carefully, measured the distance to the wreck with his eye, noted the direction of the wind and the height of the tide; then, shaking his head, sent back the cry, "Ef I'd more 'an one life, I'd try."

"And shall we stand here, like cowards, and see a woman die before us?" cried Mr. Devereux, excited as he had never been in his whole life before. "I will not do it, at any rate! Have you a mortar here? Perhaps we may send a rope on board!"

There was none.

"Where is the nearest life-boat? I will go in her alone, if no one of you is man enough to aid me!"

On that whole coast, from Sandy Hook to Cape May, there was not a life-boat.

"A rope! Bring me a rope! I will swim out with it!" he cried, in desperation.

There was no rope to be found fitted for such a purpose.

"Is there nothing by which life can be saved? There! there! do you see that woman? Must she die before us?"

Look, gesture, the sharp agony in his voice, more than his words, awoke some responsive feeling in two or three of the women among his auditors.

"There's the yawl in the lagoon," cried one; "I guess she couldn't upset easy."

"She wouldn't upset, but she'd go to pieces in five minutes in sich a sea," rejoined Ben Ham. Mr. Devereux did not hear, or would not heed.

"Fifty—a hundred dollars for every man that will help me launch that boat, and row her to the wreck!" he shouted.

"Ef the boat was yere, an' 'twas ebb tide, we might try," said Ben Ham; "but it's up in the lagoon, an' we'd be tell next week rowing to the inlet and up yere."

"Why not drag it across the beach?"

"A heavy, six-oared yawl 'cross this san' half a mile?"

A cart was at this moment driven up from Manasquam, whose inhabitants had seen the wreck, and were coming to put their sickles into the horrid harvest. Mr. Devereux seized the driver, made a bargain with him for his horse, found his own driver and secured his team, and in less than an hour the yawl was lying on the shore. But it was still flood tide. The tide, however, was just on the turn. In two hours, even in an hour, it would be strong ebb. The wind would probably lull then, and there would be a chance, at least, of success in their efforts. Now there was none. Mr. Devereux was obliged to yield, though he questioned, sadly, "Will the wreck last till then?" He would willingly, with his present excited feelings, have accepted the greater risk for himself of earlier action; but what could he do with such a boat without aid? The interval was passed in doing everything possible, at such a time, to strengthen the boat against the action of the waves. The time seemed ages to Mr. Devereux. Again and again he consulted his watch, again and again pointed the glass to the wreck, and searched for those who were waiting there face to face with death.

The tide had been running out for about an hour and a half, when he sprang from the glass to the group at work upon the boat, crying: "There is not a moment to be lost! The man has jumped overboard, and is swimming to the shore! He would not have done this, had not the wreck been

parting! We must be off now or never! I am a good coxswain myself. I have held the helm in a sea as rough as this, and come safe to land! Who are the best oarsmen among you?"

He spoke to Ben Ham, who pointed out five besides himself, as entitled to this honor. Mr. Devereux called them around him. "Now, men!" he cried, "You ought to be brave, for you are Americans! I am an Englishman, and I am going to that wreck! Will you let it be said that an Englishman is braver than Americans? A hundred dollars to every man of you that will follow me!" He sprang into the boat, shouting: "Hurra for America! Hurra for a hundred dollars!"

He had suited his speech to his auditory, and every man he had selected sprang in after him and seized an oar. "Something to bale with!" cried Ben Ham, putting his hands up to his mouth for a trumpet, and Katy threw them a tin pail.

The tide was in their favor, the wind against them. This opposition, though the wind had fallen considerably, created a fearful sea. The broad, flat-bottomed yawl it would be scarcely possible to upset, but it would require the quick eye and hand of a master steersman to prevent her being filled by the pursuing waves, and, rowing heavily under any circumstances, with the wind against them, their progress must be slow. Mr. Devereux's brow grew stern, his lips compressed, his eye fixed, as their boat hung on the crest of a mountain wave for one brief moment, then toppled down to mount the precipitous side of another. In the second in which it reached the depth between, lay their great danger. They soon encountered another peril. They were among the drifting spars and broken timbers of the wreck.

A collision with a heavy timber would be a fearful trial to their boat. He must change his course; he could not steer directly across the waves, as he had hitherto done, to prevent her encountering their full power on her broadside. With a resolute spirit and a firm hand, though with an eye that saw all the danger; the change was made—they were out of the line of the wreck.

"Look there! It's Dick Van Dyke!" shouted one of the men.

On the very crest of a wave, about twice an oar's length from their course, rose the head of a man—the face turned directly to them, and the wild, staring eyes seeming to entreat their aid. Mr. Devereux could not resist their appeal, though he saw the danger; the boat veered, and at the same moment a huge wave broke over her, and nearly filled her with water. There was a simultaneous shriek from the men; but above the

hoarse shriek, and the hoarser roar of the waves rose the shout of the master spirit—"Ham, bale the boat! Use your oars, men—all is safe!"

The prow was again turned to the wave, and Dick Van Dyke could be seen no more. He must be left to his fate.

"Must be the Edward an' Mary. Spriggins tells me he was gone in her to bring his darter back," said one of the men.

"What darter—the lady?" asked Ben Ham, who sat nearest to Mr. Devereux.

"Yes; he an't got no other darter, as I knows on."

"O, Mr. Duvo!"—Ben turned to him, but he proceeded no further. There was something in that face, in those eyes, which told that he had heard and comprehended, and which at the same time rendered any words on the subject from another well-nigh impossible. His eyes were fastened upon that swaying wreck, yet, as if by a species of intuition, he guided the boat unerringly along the only safe course. Thousands of drowning men might pass him now—he would not swerve a hair's breath from the line he had marked out. Once only he removed his eyes from the wreck, to glance at the rowers. They know it is to hurry them—they see it in his face, though he speaks no word—and they bend to their oars. Thus they reach the lee of the wreck. There is no time to lose, for the mast is rising and sinking with every wave. Mr. Devereux springs from the boat, resting one hand upon the low leaning bulwark, and he is on board. The very impulse sends the boat off, and a wave dashes over her; but she is brought up again, and Ben Ham bales her out carefully, while another man catches a rope suspended over the side, and reeves it through the block in the boat's stern.

In the meantime Mr. Devereux has entered the forecastle. He sees no one else; his eye darts at once to that corner where she lies, as we have already described her; her white hands folded over the dark grey cloak, whose hood is drawn closely around her white face; her eyes are closed. Peaceful as an angel's is the expression of that face. He bends over her, and says "Violet"—there are volumes of tenderness in that one word so pronounced. Her eyes unclose—a smile soft and happy as an infant's when it awakes in its mother's arms, parts her pale lips. "I dreamed you were come," she whispers, as he lifts her in his arms, and her head falls upon his shoulder. He bears her out upon the deck, and, without relinquishing her, descends to the boat, steadying his steps by grasping the rope with his other hand. As he resumes his seat in the stern, he places her beside him, still

clasping her with one arm, while he prepares to guide the boat with the other; come what will, they will bear it together. He glances for a moment at her as she rests, exhausted almost to unconsciousness, upon him. The smile is still upon her lips, her eyes remain closed; she asks not whither he is bearing her; she does not even look to see where she is; she is with him —with him—that is enough for her. She remembers others, however. "Is Luce here?" she whispers; "and Harrington?" He looks aronnd; he sees a negro man and woman seated down in the bottom of the boat, and he answers, "Yes, they are here."

They are upon their homeward way—against the tide now. Every face wears an intensely earnest expression; they know that every stroke now is for life. Her face is close beside him—her breath fans his cheek—yet he never withdraws his eye for a moment from his course; but he holds her fast—his now, for life or for death. Wave after wave rushes over the prow. Harrington bales constantly; they scarcely seem to move, so slow is their progress. At length the haven is almost won; but the boat strikes the sharp point of a piece of timber, a relic of some former wreck imbedded in the sand; there is a sudden crash, followed by a rush of water into the boat; even here, just touching shore, the waves may ingulf them, and sweep them back. But, no! she has been recognized, and, with a thrilling cry of "The lady! the lady!" the men—eight or ten in number, for many have come from Manasquam—join hands, and, rushing down into the foaming surf, seize the boat, and drag it with its load on shore. All sternness has vanished from Mr. Devereux's face now. Still clasping his sweet burden to his breast he rises and bears her toward the house; but his eyes are blinded by tears, and, unable to speak, he grasps in silence the rough hands extended to him as he passes. It is his only answer to their hurras and blessings. Every eye is fixed upon the pale face resting on his shoulder; and the women sob aloud their thanks that she is safe, while men's voices, husky with emotion, are heard uttering a fervent "God bless her!"

THE RIVEN HEART.

A friend! and thine the ruthless part
To break the bruised reed;
Coldly to spurn the trusting heart
In time of deepest need.

To quench the lingering, quivering ray
Of Hope's just dying light,
Thus spreading o'er life's onward way
One deep unbroken night.

To pour upon the burning brain
The lava flood of scorn;
With careless hand the nerve to touch
"Where agony is born!"

FROWN NOT.

Nay, frown not—though the world's cold look
My spirit heeds not now,
I cannot for a moment brook
A shadow on thy brow.

Dark clouds may speck the azure sky,
Yet while in golden light
The sun looks forth—earth meets his eye
In smiles serene and bright;—

But should some shadow o'er his beams
A passing vapor throw,
Quick fade from hills, and plains, and streams,
The gladness and the glow.

NO MORE.

Think on't no more! Say, canst thou chain
The lightning's arrowy flash?
Or with a silken curb restrain
The wave's tempestuous dash?

Hast thou a magic wand to lay
The struggling winds to sleep?
Or in its mid career to stay
The fierce tornado's sweep?

These done—yet dream not thou canst bind
  The electric flash of thought,
Or still with charmed words the mind
  By passion tempest-wrought!

ASPIRATION.

As I watch the stars, I strive and strain
To fling from my soul the earth-fiend's chain;
But its hated links must clasp me round,
Till a mightier will than his be found
    To set my struggling spirit free.

A star shed down its silvery light
On my pearly couch in heaven each night;
And well, by its beam serene and clear,
I knew the spirit I loved was near.
Oh! for one gleam of his cheering ray,
To drive earth's darkening shades away,
    And set my struggling spirit free.

Star of my life! again—again,
  Thy radiant beams are round me poured,
My struggling soul has burst its chain,
  And now, like a joyous bird, I've soared,
Upborne by thy mysterious power,
To my home of bliss—my heavenly bower.

Its flowers are fresh with the dews of night,
  Its clouds are bright with the sun's last gleam,
And there I sport in thy golden light,
  And win new strength from thy every beam,
Or sail on the winds in a cloudy car,
With thee for my guide—my glorious star!

ALMIRA LINCOLN PHELPS.

It is a somewhat significant fact that, among all our distinguished literary women, only two have the honor of membership in the American Association for the advancement of Science, and in these two both the North and the South are represented. In this connection, the names of Maria Mitchell, the astronomer of Nantucket, and Almira Lincoln Phelps, the educator and scientific writer of Baltimore, need hardly to be specified.

Samuel Hart, the father of Mrs. Phelps, was a descendant of Thomas Hooker, who was distinguished as the first minister of Hartford, and the founder of Connecticut.

Almira Hart, the youngest of a large family, was born in Berlin, Conn., in 1793, and began very early to develop a fondness for intellectual pursuits. She was for years the pupil of her elder sister, Mrs. Emma Willard, a name also well known to fame. In 1811, she was placed at the seminary of Miss Hinsdale, at Pittsfield, Mass., and soon after married Simeon Lincoln, editor of the "Connecticut Mirror," in Hartford.

Left a widow with two children at the age of thirty, all the energy and earnestness of Mrs. Lincoln's character was called in requisition. After settling satisfactorily the insolvent estates of her husband and his father, she applied herself vigorously to the study of Latin and Greek and the natural sciences, the art of drawing and painting, and such other pursuits as she considered necessary to a thorough preparation for the work she

contemplated—the education of the young. She then passed seven years as pupil and teacher in the seminary of Mrs. Willard, at Troy.

In 1831, she married the Hon. John Phelps, a distinguished lawyer and statesman of Vermont, in which State she resided for the next six years.

In 1839, she accepted an invitation to preside over the Female Seminary at West Chester, Pa.; and in 1841, removed to Maryland, where she and her husband united in establishing the Petapsco Female Institute, one of the best-planned and most flourishing schools of the country. The literary reputation of Mrs. Phelps attracted hither the daughters of the South and West, and no southern State, especially, has ever been without a representative in the halls of Petapsco. Even from Texas and the extreme bounds of Arkansas and Missouri, came pupils who had read the books of Mrs. Phelps, or been instructed by teachers whom she had educated, to test their scholarship and finish their course at this fountain-head of science.

While engaged actively as an educator, the literary labors of Mrs. Phelps were confined chiefly to the revision of her works, of which not less than one million copies have been circulated. During this period, however, her pen was busily employed for her pupils.

Blending the amusing with the didactic, she wrote stories and plays for the holidays, which afforded great entertainment to her pupils and their friends. Among her dramatic pieces, "Dolly Ann Grimes" and "The Reformation" were often repeated and with no little *éclat*. "Ida Norman, or Trials and Their Uses," was first read in weekly series to the young ladies, but has since been published and widely circulated.

To her former pupils in their distant homes, the salutary precepts of Mrs. Phelps recur with great power. Cultivated

and disciplined by her system of teaching, encouraged by her firm trust in the finer instincts of their natures, they remember her earnest appeals with a gratitude that grows and deepens as the years roll on. A note which we have just received from a young Virginian, once a pupil at Petapsco, pays noble tribute to Mrs. Phelps as an educator, author, and Christian.

In 1849, Mrs. Phelps was again left a widow; and in 1855, deprived, by a sad casualty, of an accomplished and affectionate daughter, whose influence and sympathy had lightened not a little her weight of responsibilities, she addressed her last class of graduates, and, deeply regretted by all, resigned the position she had so long and honorably filled.

But in her quiet and elegant home in the city of Baltimore, she still holds herself in tender relation to her pupils, and not a week passes without bringing to her a kindly recognition from some one of her large family of intellectual daughters.

Represented in every State of the Union by these flourishing offshoots of her institution, as well as by her valuable scientific works — surrounded by cultivated friends, she retains her youthful freshness and vigor, and demonstrates the art—so nearly a "lost art" among American women—of "growing old gracefully."

It is her greatest pleasure to do the honors of her house and heart, not only to her friends, but to all who have any claim upon her hospitality, especially to those who, like herself, have done the world good service.

Mrs. Lincoln Phelps' published works are as follows:

"Lectures on Botany."
"Botany for Beginners."
"Lectnres on Chemistry."
"Chemistry for Beginners."
"Lectures on Natural Philosophy."
"Philosophy for Beginners."

"Dictionary of Chemistry, translated from the French, with History of the Science."

"Female Student and Fireside Friend."

"Caroline Westerly," a juvenile.

"Geology for Beginners."

Translation of Madame Necker de Saussure's "Progressive Education," with "A Mother's Journal," by Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps.

"Ada Norman; or, Trials and Their Uses."

"Hours with My Pupils."

"Christian Households." Published for the benefit of the Baltimore "Church Home."

Her first publication, which is widely known as "Lincoln's Botany," has held its place for twenty-five years as a favorite text-book; while her "Dictionary of Chemistry" is in high repute with the erudite as a work indicating much research and scientific knowledge.

"Female Student and Fireside Friend" was adopted by the Massachusetts Board of Education into their "School Library," and has been received with great favor at home and abroad.

A supplement to "Lectures on Botany for Familiar Teaching of the Natural Science," is now in press.

Mrs. Phelps edited for some time the "Petapsco Magazine," in which appeared various original articles in prose and verse.

In early life she was much given to poetical compositions, but scientific proclivities beginning afterward to assert themselves strongly, she very wisely devoted herself to her specialty, and secured a distinct and enviable fame.

A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

In New England, young ladies of education and refinement often take charge of parlors, and sometimes assist their mothers in doing all the household work. The many factories in the eastern section of our coun-

try, offer employment of an easy and profitable kind, so that few females are willing to engage in domestic service when they can get better wages in factories, and live independently as boarders to be waited upon. Thus it happens that those who could hire servants are often obliged to do their own work; to look after their own houses and to prepare the family meals.

But you should see how these things are managed, for I could not otherwise make you comprehend the neatness, comfort, and order which are often seen to prevail in those families in the eastern States, where the mothers and daughters do the household work.

Early on Monday morning all are up; the mother, perhaps, engages in preparing the breakfast, while the daughters commence the family's washing for the week. They have, of course, all been careful not to make unnecessary washing. Everything is life and activity—the cheerful voice of singing from within, mingles with the matin songs of the birds without. On this day, a simple dinner is provided, which requires little time in preparation, but for which labor gives a keen relish. Before the devotee of fashion has arisen from her disturbed and restless couch the industrious mother and daughters have finished their washing—clothes, white as the driven snow, are hanging upon the lines, and the kitchen and wash room floors are nicely washed. Everything is put in place; our matron and her blooming daughters are dressed for company, and very likely either receive some good neighbor, or go out and take tea sociably with a friend. And such teas! The snow-white table-cloth, the biscuit or rolls scarcely less white, the honey in its rich comb, the delicious butter made by fair hands which are perhaps no less skillful to play upon the piano than to perform domestic labor; the cake of several kinds, the nice preserves, and the exquisite tea;—this tea not put into a teapot musty through neglect, nor decocted with water below the boiling point; but made exactly right by the mistress of the house, who esteems herself responsible for her housekeeping, and ranks neatness, care, and economy among her chief duties.

While you listen to my description, you think perhaps of a vulgar mother and coarse-looking, unrefined daughters;—would that I could take you by clairvoyance to some one of the intellectual and agreeable families in New England, where is realized the picture I have drawn of a home of comfort and plenty.

In homes where there are no daughters, or they are sent abroad for

education, a young girl as domestic assistant is often received into the family, and in many respects treated as a member of the same. She is sent to the public school until she has obtained a good common English education, rendering in the meantime most useful services to her kind benefactors. She becomes an intelligent and useful woman, and perhaps marries the son of a neighboring farmer; and in a home of her own, practises those lessons of industry and frugality to which she has been trained. But this may be rather a picture of past times that of the present. The great influx of emigrants in every part of our country renders it more easy to obtain domestic servants, and Bridgets and Noras, with their strong hands and red, brawny arms, are relieving their more delicate mistresses of the burdens they formerly so cheerfully bore. Whether this is in reality increasing the happiness of society, is doubtful. The feeble, sickly women of our country, drooping and nervous for want of exercise, would indicate the negative.

SOUTHERN HOUSEKEEPERS.

Most of you young ladies from the southern States are not under the necessity of performing household labor. It would be a mistaken kindness in you to do the labor, and let the menials live in idleness. But yet it is well for you to know what labor is, that you can feel sympathy for them; besides, your servant may be sick, and humanity may require of you to relieve her from duty, even if you should take upon yourself the burden of her labor. Though not called upon, in general, to servile labor, you are not excused from a life of usefulness. No family can be well ordered, or even comfortable, where the care, as well as the labor, is thrown upon servants. I would hope that you have here learned to respect the virtues of industry and neatness, and with your other accomplishments, have acquired habits of order and system, which in future life will be more important to you than the merely ornamental branches of education.

To woman it belongs to soothe the couch of sickness, to minister to the wants of declining age, to diffuse around the fireside an air of cheerfulness and comfort, to watch over the wants of a household, and to arrange and control in the little empire of home. First, as daughters you should learn to minister to your parents, to anticipate their wishes, to

study their happiness, even though it call for the sacrifice of your own enjoyments. This picture may be far different from the one in your fancy, where gay parties with all the excitements of a life of pleasure occupy the foreground. But how absurd for any rational mind to consider the mere accidental circumstances of life as its business or employment. It was said by Hannah More, one of the greatest and best of women of the past generation, that, "from the manner in which girls were brought up, one would suppose that life was a perpetual holiday, and that the great object was to bring them up to shine in its amusements and sports."

Accomplishments should be valued chiefly for their influence in rendering the domestic circle more cheerful and refined; most young ladies seem to consider them as only intended to gain for them the homage of admiration in society. The idea of merely entertaining their parents, brothers or sister with their accomplishments would seem unreasonable; a loss of time and trouble; a very dull affair. How false, how destructive to the happiness of domestic life are such low views of education.

You disregard the happiness of your parents when you fail to do your duty. They are distressed not so much on their own account, as that you act unworthily; they perceive in you a low standard of character, a mean selfishness, which would seek your own gratification at the expense of others; an exacting spirit which is never satisfied with indulgence, and which ever cries, *give*, *give*, caring little for the *giver*, but eager for the gifts. May you all be led to consider whether you do not too often give your best friends reason to think you are more anxious for the *favors* you receive from them than to contribute to their happiness, or to render yourselves worthy recipients of their kindness.

TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

The *essential* virtues of a good and estimable character are truth and sincerity. As counterfeit coin or bank notes are without any real worth, so are all affected graces and assumed goodness destitute of any claim to our regard. He who counterfeits money is severely punished by the laws of the land; the artful and hypocritical are justly chastised by the contempt of the good, and avoided by them, as the honest business man would shun such as traffic in counterfeit money. But most persons wish to appear good and amiable in the eyes of others. How shall this be accomplished? The

answer is plain; let all strive to render themselves such as they would be esteemed; *to be* in reality what they would *appear* to be, and then there would be no temptation to deceive, or *put on* the *semblance* of virtue. Shakspeare makes Hamlet say, with honest indignation, "I know not *seems;*" happy those who are free from all hypocrisy and disguise, all *seeming* to be what in reality they are not.

There is much in the conventional forms of society which leads to deceit, and it should be guarded against. One can be civil and polite without expressing warmth of feeling when it does not exist; it is not necessary to profess delight in meeting persons for whom we do not feel any particular interest; or to urge such to visit us, or to correspond with us. Are there no young ladies who meet others with enthusiastic professions of regard, and part from them as if they could not endure a separation, when in reality, they can join in a sneer against those intimate friends? and do they never use the very confidence reposed in them against the unsuspecting and incautious? Would that such evidence of duplicity were not but too common even amongst those whose youth should be a pledge for artlessness and sincerity! The educator, like the physician, must examine cases as they are; unfavorable symptoms cannot be overlooked if we would do our duty to our patients—or our pupils; and, morally speaking, the latter are too often found affected by maladies which require firm and judicious moral treatment.

It is well for the young to resolve to *practise* what is right, without too much anxiety to please others. The boundaries between right and wrong are often obscure. Thus it is right that we should strive to render ourselves agreeable to others, to say and do that which will make them satisfied with themselves and with us, as far as we can do so without being insincere; but there are some who cannot be happy unless they are flattered; praise is the incense which their hearts crave, and unless this is constantly offered, they are restless and dissatisfied; but the appetite for praise grows on what it feeds, and can never be satisfied. If we have a friend, then, who is not happy unless flattered, it is our duty to withhold the poison, and to seek by a sincere and honest treatment to bring her back to a more healthful state of mind. For a time we may be the less agreeable to her; it may be that a lasting prejudice may spring up against us on account of our sincerity, but if so, we should be satisfied that we have done our duty.

Flattery among school-girls is too common a vice. If one desires the love of another, she too often commences by studying her weak points; and in how many are these self-love, fondness for admiration, and an

eager desire for preeminence. If the young girl is vain of beauty, the flatterer tells her of her personal attractions, what she has heard such a one say of her eyes, her features, her complexion, or her form. If she is proud of family connections, or fortune, the flattery is of a different kind. The flatterer talks of distinguished persons and the advantages of good family, wonders how such and such ones should presume to place themselves on an equality with those who are entitled to *exclusiveness*, intimates that she is determined to associate with none but those who have certain claims to family distinction; all this, of course, feeds the vanity of her who is thus sought out by one who is so very particular as to her society.

Again, another young lady who has no pretensions to beauty and makes none as to family or fortune, fancies herself highly gifted in intellect; she likes to be told of her talents, and is inclined to love those who praise them, or who report the praises of others.

What a sad picture is that of one rational and responsible being, for selfish purposes, acting on the bad propensities of another, where lying, insincerity, and flattery are seen ministering to disgusting vanity or pride!

If you desire true friendship, seek out a virtuous and sensible person, and let your intercourse be marked with honest sincerity. Despise that regard which must be purchased by a sacrifice of truth, or the ministering to the follies and weaknesses of another. One who is truly worthy and noble should avoid a flatterer whose selfish designs may be easily penetrated. When we hear unpleasant truths, we should reflect that those who utter them can have in this no motive but our own good—unless, indeed, we have reason to believe that they desire to humiliate us in our own eyes, or to render us unhappy; in which case, we cannot consider them as our friends; but the poet says:

——"Your defects to know
Make use of every friend and every foe."

It is one of the most sacred duties of friendship, though often a painful one, to point out faults to a beloved friend; and when you have an associate whom you believe to be your friend, though not afraid to speak the truth, however disagreeable it may be to you to hear it, you cannot too highly value her friendship.

BELLES.

We know full well that nothing is more illusive than the idea of the great interest which the world takes in the affairs of a particular individual, and that one, a young girl, with merely youth and youthful attractions to recommend her to notice. For the want of something better to talk about in fashionable circles, the appearance of a new candidate for admiration may be made a subject of conversation; but will she receive unqualified praise? If beautiful, she may be condemned as vain; if graceful, as affected in manners; if frank and ingenuous, she will likely be called imprudent; and if cautious, artful. If, to be agreeable to the many, she talk on common-place topics, she may pass for one who has a shallow intellect; if she introduce into fashionable circles, literary or religious subjects, she will probably be shunned as pedantic or bigoted. If she should have admirers, she will be called a flirt; if she should have none, she will be pitied for her supposed disappointment and mortification. If the young lady who has anticipated so much from her introduction into the world of fashion, or what is called society, possess sensibility and principle, she will soon perceive that there is a competition going on there, in its nature calculated to chill the better feelings of the soul; that under the mask of affected benevolence, and desire of promoting mutual happiness by bringing to the common stock pleasure and enjoyment, are concealed frightful passions, "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," from which we daily pray to be delivered. After the labor of so many years, such great expense of time and money to gain accomplishments that may secure triumph and admiration, after the toil and anxiety of preparing the person for the public, the young lady, perhaps, finds herself receiving far less attention than some one whom she regards as her inferior; innocent, that one may be, of any intentional wrong to her, but mortification will naturally give rise to jealousy, which begets *hatred*.

Allowing, however, that our young lady is decidedly *the belle* of a short season or two, that she has had a triumphant *entrée* into the highest circle, is regarded as the brightest star in the constellation of fashion, can we suppose that even for that brief period she is happy? If she possess penetration, she will see how heartless and vain are the homage and admiration of those who, like the butterfly, flit from flower to flower, selfishly seeking pleasure and amusement, wholly indifferent as to the effects of their heartless attention upon the future happiness of those whom they may choose to flatter.

For it must be remembered that in the world of fashion and folly, are seldom found men of true sensibility and scrupulous morals. The game that is there going on, forbids such from becoming initiated in the mysteries of "*high life*," where weak principles are tested by the artful and designing, where fortune attracts, and where modest merit, unaccompanied by wealth or some *prestige* which is an equivalent for wealth, can find no place. We will suppose our young lady has become quite accustomed to fashionable life; she has gained her place among its votaries—but what has she not lost! Late hours, imprudence in dress, exposure to the impure atmosphere of gaslights and crowded assemblies, and the dainties of luxurious banquets, at length undermine her health. The freshness of youth has faded, her spirits are no longer buoyant; she has grasped the thorn, but the rose has withered. And the warmth of affection, the simplicity of heart and the conscientiousness of principle which were seen in the school-girl, are they, too, lost? We fear so, and yet they may have only been blighted; a timely escape from the ways of folly, and a return to healthful influences, may revive the affections, and rouse the conscience.

In that career, so deleterious both to the physical and moral nature, the aspirant for fashionable distinction, before becoming a victim to the world, may be early arrested by the voice of conscience and withdraw herself from evil influences, while she has yet the power of regaining, in some degree, what she has lost;—before she shall have suffered the chagrin of being considered *passée*, neglected by the world for which she had sacrificed herself. How pitiable the woman of the world, whose seared heart and vitiated taste render her incapable of enjoyments which spring from intellectual pursuits, or the exercise of the affections! If single, she will be forlorn and neglected; if a wife and mother, how much to be commiserated are those who are dependent for happiness or virtue on her faithfulness or conscientiousness.

M. Virginia Terhune

MARION HARLAND.

Popularity is not always a test of worth or genius. A tale of "love and murder," that sets every particular hair on end, may have a sounding sale, without possessing one element of true greatness. But when a story of home life, like "Alone," or "The Hidden Path," finds the spring of popular favor, we naturally cast about for the secret of its power, and are forced to acknowledge a magnetic current from the heart behind the book.

Marion Harland has large humanity. Her creations are thoroughly human; and by knowing and loving the human, she has no difficulty in threading her way into human hearts.

Mary Virginia Terhune is a native of the Old Dominion, whose *name* she is still proud to bear. Although born in the country, the greater part of her life was passed at Richmond. Her father, a respected merchant of that city, is a lineal descendant of the Puritans; her mother of the earliest settlers of Virginia. The families sacredly cherish the names, deeds, and homesteads of their ancestors; and our author's hearty participation in the feelings of both the Northern and Southern branches, is undoubtedly the cause of her freedom from all sectional prejudices. Her liberality of sentiment with regard to the vexed question of the day, is one element of her popularity as a writer.

At a very early age, the dream of the imaginative child was authorship; a hope that steadily grew into a purpose, which

was followed up with an energy that never flagged. At the age of fourteen, without confiding to any one what she considered a daring project, she contributed, under an assumed name, a series of papers to a weekly city journal. The notice which these sketches attracted, the conjectures as to their authorship, and the commendations bestowed upon them by those whose opinion she valued, were precious encouragement to the youthful writer. From that time her pen was never idle, though a large proportion of its productions met no eye except her own. Tales, essays, and poems, were sent, from time to time, anonymously, to the different periodicals of the day, and, stimulated anew by the approval of her readers, she wrote and studied with greater assiduity. It is well to mention this, as a hint to young and ardent aspirants for literary honors, who are apt to attribute to natural gifts the vigor of expression and grace of style, which are only acquired by diligent practice.

A fugitive sketch, written by our author at the age of sixteen, and entitled, "Marrying Through Prudential Motives," appeared a year or two later in "Godey's Lady's Book," and had a somewhat remarkable career. From the "Lady's Book" it was copied into an English paper, thence transferred to a Parisian journal, re-translated for another English periodical, and finally copied in America, and extensively circulated as an English story, until claimed by Mr. Godey as one of his publications.

In 1854, assuming the name of Marion Harland, our author sent out her first published volume, whose success, without professional sponsors, or the blast of professional trumpets—surprised no one more than herself. Long after the first appearance and *furore* of "Alone," a new American edition went to press, regularly every few weeks, while it was re-printed with nearly as much *éclat* in England, translated into French, and found its way into most of the large cities of Europe.

Two years later, "The Hidden Path" was brought out by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, with equal success, and the additional honor of a Leipsic edition, being the only work by a female writer in a collection of "Standard American Authors," printed by an enterprising house in that city. This is, unquestionably, the most effective book which Marion Harland has yet given to the world. The lines of character are fine and true, and evince a deepening insight. In Bella Conway and Isabel Oakley—noble women of distinct types—the shades of personality are admirably disposed for contrast. We own to a wicked enjoyment of the analysis and demolition of Snowdon. It is done deftly and thoroughly; we have no tender mercies for the benignant face, oily tongue, and foul heart of the Pharisee. The story is, perhaps, a little overcharged with prominent personages, confusing somewhat the lines of the plot; but that is a fault of fullness, not of poverty. The book appeals to the best feelings of our humanity, and its lessons of self-sacrifice and Christian faith, alone, make it more than worthy of its popularity.

The following generous notice of this work, from the pen of one * who judges with the head as well as the heart, discerns, in a small space, its best elements:

"Let this *noble* production (we use the adjective in its fullest sense) lie upon the table, enliven the hearth, be the household companion of every true-hearted Virginian. Foster this gifted daughter of the South with the expanding sunshine of appreciation, the refreshing dews of praise—stimulate undeveloped genius, which has never yet 'penned its inspiration,' to walk in her steps, emulate her achievements, and share her honors—let Virginia produce a few more such writers, and the cry that the South has no literature of its own is silenced forever! The 'Hidden Path' is a work that North or South, East or West, may point to with the finger of honest pride, and say, '*our daughter*' sends this message to the world—pours this balm into

* Anna Cora Ritchie.

wounded hearts—traces for wavering, erring feet, this 'Hidden Path,' which leads to the great goal of eternal peace."

In 1856, Marion Harland married the Rev. E. P. Terhune, then the pastor of a Virginia church. But amid the duties of her new sphere, the pen was not neglected.

In 1857, her publishers brought out "Moss Side" her third work. Although it appeared upon the very eve of the great commercial panic that for a time paralyzed trade of every description, its success was as marked as that of its predecessors.

As a magazine writer, Marion Harland's services have been solicited with eagerness and persistency. Her contributions to "Godey's Lady's Book"—the only periodical for which she has written regularly—would fill a volume nearly as large as any of her continuous tales.

In 1859, her husband was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Dutch Church in Newark, New Jersey, and removed with his family to that place. Among the people of his new charge, the Southern wife found a welcome so warm, and hearts so congenial, as hardly to permit a sigh for the birth-place and tried friends she had left behind.

Another book from her busy pen is in preparation, and will probably appear in the autumn of the present year.

We have seen but few specimens of the poetry of this writer, but remember among them two or three that have in them the ring of true metal.

It is said that a more complete refutation of the slanders generally heaped upon "literary domesticity" can scarcely be imagined, than that afforded by the happy home of our author. United to a man of ripe scholarship, sound judgment, and tastes and sympathies kindred with her own, she invariably appeals to him in all important matters. His is the first reading and only revision of her MSS., before they are given into the hands of

the printer. No less blessed as the mother of two interesting children, her lines of life seem to have fallen in sunniest places. If it be true that the nightingale sings sweetest with the thorn in her breast, and our divinest utterances are born of sorrows, Marion Harland may not yet have sounded the depths of her capacity.

CAMP-MEETING SCENE.

"Behold Rocky Mount!" said Arthur, pointing to a rising ground, tufted by a clump of oaks.

"Where is the church?" inquired Ida. "I can distinguish people and horses, but no house."

"After we get there, I will lend you my pocket microscope," responded Charley. The brown walls of a small building, in the centre of the grove, were visible, as the road wound around the hill; but its dimensions were as great a puzzle as its absence would have been. Carry came to her aid.

"They preach out of doors, my dear."

"Out of doors!" this was a charming novelty.

"'The groves were God's first temples,'" she repeated softly, and Lynn continued the noble lines—

> "Ah, why
> Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
> God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore,
> Only among the crowd, and under roofs
> That our frail hands have raised?"

Charley smiled dubiously, but held his peace. The crowd thickened with their advance. Horses were tethered in solid ranks to the trees; children straying frightfully near to their heels; wagons and carriages almost piled upon each other; and men, white and black, stood about everywhere. The driver reined up, twenty yards from the arbor erected under the trees.

"Drive up nearer, Tom!" said Carry.

"He cannot," replied Arthur, letting down the steps. "Look!"

There was a quadruple row of vehicles on three sides of the arbor, the fourth being, at considerable pains, left open for passage. Several young

men dashed to the side of the carriage, with as much empressement as at a ball, and thus numerously attended, the girls picked their way through the throng and dust. No gentlemen were, as yet, in their seats, and our party secured a vacant bench midway to the pulpit.

"Don't sit next to the aisle," whispered Arthur.

"Why not?" questioned Ida, removing to the other extremity of the plank.

"Oh! it is more comfortable here. We will be with you again presently."

"That is not all the reason," remarked Carry, when he was gone. "This railing protects us from the press on this side; and our young gentleman will not permit any one to occupy the stand without, but themselves."

"Will they not sit down?"

"No, indeed! there will not be room. Then the aisles will be filled with all sorts of people, and our dresses be liable to damage from boots and tobacco juice."

"Tobacco juice!" was she in a barbarous country! As Carry predicted, their three attendants worked their way, between the wheels and the people, to where they sat. Charley crawled under the rail, and planted himself behind them.

"I can keep my position until some pretty girl dislodges me," said he. "The denizens of these parts have not forgotten how to stare."

He might well say so. A battery of eyes was levelled upon them, wherever they looked. The tasteful dress and elegant appearance of the ladies, and their attractive suite, were subjects of special importance to the community at large. Although eclipsed in show by some present, theirs was a new constellation, and they must support observation as they could. They stood fire bravely; Ida was most accustomed to it, and she found so much to interest and divert her, that she became unconscious of the annoyance after a little.

"Are those seats reserved for distinguished strangers? have we not a right to them?" designating a tier in front of the speaker's stand.

"They are the anxious benches," returned Charley.

"Nonsense!"

"So I think. The brethren dissent from us. I am not quizzing. That is the name."

"The mourners—the convicted occupy them," said Carry.

"Are they here?" inquired Ida, credulously. It was preposterous to conceive such a possibility in this frivolous, loud-talking assembly.

"Not now;" answered Charley. "But when they crowd on the steam, you will witness scores."

"Fie, Charley! it is wicked to speak so!"

"I am just as pious as if I did not, Carry. I'll wager my horse—and head too—that by to-night, Miss Ida will agree with me, that these religions frolics are more hurtful to the cause they are intended to advance, than fifty such harmless affairs, as we attended on Thursday night."

"I am not solemnized yet," said Ida.

"You are as solemn as you are going to be. You may be excited, or frightened into something like gravity. Two, three, four preachers! That's what I call a waste of the raw material. What a flutter of ribbons and fans! The congregation reminds me of a clover field, with the butterflies hovering over its gaily-colored, bobbing heads. Handsome ladies by dozens! This county is famed for its beauty, and but one tolerable-looking man in its length and breadth!"

"Why, there is Mr. Euston—what fault have you to find in him?"

"He is the honorable exception. Whom did you think I meant?" smiling mischievously at Carry's unguarded query. "Art, here, is passable Modesty prevents my saying more, as we are daily mistaken for each other. The music strikes up;—rather quavering; they are not in the 'spirit' yet. They never get to the 'understanding.' I must decamp. Those fair ones are too bashful to look this way, while I am here."

He was on the outside of the rail, sedate and deacon-like, in a minute. Unsuited as his remarks were to the time and place, they were less objectionable than the whispers of the ladies who dispossessed him;—critiques upon Susan's beaux and Joseph's sweethearts; upon faces, dress and deportment; a quantity of reprobation, and very sparse praises.

The preacher was an unremarkable man, who delivered, in a sing-song tone, an unremarkable discourse; opposing no impediment to the sociability of the aforementioned damsels, except that they lowered their shrill staccato to a piano. The gentlemen whispered behind their hats, notched switches, and whittled sticks. The hearers from Poplar-grove, albeit they were gay, youthful, and non-professors, were the most decorous auditors in their part of the congregation. Another minister arose; a man not yet in his thirtieth year, his form stooped, as beneath the weight of sixty winters. The crowd stilled instantly. He leaned, as for support, upon the primitive desk; his attenuated hands clasped, his eyes moving slowly in their cavernous recesses over the vast assemblage. "And what come ye out into the wilderness for

to see?" he said, in a voice of preternatural sweetness and strength. "Aye! ye are come as to a holiday pageant, bedecked in tinsel and costly raiment. I see before me the pride of beauty and youth; the middle-aged, in the strength of manliness and honor, the hoary hairs and decrepit limbs of age;—all trampling—hustling each other in your haste—in one beaten road—the way to death and judgment! Oh! fools and blind! slow-worms, battening upon the damps and filth of this vile earth! hugging your muck rakes while the glorious One proffers you the crown of Life!" The bent figure straightened; the thin hands were endowed with a language of power, as they pointed, and shook, and glanced through the air. His clarion tones thrilled upon every ear, their alarms and threatenings and denunciations; in crashing peals, the awful names of the Most High, and His condemnations of the wicked, descended among the throng; and those fearful eyes were fiery and wrathful. At the climax he stopped; with arms still upraised, and the words of woe and doom yet upon his lips, he sank upon the arm of a brother beside him, and was led to his seat, ghastly as a corpse, and nearly as helpless.

A female voice began a hymn.

"This is the field, the world below,—
Where wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up."

The hills, for miles around, reverberated the bursting chorus,

"For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home!"

The ministers came down from the stand, and distributed themselves among the people, bowed heads and shaking forms marking their path; a woman from the most remote quarter of the throng, rushed up to the mourner's seats, and flung herself upon her knees with a piercing cry; another and another; some weeping aloud; some in tearless distress; numbers knelt where they had sat; and louder and louder, like the final trump, and the shout of the resurrection morn, arose the surge of song—

"For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home!"

Carry trembled and shrank; and Ida's firmer nerves were quivering. A lull in the storm, and a man knelt in the aisle, to implore "mercy and pardon for a dying sinner, who would not try to avert the wrath to come."

Sonorous accents went on with his weeping petition; praying for "the hardened, thoughtless transgressors—those who had neither part nor lot in this matter; who stood afar off, despising and reckless." Again rolled out a chorus; speaking now of joyful assurance—

"Jesus my all to heaven has gone—
(When we get to heaven we will part no more,)
He whom I fix my hopes upon—
When we get to heaven we will part no more.
Oh! Fare-you-well! oh! fare-you-well!
When we get to heaven we will part no more,
Oh! Fare-you-well!"

Ida's eyes brimmed, and Carry sobbed with over-wrought feeling. Arthur bent over the railing and spoke to the latter. He looked troubled, but for her: Lynn stood against one of the pillars which supported the roof; arms crossed, and a redder mantling of his dark cheek; Charley was cool and grave, taking in the scene in all its parts, with no sympathy with any of the phases of emotion. The tumult increased; shouted thanksgivings, and wails of despair; singing and praying and exhorting, clashing in wild confusion.

"You had best not stay here," said Arthur to Carry, whose struggles for composure he could not bear to see.

"Suffer me to pass, Dr. Dana;" and a venerable minister stooped toward the weeping girl. "My daughter, why do you remain here, so far from those who can do you good? You are distressed on account of sin; are you ashamed to have it known? Do you not desire the prayer of Christians? I will not affirm that you cannot be saved anywhere; 'the arm of the Lord is not shortened,' but I do warn you, that if you hang back in pride or stubbornness, you will be lost; and these only can detain you after what you have heard. Arise, and join that company of weeping mourners; it may not be too late."

Carry shook her head.

"Then kneel where you are, and I will pray for you."

She dried her tears.

"Why should I kneel, Mr. Manly? I do not experience any sorrow for sin."

"My child!"

"My tears are not those of penitence; I do not weep for my sinfulness; I can neither think nor feel in this confusion."

The good man was fairly stumbled by this avowal.

"Have you *no* interest in this subject?"

"Not more than usual, sir. My agitation proceeded from animal excitement."

"I am fearful it is the same in a majority of instances, Mr. Manly," said Arthur, respectfully.

"You may perceive your error one day, my son; let me entreat you to consider this matter as binding upon your eternal welfare, and caution you not to lay a feather in the way of those who may be seeking their salvation."

Arthur bowed silently; and the minister passed on.

Dr. Carlton retired early that evening, with a headache. Mrs. Dana was getting the children to sleep; the young people had the parlor to themselves. Charley was at the piano, fingering over sacred airs; psalm tunes, sung by the Covenanters, in their craggy temples, or murmuring to an impromptu accompaniment, a chant or doxology. All at once he struck the chords boldly, and added the full powers of the instrument to his voice, in the fine old melody of "Brattle Street." Lynn ceased his walk through the room, and united his rich bass at the second line; Arthur, a tenor; Carry and Ida were happy to be permitted to listen.

"There!" said Charley, "there is more religion in that hymn than in all the fustian we have heard to-day; sermons, prayers, and exhortations. Humbug in worldly concerns is despicable; in the church it is unbearable."

"Consider, Charley, that hundreds of pious people believe in the practices you condemn. Some of the best Christians I know were converted at these noisy revivals," said Carry.

"It would be miraculous if there were not a grain or two of wheat in this pile of chaff. I never attend one that I am not the worse for it. It is a regular annealing furnace; when the heat subsides you can neither soften nor bend the heart again—the iron is steel. What does Miss Ida say?"

"That sin is no more hateful, or religion more alluring, for this Sabbath's lessons; still I acquiesce in Carry's belief, that although mistaken in their zeal, these seeming fanatics are sincere."

"You applaud enthusiasm upon other subjects, why not in religion?" asked Lynn; "if anything, it is everything. If I could believe that, when the stormy sea of life is passed, heaven—an eternal noon-tide of love and blessedness would be mine—a lifetime would be too short, mortal language too feeble to express my transport. There is a void in the soul which naught but this can satisfy. Life is fresh to us now; but from the time of Solomon to the present, the worldling has nauseated at the polluted spring, saying 'For all his days are sorrow, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night.' I envy, not carp at the joys of those whose faith, piercing through the fogs of this lower earth, reads the sure promise—'It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'"

"You do homage to the beauty of the Faith, by whomsoever professed. I note its practical effects; judge of its genuineness by its workings. For example, the Old Harry awoke mightily within me, in intermissions, to see Dick Rogers preaching to Carry, threatening her with perdition—she, who never in her life committed a tenth of the sin he is guilty of every day. He has been drunk three times in the last month; he is a walking demijohn; his hypocrisy a shame to his grey hairs. And James Mather—he would sell his soul for a fourpence, and call it clear gain. Sooner than lose a crop, he forces his negroes to work on Sunday—can't trust the God of harvest, even upon His own day. The poor hands are driven on week-days as no decent man would do a mule; he let his widowed sister go to the poorhouse, and offered to lend John five thousand dollars, the next week, at eight per cent. I have known him ever since I was a shaver, and never had a word from him upon the 'one thing needful,' except at church. And he was in the altar, this morning, shouting as though the Lord were deaf!"

"Charley! Charley!"

"Facts are obstinate things, Carry. Next to being hypocritical ourselves, is winking at it in others. The church keeps these men in her bosom; she must not complain, if she shares in the odium they merit. They are emphatically sounding brass."

"Let them grow together until the harvest," said Arthur. "It is a convincing proof of the truth of Religion, that there are careful counterfeits."

"I do not impeach the 'truth of religion.' You need not speak so reproachfully, Arthur. I believe in the Christianity of the Scriptures, What I assail, is intermittent piety; springs, whose channels are dusty, save at particular seasons; camp-meetings and the like; men, who furbish up their religion, along with their go-to-meeting boots, and wear it no longer.

Their brethren despise them as I do; but their mouths are shut, lest they 'bring disgrace upon their profession.' It can have no fouler disgrace than their lives afford. I speak what others conceal; when one of these whited sepulchres lifts his Bible to break my head, for a graceless reprobate, I pelt him with pebbles from the clear brook. Look at old Thistleton! a mongrel, porcupine and bull-dog, pricking and snarling from morning till night. A Christian is a *gentleman;* he is a surly growler. Half of the church hate, the other half dread him; yet he sits on Sabbaths, in the high places of the synagogues, leads prayer-meetings, and weeps over sinners—sanctified 'brother Thistleton!' He thunders the law at me; and I knock him down with a stout stick, St. John cuts ready to my hand; 'If a man say, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a *liar!*' I hush up Rogers, with—'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom;' and Mather, with, 'You cannot serve God and Mammon.' They say I am a scoffer; I don't care. Now," continued this contrary being, passing into a tone of reverent feeling, "there is my kind guardian. I don't believe he ever shouted, or made a public address in his life. He *lives* his religion; a child can perceive that the Bible is a 'lamp to his feet;' a pillar of cloud in prosperity; a sun in adversity. I saw it when a boy, and it did me more good than the preached sermons I have listened to since. He called me into his study the night before I left home, and gave me a copy of 'the Book.' 'Charley, my son,' said he, 'you are venturing upon untried seas; here is the Chart, to which I have trusted for twenty years; and have never been led by it upon a quicksand. Look to it, my boy!' I have read it, more because he asked it, than for its intrinsic value; that is my failing, not his. I have waded through sloughs of theories and objections, but hold to it still. Especially when I am here, and kneel in my old place at the family altar, hear the solemn tones that quieted my boyish gaiety; when I witness his irreproachable, useful life, I say, 'His chart is true; would I were guided by it!' No—no—Art.! I may be careless and sinful; I am no skeptic."

"A skeptic!" exclaimed Lynn. "There never was one! Voltaire was a fiend incarnate; a devil, who 'believed and trembled,' in spite of his hardihood; Paine, a brute, who, inconvenienced by a soul, would not sink as low as his passions commanded, tried to show that he had none, as the easiest method of disembarrassing himself. That one of God's creatures, who can look up to the glories of a night like this, or see the sun rise to-morrow morning, and peep, in his insect voice, a denial of Him who made the world, is demon or beast; often both. 'Call no man happy till he dies.' Atheists

have gone to the stake for their opinions; but physical courage or the heat of fanaticism, not the belief, sustained them. We have yet to hear of the infidel, who died in his bed,

> 'As one she wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

"It is a mystery that one can die tranquilly," said Carry.

"I have stood by many peaceful death-beds," returned Arthur. "I never wish so ardently for an interest in the Redemption, as when I watch the departure of a saint. One verse is in my mind for days afterward. I repeat it aloud as I ride alone; and it lingers in my last waking thought at night:

> 'Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are;
> While on his breast, I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.'"

"And why do you not encourage these feelings?" asked Charley, bluntly. "I call that conviction; a different thing from the hurly of this morning. You want to be a Christian; so do I sometimes; but you are a more hopeful subject."

"I am by no means certain of that. You would never abide with the half-decided, so long as I have done. You are one of the 'violent,' who would take the kingdom of Heaven by force."

"How strange!" said Charley, thoughtfully.

"What is strange?" inquired his brother.

"Here are five of us, as well-assured of the verity of Christianity, and God's revealed Word, as of our own existence; the ladies, practising every Christian virtue; Lynn, prepared to break a lance with infidelity in any shape; you, like Agrippa, almost persuaded; and I, stripping off the borrowed plumage of those who have a name to live; yet we will be content to close our eyes in sleep, uncertain of reopening them in life; unfit for Death and Eternity!"

He turned again to the piano; Arthur quitted the room; Lynn gazed out of the window, with working features; Carry shaded her eyes with her hand; Ida felt a cold awe creeping over her. 'Death and Eternity!' had she heard the words before? how out of place in the bright, warm life they were leading! Here were true friendships, tried and strengthened by years;

young love, joying in his flowery course; refined and congenial spirits; the luxuries of wealth and taste; how unwelcome the hand that lifted the drapery which enveloped the skeleton! 'Death and Eternity!' The spell was upon the scented air; the moon threw shadows upon the grass, as ot newly heaped graves; and the vibrating chords spoke but of the awful theme!

MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.

She was writing on this afternoon. The window overlooked the ocean —purpled and gilded in long, slow-moving lines by the sunset, and dotted with white sails. The wind had breathed sluggishly all day, but as the "glowing axle" touched the water, a sudden breeze shivered the broad beams drifting upon the ridges of the waves, into bright-hued pencils, and sent the idle craft rocking through the brilliant confusion.

Isabel closed the desk. Her smiles, so frequent when there were those by who prized their light, never visited eye or lip in solitude. She had written earnestly—thought and feeling succeeding each other upon her countenance; but the sportive grace with which she had worn her priestess' mantle, was no more. Wrapping it carefully over her heart, she wrought diligently—not joyfully. She maintained a stern guard over herself, lest one drop of the wormwood of her cup should ooze into those she brimmed and wreathed with garlands for others. She was not a sinless creation, impervious to personal woes. The mortal rebelled at the blight of its best hopes; the woman wept over the sadly-vacant pedestal in her heart of hearts. We have seen in a nature as noble as Bella's, one love destroy every trace of a former; and this, by a merciful provision of Providence, is a general law of foiled or mistaken affections; but Isabella could not look forward to a similar consolation. Her attachment to Frank Lyle had incorporated itself with her character and being—a love as innocent and beautiful as an angel's; not concealed—because she saw not shame, but honor in it. She had never said—"The end—what shall it be?" As they had always loved one another more than all the world beside, they must continue the same through time and in eternity. A less refined or more prudent woman would have analyzed this feeling, and extirpated it before it had grown beyond her control—Isabel had rested, without question or fear, in the conviction that she was as dear to him as he was to her. She knew him for her soul-mate; the man's duller instinct erred. Upon her had come the penalty of his mistake, and she bore it in silent fortitude. She did not delude herself with false philosophy—

unfounded hopes. She knew that at the close of life—come when it might—the deserted chamber of to-day would be as empty as now; that upon the walls, the frescoes his hand had painted, would glow as freshly—yet the world was not a desert. Looking to God for "strength to live," she threw herself, heart and mind, into the work of increasing the happiness and alleviating the woes of her kind. Her gift remained—spurned no longer that it had been fatal to her most cherished joys, but valued and cultivated as her comforter. Her writings gave no evidence of her changed life. She sang still—"There is hope, and peace, and blessedness in store for you"—and muffled the plaintive echo, wailed up from the deep recesses of the woman's heart—"but not for me!" She had no cause to waver in her trust in the truth and goodness of her brethren; and every page and line inculcated the enlarged charity, learned while sitting at the feet of Him, "who spake as never man spake;" and oh! lesson fraught with reproof to thee, murmuring misanthrope! who suffered as never man suffered.

The world cried, "Happy and fortunate!" the hypercritics and jealots composing the minority, "only hoped her prosperity might endure." Even the sharp-sighted and knowing ones, who make an author's published works the data from which they compute the trials and events of his personal history—who will have it, that this actual and private experience is the inkhorn which feeds the morbid curiosity of their narrow, credulous minds; who find no warrant within themselves for believing that one can estimate the depth and fullness of human love, by sounding the yet untroubled pool of his own capacity for affection—that a nicely-strung and sympathetic instrument may yield up strains of melting woe, if the sigh of another's sorrow is wafted across its chords—even they—the spiders among readers—surmised erroneously respecting the minstrel, upon whose harp-strings neither dust nor rust ever accumulated. They were as ignorant as the printer, who grumbled at a blur in the middle of a racy paragraph. What was it to him that a tear had fallen there?

The eagle was the eagle yet, although her wing might flag wearily ere the eyrie was gained. Such a season was the present. The blended beauties of sky and ocean saddened, instead of diverting her thoughts. Year after year, Frank had viewed the scene with her; this summer his place was elsewhere. She imagined them both—himself and Alma—she, indescribably lovely in her childish glee at having him near her, hanging on his arm gazing into eyes, full and radiant with the most ardent love of his soul—love she could only measure by hers, which was bestowed upon every

petitioner, and in nearly equal bounties. And swift uprose the foe most inimical to man's contentment—the phantom that oftenest drives the haunted one to madness—"Might-have-been!"

NEMESIS.

The first scene was that over which the jesting criticism had begun; a chamber in the Castle of Lindenburg, the nun's portrait hanging against the rear wall. A man, habited like an old retainer of the castle, entered from the side. He had not crossed to the front of the platform, when a fiery flake from above fell upon his head—another and another! and a second actor, the "Raymond" of the dumb show, rushed forward and tossed his arms in frenzied gesticulation toward the spectators. Simultaneously with his appearance, was heard from behind the curtain, the startling cry of "Fire!"

The crowd arose as one man, and there was a movement in the direction of the doors.

"False alarm! There is no danger!" shouted a strong voice above the confusion—and "No danger! no danger!" was caught up and repeated by many.

Katherine turned to the quarter from which the first voice came, and saw, across the house, the speaker, who continued to vociferate the assurance of safety; and at his side, just opposite to herself, Malcolm Argyle, his eyes eagerly fixed upon the curtain which had fallen at the alarm. In another second he had precipitated himself over the low parapet of the boxes into the pit, and, as a brighter stream of light flashed through the painted screen, the cry of "Fire!" rang out again, echoed now by groans and shrieks, that told the mad fear which seized upon every soul at the certainty of the calamity.

Malcolm had dashed through the crowd in the pit—all besides himself rushing to the door—and scaled a pillar into the box where stood the Rashleighs—terrified, yet willing to listen to reason—while Mr. Wickham reiterated that the best chance of safety lay in presence of mind, and a steady yet hasty progress toward the lobby.

"The pit!" said Malcolm, imperatively. "Lower the ladies, and then leap yourselves into the pit! We can reach the outer door before the crowd from the stairs blocks it up! Now! *now!*"

He laid hold of Katherine's arm, and she felt, in his iron grasp, how awful was his sense of their peril.

"I think, sir"—began Mr. Wickham.

"It is no time to think! *I* have thought!" said Malcolm, vehemently. "Katherine, will you let me"——

A wilder cry of horror, as the forked tongues of flame, with lightning velocity, ran along the ceiling, curled and spouted and wrapped themselves over the light boards that panelled the front of the boxes.

"There is but one way, now," and throwing his arm about Katherine's waist, Malcolm plunged into the living current that surged impetuously into the narrow, tortuous stairs and lobbies. Lieutenant Calvert caught up the fainting form of his betrothed, and followed; while the two elderly gentlemen, breast to breast, fought bravely to win a path from death. Still, pressing as they thought the emergency, they miscalculated the swiftness of the triumphant element. The piercing shrieks of the helpless creatures, who were in the hindmost ranks, testified that they were already in its scorching embrace, when the dazzling, furious glare grew suddenly dull, and a column of pitchy smoke rolled along the roof, filled the dome, and, extinguishing every light in its downward swoop—fell a black-winged Death, upon the struggling mass of human beings. Screams and moans were stifled—stilled! All that was left of vital fire within the inner walls, went out in one agonized respiration as the victims entered into the poisonous cloud—hot, reeking with oily vapors—as it were a breath from Gehenna itself.

In the lobbies and upon the staircase, the frantic struggles for life went on in utter darkness. Behind, the roaring, surging flame—before them an impenetrable wall, and a staircase, piled high and higher with the bodies of living and dead! Over these rushed on the trampling, wrestling crowd. Strong men climbed upon the shoulders and walked upon the heads of the compacted throng that still kept their feet; women were crushed to death in the press; children trodden to pieces. Still, the ties of Nature were mighty. Husbands upbore wives with superhuman strength; mothers held their offspring so tightly enclasped, that the tremendous force of the outward tide could not tear them away; and fathers, with arms of stone and thews of steel, lifted their sons above the pressure of shoulders and heads.

Katherine had spoken but once in the dreadful transit:

"My father!"

"Is an able-bodied man—you a feeble woman!"

He had no more breath to spare, even to console her. When the cloud of smoke fell, they were still some paces from the staircase, and at the inhalation of the noisome vapor, Malcolm felt his stout heart give way. Casting

his eyes up in the darkness, he descried a faint glimmer of the sky through a window. Summoning all the muscular energy that remained to him, he threw himself against the lower sash. It fell outward, and the pure air of heaven pouring in through the opening, brought back departing life and hope to many besides himself. A cry of mingled joy and anguish went up from the sufferers, and there was an instant rush in the direction of the casement.

"Trust me!" said Malcolm. "Your safety is dearer to me than my life."

Katherine felt herself raised in his arms as he spoke; the cold wind blew more freshly over her, and, realizing with a shudder, what was his desperate resort, she shut her eyes, as he swung her clear of the building, and let her go.

A pair of stout arms broke her fall. "All safe, missis! Bless the Lord!" said a tall negro, whose giant frame had not staggered under her descending weight.

"Gilbert! Gilbert Hunt!" called a voice from an upper window.

The man hallooed in reply, and hastened away. Katherine gazed with clasped hands and dilated eyes, upon the casement from which she had been lowered. By the light of the flames, now bursting through the roof, she saw Malcolm maintain his stand within, against the crazed creatures swarming over him; saw him lower one and another quickly, gently as he had done her; heard the exclamations of thanksgiving to him and to heaven, as each reached the ground in safety. From windows above and below, forms were falling:—some headlong and shrieking; some prone and unresisting; some with clothes on fire—and within that funeral pyre were her father and her lover—while she must stand inactive—see all—hear all—and not stir to save either! A fiercer, more agonizing yell came from the imprisoned wretches, marking, as she afterward knew, the sinking of the staircase, under its accumulated load; and, forgetting the self-command she had, until now, so vigorously preserved, she cried aloud—"Malcolm! Malcolm! O, come to me!"

He heard—sent one hasty, troubled glance over the horrified faces flocking about the inside of the window—extricated himself from clinging hands and crowding forms—and was upon the earth beside her!

"My darling! *you* are saved! Thank God!"

He asked not whether he had the right. For one rapturous instant he held her to his heart, as the fervent ejaculation passed his lips; for one second

her arms were about his neck—her head upon his breast—and she started up—

"My father! Have you seen him?"

"I waited for him as long as I dared! I trust he has escaped by the door. It is not safe to stand here! See!"

The licking flames, now blent into one vast, quivering, swaying pyramid, arose toward the strangely serene sky. There was no more sound of mortal woe within those trembling walls. The unequal conflict was at an end. The fire-fiend held high carousal where, one short quarter of an hour before, peace, and pleasure, and joy—the enjoyment that "takes no thought for the morrow"—had reigned supreme!

LOVE ME.

Thy heart is like the billowy tide
  Of some impetuous river,
That mighty in its power and pride,
  Sweeps on and on forever.
The white foam is its battle crest,
  As to the charge it rushes
And from its vast and panting breast,
  A stormy shout up gushes.

"Through all—o'er all—my way I cleave—
  Each barrier down-bearing—
Fame is the guerdon of the brave,
  And victory of the daring!"
While mine is like the brooklet's flow,
  Through peaceful valleys gliding;
O'er which the willow boughs bend low
  The tiny wavelet hiding.

And as it steals on, calm and clear,
  A little song 'tis singing,
That vibrates soft upon the ear,
  Like fairy vespers ringing.

"Love me—love me!" it murmurs o'er,
'Midst light and shadows ranging,
"Love me," it gurgles evermore,
The burden never changing.

Thine is the eagle's lofty flight,
With ardent hope, aspiring
E'en to the flaming source of light,
Undonbting and untiring.
Glory, with gorgeous sunbeam throws
An Iris mantle o'er thee—
A radiant present round thee glows—
Deathless renown before thee.

And I, like a shy, timid dove,
That shuns noon's fervid beaming,
And far within the silent grove,
Sits, lost in loving dreaming—
Turn, half in joy, and half in fear,
From thine ambitious soaring,
And seek to hide me from the glare,
That o'er thy track is pouring

I cannot echo back the notes
Of triumph thou art pealing,
But from my woman's heart there floats
The music of one feeling.
One single, longing, pleading moan,
Whose voice I cannot smother—
"Love me—love me!" its song alone,
And it will learn no other!

AT PEACE.

A pearly mist, like a young bride's veil,
  Folds softly o'er the sea;
And sportsome waves, that all the day,
  Have flashed and danced in glee—
Each rippling smile now passed away
  With the autumn sun's red glare—
Lie hushed—as happy children bow
  At their mother's knee in prayer.
The same sweet calm is on my heart;
  The gently heaving tide
Bears now no trace of storm that swept
  O'er it in angry pride.
The surface sleeps all tranquilly
  O'er earth-born passions' grave,
And a gleam, like that of heaven's first star
  Is trembling on the wave.
Father! I thank Thee! though this light
  Be not the roseate hue
That tinged with fresh and changeful shade,
  My soul when life was new.
Though the foamy billows bound no more
  In sunbright revelry;
Nor echo back the tempest's shout
  And wild wind's anthem free;
Though in the deep, I look in vain
  For youthful visions fair—
Let the rich pearls of Faith and Hope
  Lie fondly cradled there.
Oh! may thy love, as twilight dews,
  Upon my spirit rest,
And still that ray of heavenly light
  Be mirrored in my breast!

EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Among our impassioned writers, whose crowded and pungent lives seem to flow out resistlessly from their pens, no woman's name is more electrical to the popular ear than that of Mrs. Southworth. Voluminous as her writings are, embracing a wide personal and emotional range, we are told that she has never yet drawn upon her imagination for the basis of a single character. To this fact may be attributed the power of her portraiture, and the spell which holds her readers.

Nothing is so strange as reality; and Mrs. Southworth, in bringing veritable men and women from the extremes of her observation, and allowing them full scope for self-assertion, has laid her stories open to the charge of unnaturalness. Then, too, if she has not *drawn* upon her imagination, as a pervading element of her mind, it has surrounded and infiltrated her characters. Peculiar circumstances having called into action all the fire and force of her nature, she has poured herself out through these living media, and their loves and hates have lost nothing by the intense attrition.

She writes with great facility, and dashes off one book after another with a rapidity almost incredible. In five years she published eleven large volumes, but in doing this, upon the spur of necessity, it was impossible to be just to herself. These works are full of vigor and dramatic interest, impressing one always with that most excellent sense of a superabundance of

heart and brain in reserve, but they would gain much in a careful revision. She excels in her delineations of negro character, and her descriptions of southern life and scenery are, some of them, inimitable.

Emma D. E. Nevitte was the eldest daughter of Captain Charles L. Nevitte, of Alexandria, Virginia, and of Susannah George Wailes, of St. Mary's County, Maryland. She was descended from families of high rank in England and France; through her father, from Charles, Le Comte Nevitte, and, on her mother's side, from Sir Thomas Grenfeldt, a knight of the time of James I. Her ancestors emigrated to this country in 1632, and were conspicuous in the American Revolution. Her father, who was a large importing merchant of Alexandria, served at the head of a company of volunteers in the war of 1812, and received a wound from which he never recovered. At the age of forty-five, Captain Nevitte married his second wife, a girl of fifteen, too young to be separated from her widowed mother, who removed with them to Washington, where they leased together the spacious house once occupied by General Washington.

Here (says Mrs. Southworth) I was born, on the 26th of December, 1818, in the very chamber once tenanted by General Washington. I was a child of sorrow from the very first year of my life. Thin and dark, I had no beauty except a pair of large, wild eyes—but even this was destined to be tarnished. At twelve months I was attacked with an inflammation of the eyes, that ended in total, though happily temporary, blindness; thus my first view of life was through a dim, mysterious cathedral light, in which every object in the world looked larger, vaguer, and more distant and imposing than it really was. Among the friends around me, the imposing form and benignant face of my dear grandmother made the deepest impression. At three years of age my sight began to clear. About this time my only *own* sister was born. She was a very beautiful child, with fair and rounded form, rosy complexion, soft-blue eyes, and golden hair, that in after years became of a bright chestnut. She was of a lively, social, loving nature, and,

as she grew, won all hearts around her—parents, cousins, nurses, servants, and all who had been wearied to death with two years' attendance on such a weird little elf as myself—yes, and who *made me feel it too.*

I was wildly, passionately attached to my father, and even his partiality in favor of my younger sister—his "dove-eyed darling," as he called her, did not affect my love for him. But he was often from home for months at a time, and all my life was then divided into two periods—when he was at home, and when he was gone; and every event dated from one of two epochs —joyfully, "since father came home:" sadly, "since father went away." But at last my father, who had never recovered from the effects of his wound, got a cold, which fell upon his lungs. His health declined rapidly. My joys and sorrows now took these forms—"Father is able to walk about!" "Father is sick in bed?"

My father was a Roman Catholic, my mother an Episcopalian. This accounts for what occurred about this time. One day my sister and myself were dressed and taken into my father's room. We found all the family assembled, with several neighbors, around our father's bed. The priest was there in his sacred vestments. He had come to administer the last consolations of the church to our father, and was now about to christen myself and my sister by his dying bed. After these rites of baptism were over, we were taken from the room, but not before our father had laid his dying hands upon our heads and blessed us. I do not know how long it was after this, or where we were standing, when some one—I know not who—came and said, "Emma, your father is dead." I remember I felt as if I had received a sudden, stunning blow upon the brow. I reeled back from the blow an instant, unable to meet it, and then, with an impulse to escape from the calamity, turned and fled—fled with my utmost speed, until, at some distance from home, I fell upon my face exhausted, insensible. That is all I remember, except the dark pageantry of the funeral, which seemed to me like a hideous dream. I was then about four years old, my sister one year old. For months, and even years after, I ruminated on life, death, heaven, and hell, with a painful intensity of thought impossible to describe.

After my father's death, my grandmother and mother were in very straitened circumstances, and found it extremely difficult to keep up the style of living to which they had been accustomed. My grandmother had some property that brought her in a moderate income; they had besides the house leased, and, for that day, very sumptuously furnished. My grandmother yielded to the advice of her friends, and received a few very select

boarders. But she was a lady of the lofty old school, and never could bear to present a bill; so the end of it was she gave it up in a year.

At the age of six, I was a little, thin, dark, wild-eyed elf, shy awkward, and unattractive, and, in consequence, very much—*let alone*. I spent much time in solitude, revery, or mischief; took to attics, cellars, and cock-lofts, consorting with cats and pigeons, or with the old negroes in the kitchen, listening with open ears and mind to ghost stories, old legends, and tales of the times when "ole mist'ess was rich and saw lots of grand company"—very happy when I could get my little sister to share my queer pleasures; but "Lotty" was a parlor favorite, and was better pleased with the happy faces of our young country cousins, some of whom were always with us on long visits. The brightest lights of those days were the frequent visits we would make down into St. Mary's County, sometimes sailing down the majestic Potomac as far as St. Clement's Isle and Bay, where we generally landed, and sometimes going in the old family carriage through the grand old forest between the District of Columbia and the shores of the Chesapeake. We often received visits also from our country kinsfolk — visits of months' and even of years' duration.

At this time of my life, rejoicing in the light and liberty of nature, I should have been very happy also in the love of my friends and relations, if they had permitted it; but no matter! Year after year, from my eighth to my sixteenth year, I grew more lonely, retired more into myself, until, notwithstanding a strong, ardent, demonstrative temperament, I became cold, reserved, and abstracted, even to absence of mind—even to apparent insensibility.

* * * * * * * * *

Let me pass over in silence the stormy and disastrous days of my wretched girlhood and womanhood—days that stamped upon my brow of youth the furrows of fifty years—let me come at once to the time when I found myself broken in spirit, health, and purse—a widow in fate, but not in fact—with my babes looking up to me for a support I could not give them. It was in these dearest days of my *woman's* life that my *author's* life commenced. I wrote and published "Retribution," my first novel, under the following circumstances:

In January, 1849, I had been appointed teacher of the Fourth District Primary School. The school was kept in the two largest rooms in my house, those upon the ground floor. I had eighty pupils. A few months previous to this, I had written a few short tales and sketches for the

"National Era." It was while I was organizing my new school, that Dr. Bailey applied to me for another story. I promised one that should go through two papers. I called up several subjects of a profoundly moral and philosophical nature, upon which the very trials and sufferings of my own life had led me to reflect, and from among them selected *moral retribution*, as I understood it. I designed to illustrate the idea by a short tale. I commenced, and somehow or other, my head and heart were teeming with thought and emotion, and the idea that had at first but glimmered faintly upon my perceptions, blazed into a perfect glory of light, but which I fear I have not been able to transmit to others with the brightness with which it shone upon myself. No, it was dimmed by the dullness of the medium. My story grew into a volume. Every week I would supply a portion to the paper, until weeks grew into months, and months into quarters, before it was finished.

The circumstances under which this, my first novel, was written, and the success which afterward attended its publication, is a remarkable instance of "sowing in tears and reaping in joy;" for in addition to that bitterest sorrow with which I may not make you acquainted—that great life sorrow—I had many minor troubles. My small salary was inadequate to our comfortable support. My school numbered eighty pupils, boys and girls, and I had the whole charge of them. Added to this, my little boy fell dangerously ill, and was confined to his bed in perfect helplessness until June. He would suffer no one to move him but myself; in fact no one else *could* do so without putting him in pain. Thus my time was passed between my housekeeping, my schoolkeeping, my child's sick-bed, and my literary labors. The time devoted to writing was the hours that should have been given to sleep or to fresh air. It was too much for me. It was too much for any human being. My health broke down. I was attacked with frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. Still I persevered. I did my best by my house, my school, my sick child, and my publisher. Yet neither child, nor school, nor publisher received justice. The child suffered and complained, the patrons of the school grew dissatisfied, annoying, and sometimes insulting me, and as for the publisher, he would reject whole pages of that manuscript, which was written amid grief, and pain, and toil that he knew nothing of—pages, by the way, that were restored in the republication.

This was indeed the very *mêlée* of the "Battle of Life." I was forced to keep up, struggling, when I only wished for death and for rest.

But look you how it terminated. That night of storm and darkness

came to an end, and morning broke on me at last—a bright, glad morning, pioneering a new and happy day of life. First of all, it was in this very tempest of trouble that my "life sorrow," was, as it were, carried away, or *I* was carried away from brooding over it. Next, my child, contrary to my own opinion and the doctor's, got well. Then, my book, written in so much pain, published beside in a newspaper, and withal, being the *first* work of an obscure and penniless author, was, contrary to all probabilities, accepted by the first publishing house in America, was published, and subsequently noticed with high favor, even by the cautious English reviews. Friends crowded around me, offers for contributions poured in upon me. And I, who six months before had been poor, ill, forsaken, slandered, *killed* by sorrow, privation, toil, and friendlessness, found myself born, as it were, into a new life; found independence, sympathy, friendship and honor, and an occupation in which I could delight. All this came very suddenly, as after a terrible storm, a sun-burst.

So much of Mrs. Southworth's history we give in her own words, because in no other way could she be brought so palpably before us. Through her sharp, nervous delineations we trace clearly the mold of circumstance which gave shape and direction to her career; we better understand the growth of her weird and vivid fancy; we *feel* the fiery elements which entered into her emotional nature, and became the pervading characteristic of her works.

It is not stated in this sketch that the mother of our author was married (a second time) to Joshua L. Henshaw, of Boston, and that to him Mrs. Southworth is indebted almost entirely for her education. Under his culture, vigorous shoots began to show themselves in her mental soil, pricking the mold with a force and positiveness which augured well for their future growth. She was soon a leading scholar in his school, and from that time continued steadily to advance.

Three years after the event which involved her "life sorrow," as she sat, on a Christmas evening, broken in spirit and hope, her little ones asleep beside her, suggesting painfully

their dependence, and her slender resources, she at last wandered dreamily off into an old tradition of St. Mary's, which her mother had recently related to her; and finding her sad thoughts beguiled by its stirring incidents, began to wonder if she could not render it, with equal interest, into a tale for publication. The trial was made, and resulted in "The Irish Refugee," which was accepted at once by the editor of the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor," who very kindly wrote a note of encouragement to the author. With this new impulse, she soon completed a second story, "The Wife's Victory," and so entered upon her literary career.

After dashing off a series of tales for the "National Era," and attracting much attention by the electric vigor of her style, writing all this time from an overcharged heart and brain, without a thought of compensation, she was obliged to put by the luxury of the pen, and give all her energies to her school and her needle. Her funds were running low, her salary was in arrears, winter was approaching, and her heart sank within her. At this juncture, she was most agreeably surprised by a visit from the editor of the "Era," who placed in her hands a generous remuneration for past services, and engaged her as a regular contributor. She at once commenced her third story, "Sybil Brotherton, or The Temptation," intending to complete it in one number; but it grew at last to the length of a novelette, and proved a stepping-stone to the continuous works which have since distinguished her.

In 1849, "Retribution" was reproduced by Harper & Brothers. In no work of Mrs. Southworth's do we find a stronger stamp of her peculiar genius. Long-pent emotions pour through it like streams of lava. Her characters glow with the white heat of her own experience. With such elements, the book could not fail to place the author at once in the public eye. Yet had those elements been retouched and toned

when the white heat had passed, they would have lost none of their power, and detracted nothing from the fame of the author. About this time, she became a contributor to the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post," a relation which she sustained for several years with pleasure and profit.

In five years, dating from the appearance of "Retribution," she wrote and published the following volumes: "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Mother-in-Law," "Children of the Isle," "The Foster Sisters," "The Curse of Clifton," "Old Neighborhoods and New Settlements," "Mark Sutherland," "The Lost Heiress," and "Hickory Hall." Since that time, a handsome uniform edition of these works, with the addition of two others, "The Lady of the Isle," and "The Haunted Homestead," have been brought out by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. With the advantage of this attractive presentation, the books are still having a large and extended sale. They have also been translated into French and German, and have sold largely in London, Paris, and Leipsic.

Having thus, by her indefatigable efforts, achieved fame and competence, Mrs. Southworth removed, in 1853, to a charming villa on the Potomac Heights, at the west end of Georgetown. Here, for six years, she resided with her children; her home, especially during the sessions of Congress, being the resort of distinguished people from all parts of the Union. With these social privileges, the culture of her children, and her literary labors, in which she has ever found her true vocation—with rides, drives, and rambles through the romantic country which surrounded her, and occasional excursions to the sea-shore, the mountains, and our larger northern cities, the years glided by in strong contrast with the dark days that preceded them.

"Fortune favors the brave," and soon after Mrs. Southworth's removal to this pleasant home, her services were secured exclusively for the "New York Ledger," the bounteous editor

of that journal, as a matter of course, making the engagement the *crowning* one of her literary career.

It is pleasant to trace in Mrs. Southworth's later writings, the genial effect of sunshine and sympathy. Her stories are still impassioned, but there are no currents that scathe as we follow them. This is especially true of the serial "Rose Elmer," just now being published in the "Ledger," as well as "Capitola," which appeared some months since in the same journal. The latter fairly sparkles and dances with vivacity; and even the "villain of the plot," does his *devoir* with an unmalicious, deprecating grace, that excites in us only a desire to win him from his evil way, and make a taking little saint of him.

In 1859, finding her health failing at last, under the strain of constant application, Mrs. Southworth took leave, for a time, of "Prospect Cottage," and went, with her two children, "to recruit under the green shadows of old English homes." That she still lingers is, we trust, a proof that English shadows are falling balmily.

LADY ETHERIDGE BECOMES A GOVERNESS.

Laura Elmer arrived in London alone, at nightfall. Leaving the mail-coach, she called a fly, had her luggage put on, and directed the driver to drive to a house in one of the most fashionable localities in the West End. An hour's ride brought her to within a few blocks of her destination. To get nearer seemed impossible, from the long line of carriages that stood along the street in front of the house, and stopped the way. Every circumstance seemed to indicate that a large evening party was being entertained at the house in question.

Laura put down the window, and asked the driver:

"Can you get no further?"

"No, madam; not as yet," answered the cabman.

"How long shall we have to stay here?"

"Himpossile to say, mum. Here be a great crowd, as her la'ship his 'aving of a ball, or summut."

Laura sunk back in her seat, and waited perhaps half an hour before the cab drew up to the door, which, standing open, revealed a lighted hall, with a supercilious-looking porter, seated in an arm-chair, and several footmen in attendance, to one of whom Laura handed her card.

Laura Elmer was dressed in deep mourning, and muffled in the cloak and hood in which she had travelled from Swinburne. But there was in her air and manner a certain gracious dignity that seemed to mark her as a lady of high rank. The servant that received her card bowed low, and showed her up the broad staircase to the door of a cloak-room, where several splendidly-dressed ladies were laying off their wrappings before passing into the drawing-room.

Laura saw at once the servant's very natural error, and turning, said:

"I think you mistake me for one of the invited guests, this evening."

Even that explanation did not shake the servant's faith in the high position of the noble-looking woman before him. He glanced at her deep mourning, and thought he had found the reason why she was not a guest at the gay party. He answered, respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, madam; if you will be so good as to walk into the library, I will take your card up to her ladyship."

And the man opened a door on the left, and showed the visitor into a spacious and richly-furnished library. Laura seated herself at a table, and mechanically turned over the leaves of a folio while waiting the return of the servant.

Presently she heard voices without the door—one was that of the footman who had carried up her card, and who seemed to be apologizing for the mistake he had made. The other was the voice of an elderly female servant, who was roundly lecturing the man in the following words:

"To carry up the governess's card to 'er ladyship in the drawing-room! I'm ashamed of you, James! but hi never could teach you the difference between a lady and a woman. Now I not only know a lady from a woman, but among ladies, hi can halways tell a mistress, han 'onorable mistress, a lady, a baroness, a viscountess, countess, marchioness, and duchess, the minute hi see one, and hi graduate my respects haccordingly. Hand similarly among young ladies, I can tell at sight a miss, han 'onorable miss, hand a lady; hand likewise graduates my respects haccordingly. Now, a governess, James, is not by no means a lady; but his only a person hentitled to no manner of respects whatsomedever, except Christian charity, has one may say. Now you shall see how I receives this governess."

"Just so, Mrs. Jones; you'll put her on her proper footing in no time."

"You shall see, James."

But Mrs. Jones did not know that there were spiritual hierarchies as dominant as were earthly ones, and that in Laura Elmer's person lived the honor-compelling spirit of a queen.

She opened the door and bustled in, swinging herself from side to side, with all the insolence of a pampered menial, and was about to speak, when Laura Elmer raised her stately head, and fixed her full, dark eyes upon the woman's face; whereupon the latter immediately, and quite involuntarily, dropped a courtesy, and addressing Miss Elmer very respectfully, said:

"My lady has sent me to receive you, ma'am. Would you prefer to see your room before you take supper?"

"I thank you; you may show me to my apartment, and send me a cup of tea; that is all I shall require to-night," said Laura.

The housekeeper touched a bell, which was answered by a housemaid, to whom she said:

"Show Miss Elmer to the bed-chamber adjoining the school-room, and take her up a cup of tea."

The girl brought a light, and requesting Miss Elmer to precede her, showed the way from the library.

"There, James, you see with what self-respect and dignity *hi* treat the governess," said the housekeeper, just as soon as the restraining influence of Laura's presence was withdrawn.

"Can't say as I did, Mrs. Jones," said the footman, very drily.

"You seen, at least, hi kept her at a distance," said the housekeeper.

"I see as you kept *yourself* at a respectful distance, just as I should, if any haccident was to throw me in the way of her majesty the queen."

"You're a himperent fellow, and hi shall report you to Sir Vincent!" exclaimed the housekeeper, in a fury, as, swinging herself from side to side, she brushed out of the room.

"Well! governess or duchess, I could no more fail in respects to that young lady, than I could to Lady Lester herself. Leastways, when I'm in her presence; nor no more could you, Mrs. Jones, for all your swinging about of your hoops behind her back. Why, she's grander-looking in her plain black dress, than all the peeresses in their velvets and diamonds, as I saw hannounced in the drawing-room this hevening," was the acute criticism of the footman, James, as he returned to his post of service in the hall below.

Meanwhile, Laura Elmer was conducted by the housemaid to her apartment, next the school-room, in the third story.

"My lady appointed this floor as the apartments of the young ladies and their governess, upon account of its quiet and fresh air, and I am directed to wait on you and them, ma'am. Is there anything I can bring you with your tea?" asked the maid, as she ushered Miss Elmer into the comfortably furnished and well-lighted bed-room, where her luggage had already been brought.

"Nothing else, thank you. My good girl, what is your name?"

"Lizzy, ma'am."

"Nothing, then, Lizzy," said Miss Elmer, laying off her wrappings and bonnet, and throwing herself into an arm-chair before the bright fire.

And then the excitement that had sustained her through the long journey, subsided, now that it was over. There came a strong reaction, and she burst into a passion of tears; but not one thought was given to the loss of wealth or title; a commonplace woman might indeed have wept bitterly for the loss of these, but Laura Elmer could only weep for the greater bereavement of her heart.

"If he had been taken away from me by death, while I yet believed him to be true and noble, then, indeed, I could have borne it! I should have put on mourning and lived through all my pilgrimage on earth a widowed maiden for his sake, waiting for that death which should re-unite us in eternal love. But now! but now! he is lost to me forever, in time and in eternity!"

She dropped her face once more upon her hands, and sobbed as though the very fountains of her life were breaking up.

Thus bitterly she wept in her hour of weakness for the false-hearted traitor, caring nothing, knowing nothing of the true and noble heart who had secretly consecrated himself to her service, and who would gladly have shed his blood, drop by drop, to have saved her from shedding tears.

Not long did her weakness last. She dashed the sparkling drops from her eye, murmuring:

"I must not give way to sorrow for the past. I must struggle through my life. I must not murmur at misfortune, but rather thank heaven for the blessings that are left. I have lost wealth, position, and my false love; but I have left youth, health, intellect, and much acquired knowledge, with many accomplishments. These will always enable me to lead a useful life. How much more favored am I still than half my fellow-creatures! I will

grieve no more, but rather show my gratitude to heaven by a cheerful industry in the station in life, which Providence has assigned me."

She arose, bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair, and resumed her seat just as Lizzie entered with the tea-tray.

And after this slight refreshment, Laura Elmer dismissed her attendant and retired to bed. She could not sleep. The novelty of her position was enough to have disturbed her repose; but this was not all. Accustomed all her life to the luxurious stillness of Swinburne Castle, where her own delicious sleeping-room was blind to light and deaf to sound, she found the noise of the London streets a perfect antidote to sleep. All night long there was the sound of carriages coming and going, as late guests arrived and early ones departed. At length when day broke, and all the rest of the world woke to life, London became quiet.

Laura Elmer dropped asleep, and was visited by a singular dream or vision. First there was infused into her soul a delicious warmth and light, strengthening as soothing. She was again at Swinburne Castle. The beautiful and beloved home of her childhood and youth was bathed in the sunshine of a glorious summer's day. Many loving friends were around her, and by her side was one whose kingly countenance seemed strange, yet strangely familiar, and whom, in her dream, she loved with a passion as profound as it was elevated, as ardent as it was pure.

In his hand he held the coronet of her ancient house. This glittering diadem he placed upon her brow, saying:

"Hail, my beloved! once more Laura, Baronness of Etheridge of Swinburne!"

With the fullness of joy that this diadem inspired, she awoke, and the beautiful vision fled. The vision fled, but not its beneficent effect. Charmed, strengthened, and elevated, she knew not wherefore, except through the influence of her dream, she arose and made her simple morning toilet—a plain black bombazine dress, and black crape collar. Her rich and abundant black hair, worn in plain bands, was her only head-dress. By the time she had completed her toilet, which, simple as it was, occupied her longer than usual, for she was quite unaccustomed to waiting upon herself, there came a gentle rap at the chamber door, and to her "Come in," entered the little maid.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, ma'am, I thought you would want me to assist you," said Lizzy; adding, "breakfast is quite ready."

"Show me the way, then, child," said Miss Elmer.

The maid conducted our heroine to a small sitting-room adjoining the school-room, where a table was laid for the morning meal.

"The young ladies and their governess take their meals here, ma'am, if you please."

"And where are the young ladies?"

"If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Rachel will bring them directly."

And even as the maid spoke, a respectable, middle-aged matron entered, leading two dark-eyed little girls, of about ten and twelve years, by the hand, whom she presented to the governess as Miss Lester and Miss Lucy Lester, adding:

"Now, my dears, this lady is your teacher. You will be very good, and not plague her as much as you did Miss Primrose."

"But I hated Miss Primrose, nurse, and I shall hate this one, too; I know I shall," said the elder child.

"For shame, Miss Lester! Go and speak to your governess, as a young lady should," said the nurse.

The children drew back, frowning and sulky; but Laura advanced toward them with outstretched hands, saying:

"I am very glad to see you, my dears, and I am sure you will like to stay with me."

Her voice was so sweet, and her look so gracious and benignant, that the children readily met her offered hands, and smiles broke through their sulky faces, like sunshine through the clouds.

The elder one looked up shily into her face, and said:

"I am sorry that I said anything to offend you, ma'am; but Miss Primrose was *such* a plague! But I will please you!"

"I hope so; and now shall we go to breakfast?" said Laura, leading the little girl to the table.

The nurse had left the school-room, and now returned leading in a little boy about eleven years old, saying:

"And here is Master Percy, if you please, ma'am. He is to be under your charge until his tutor arrives."

Once more Laura arose to meet the lad; a fine, handsome, dark-eyed, frank-looking boy, who returned her cordial greeting with a look of real admiration, saying:

"I am a great boy to be in a lady's school-room, Miss Elmer: but you will find me not at all unmanageable."

"Of that I am quite sure," replied the governess.

The boy joined the circle at the breakfast-table, where the children broke into a conversation, more remarkable for vivacity than for propriety.

Laura looked from one to another of her pupils, thinking within herself:

"Providence never intended me for a governess, for I feel not the slightest disposition toward curbing these children's fine spirits or checking their free conversation."

When breakfast was over, Miss Elmer took her pupils into the school-room, and entered into a preliminary examination of their progress in their various studies. This occupied her the whole forenoon, and it was near two o'clock when a servant knocked at the door, and being admitted, brought the compliments of Lady Lester, with a request that Miss Elmer would come immediately to her ladyship's dressing-room.

With a mournful smile given to the memory of the past, when as Baroness Etheridge, she herself received dependents in *her own* dressing-room, Laura Elmer arose, and attended by the footman, who showed her the way, descended to the second floor, upon which was situated the private apartments of Lady Lester. Laura was shown into a spacious dressing-room, with hangings of blue satin, and otherwise splendidly furnished, the walls being adorned with the choicest paintings, and the niches filled with the rarest statues, all original or copies of old masters. Many bouquets of the rarest exotics diffused a rich fragrance through the air. In the midst of this room stood a large Psyche mirror, and before it, in the softest of easy-chairs, reclined a fair, statuesque woman, arrayed in a graceful white dressing-gown of Indian muslin. At her side stood a small rosewood table, with a breakfast-service of gold plate, upon which stood the remains of a dainty breakfast. At the back of her ladyship's chair stood her French maid, engaged in combing out the long, luxuriant, light hair of her mistress.

The first thought of Laura Elmer on entering the room, was:

"Surely this young, fair, inane-looking woman, cannot be the mother of those very vivacious and beautiful little brunettes in the school-room. She must be their step-mother, and the baronet's second wife."

"Jeanette, tell the young person to come around here, where I can see her without having to turn my head," said her ladyship, addressing her *femme de chambre*.

Laura smilingly advanced, and stood as she was desired, immediately before Lady Lester.

"You are the new governess that Sir Vincent engaged!" she inquired, without taking the trouble to lift her languid, snowy eyelids.

"Yes, madam," replied Laura.

"Your name is Miss Elmer!"

"It is, madam."

"Well, Miss Elmer, Sir Vincent desired me to see you this morning, though I am quite at a loss to know why," drawled her ladyship languidly.

"Perhaps, madam, the baronet wished me to receive your instructions as to the best method of managing my pupils," suggested Laura.

"Oh, nurse Jones could tell you how to manage much better than I could. She understands their dispositions."

"It is probable, then, that Sir Vincent wished me to receive your ladyship's directions concerning the course of studies to be pursued by the young ladies?"

"Oh, then, he should have sent for you to the library, talked with you himself, for he is interested in all those matters, which only bore me."

All this time Laura Elmer had stood with her stately form drawn up, and her large, dark, starry eyes looking steadily down upon the fair inanity before her.

"I am sure I cannot conceive why Sir Vincent should wish me to see you," said her ladyship, in a tone of vexation, and then, for the first time, raising her languid eyes to the face of the governess, she asked:

"Can you suggest anything else?"

Then seeing, for the first time, that queenly form, and meeting, for the first time, that queenly spirit shining through the great, calm, luminous eyes, she instinctively bowed before it, and involuntary said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elmer, for having kept you standing so long. Pray take a seat."

"I thank you, madam, but if your ladyship has really no commands for me, I will ask your permission to return to my charge."

"I really do not know that I have anything to suggest to you, Miss Elmer. Yet now I think of it, I wish you to tell me, do they make you comfortable? I leave all these things to Jones."

"Quite comfortable, I thank you, madam."

"If you find there is anything that you require for your comfort or your happiness, let Jones know; and if she neglects your orders, inform Sir Vincent. He has more energy than I have, and relieves me of all that sort of trouble."

"I thank your ladyship," Laura said. "There is nothing I require for my comfort; and, for my happiness, I fear it would be unjust to compel poor Jones to provide for that," she added, mentally.

Then bidding her ladyship good morning, she retired from her presence.

In the outer hall, she found herself waylaid by another footman, with Sir Vincent's respects to her, and a request that she would favor him with a few moments' conversation in the library.

Again Laura smiled to herself, thinking:

"If the baronet is no more alive to his parental duties than her ladyship, this interview will be a mere form."

She was shown into the richly-furnished library, filled with the treasures of literature, science and art of two centuries of accumulation, and lighted by one tall, Gothic window of stained glass, that diffused "a dim, religious light" throughout the vast room. In a rich, antique chair, beside a writing-table, in the centre of the room, sat a tall, stout, very handsome man, aged about forty-five. Regular and well-chiselled features, dark grey eyes, heavy black eyebrows, a large, well-formed nose, and a full, handsome mouth, were all framed in by a luxuriant growth of shining black hair and whiskers.

On seeing Miss Elmer, he arose with a stately courtesy, and placed a chair for her, saying, as he handed her to her seat:

"I requested the favor of your company here, Miss Elmer, that I might consult with you upon the subject of your new pupils."

Laura bowed and awaited his further speech.

"You have, I presume, just left Lady Lester?"

"Yes, Sir Vincent."

"The delicate constitution, and the numerous social responsibilities of her ladyship, prevent her from giving that attention to her children that she would otherwise."

The baronet paused. He seemed anxious to defend his wife's indifference to her children, yet unable to do so with truth. At length he said:

"You have seen your future pupils?"

"I have seen them."

"I hope, that notwithstanding their very neglected condition, you find them not unpromising subjects?"

"Decidedly not. They seem to me to be unusually gifted, though somewhat undisciplined," said Laura, with a smile, adding, "however, I should have informed you, sir, that I have little experience in children, never having filled the situation of governess before."

The baronet looked up in surprise, then drawing toward him an open letter that lay on the table, and referring to it, he said:

"Ah! yes, Dr. Seymour has written 'that unforeseen reverses have placed Miss Elmer under the necessity of seeking a situation in life for which she was not brought up, yet, for which her moral and intellectual qualifications eminently fit her.' I must condole with your misfortunes, and at the same time I congratulate myself and my children, Miss Elmer."

Laura bowed, and remained silent.

The baronet then went over the list of studies that he wished his children to pursue, and in conclusion, said:

"I hope you will allow me to look into your school-room sometimes, Miss Elmer, to aid you by such counsels as my somewhat longer and more intimate acquaintance with your pupils might suggest," said the baronet, smilling.

"My inexperience will thank you, sir."

And seeing that the interview was closed, she was about to rise, when the door swung slowly open, and a figure glided in that immediately arrested her attention.

It was that of a young woman of about twenty years of age, who would have been beautiful but for the deathly pallor of her thin face, that looked still more ghastly white in contrast with the raven blackness of her hair, eyebrows, and large, wild eyes, and her dress of deep mourning.

The baronet started, changed countenance, and arose in haste and agitation, and advanced to meet her.

But she glided toward him, extending her thin, white arms, clasping her transparent hands, and fixing her wild, black eyes in an agony of supplication upon his face.

"Helen, why are you here? What is this?" he inquired, in a deep and smothered voice, as he took her hand, and led her unresisting from the room.

Feeling it to be impossible to follow them, Laura Elmer retained her seat for a few moments, at the end of which time the baronet reëntered the library in a state of agitation almost frightful to behold. The veins of his forehead were swollen out like blue cords, his nostrils were dilated and quivering, his lips grimly clenched, his cheeks highly flushed, his dark eyes contracted and glittering, his large frame shaking. He evidently struggled to suppress the exhibition of his emotions as he resumed his seat, and, trembling, dropped his face upon his hands.

Laura Elmer felt painfully the awkwardness of her position. It was impossible to speak to him, and nearly equally impossible to withdraw without doing so, while it seemed indelicate to remain and witness the strong emotions that he so evidently tried to conceal.

At length, seeing him deeply absorbed in his own feelings, she softly arose, with the intention of gliding from the room, when the baronet, somehow perceiving her purpose, abruptly started forward, saying, "I beg your pardon, Miss Elmer," opened the door, and courteously held it open until she passed out.

Laura Elmer retraced her steps to the school-room.

As she entered she was warmly greeted by the smiles of her young charges, who assured her that they had conscientiously occupied the time of her absence in devotion to their studies.

"Not disinterested attention, I assure you, Miss Elmer, as we remember the old condition of, 'no lessons in the school-room, no drive out in the park,'" said Miss Lester.

Laura looked up inquiringly, and learned from the explanation that ensued, that the governess was always expected to take her pupils for a daily afternoon drive in the park, and that they were now quite ready to recite their lessons and prepare for their airing.

Laura Elmer felt no sort of objection to this arrangement, and as soon, therefore, as the lessons were faithfully dispatched, the young ladies' carriage was ordered, and they drove out.

The park was, as usual at this hour of the day, filled with a brilliant crowd in open carriages, of every description, intermingled with gay and noble equestrian figures. Laura Elmer enjoyed her drive through the park even more than her pupils did, since to her the scene was as new as it was interesting.

Presently—

"There is Ruthven," exclaimed Miss Lester, as a young gentleman, mounted on a spirited horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and, lifting his hat, said:

"Well, young ladies, I hope you are enjoying your drive."

"Excellent well. Miss Elmer, this is our elder brother, Ruthven," said Miss Lester.

The young gentleman, smiling at this very informal presentation, bowed, and hoped Miss Elmer was well, and not too much incommoded by his very unmanageable sisters.

Miss Elmer reassured Mr. Lester upon that point, and, in doing so, for the first time looked up at him.

He was a fine-looking young man, very much like his father, having the same tall and well-proportioned frame, though much less stout than that of the baronet; and the same dark eyes, and heavy eyebrows, and regular features, surrounded by jet-black hair and whiskers, though his face was less full, and his countenance less mature, than that of the elder man. He rode beside the carriage, conversing gaily with his sisters, for some time, and then suddenly inquired:

"Is her ladyship out to-day?"

"I am sure I don't know. I have not seen mamma for a week," replied Miss Lester.

"And poor Helen?" inquired the young man, lowering his voice.

"Hush! for mercy's sake! you quite frighten me," replied his sister, in the same low tone, and with changing cheek, and trembling voice.

The young man sighed deeply, and murmuring, inaudibly,

"Her name was banished from each ear,
Like words of wantonness and fear,"

turned and rode sadly away.

A strange, terrified silence fell upon the little party, which lasted until they returned home. After an early tea and supper, Laura Elmer retired to bed. And thus ended the first day of her new phase of life.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD.

I could not sleep! I seldom can the first night in a strange house, and this was—*such a house!* I felt quite alone—as much alone as if the heavy sleepers in the next bed were a thousand miles away, for *further still* in spirit were they. I thought of the isolated situation of the house we were in; of the crimes, real or reputed, that had stained its hearth-stone; of the superstitions terror attaching to the haunted place; of the hard facts that three several families, not reputed less wise or less brave than their neighbors, had been driven from the spot by supernatural disturbance as yet unexplained; of the coincidence that this dreary night was the ghostly Hallow Eve; then of the superstition that spirits, when they wish to appear to only

one in a room, have the power of casting all others into a profound sleep, from which the haunted one cannot awake them, and of isolating their victim from all the natural world—even from the very bed-fellow by their side. The room was very dark and still—solid blackness and dead silence. It oppressed me like a nightmare. At last, when my senses grew accustomed to the scenes by straining my eyes, I could dimly perceive beyond the foot of my bed, the segment of a circle formed by the fan-light window, that now only seemed a thinner darkness; and by straining my ears, I could faintly hear the stealthy fall of the drizzling rain. It was almost worse than the first total silence and darkness; for it kept my nerves on a strange *qui vive* of attention. Presently this was over too. The muffled sound of the drizzling rain ceased. Yet darker clouds must have lowered over the earth, for the faint outline of the fan-light window was no longer visible. All was once more black darkness and intense silence, and again I felt oppressed almost to suffocation—welcome now would have been the faint fall of the fine rain, or the dim outline of the window. I strained my senses in vain, no sight or sound responded. I felt the silence and the darkness settling like the clods of the ground upon my breast.

Hoo-oo-o-o—! went something.

Hark! what was that? I thought, starting.

Hoo-oo-o-o—!

Oh! the wailing voice of some low, wandering wind, I concluded.

Whir-irr-rr-r-r—!

Yes! the wind is rising, but how like a lost spirit it wails.

Urr-rr-rr-r-r-r—!

My Lord! it's not the wind! What is it? Great Heavens!

Urr-rr-rr-rr-r-r-r—!

I started up in a sitting posture, and bathed in a cold perspiration, remained listening, my hair bristling with terror.

Urr-rr-rr-rr-r-r-r—"Ha—ha—ha!"

I could bear no more!—springing out, I called—

"Grandmother! Grandmother!"

"What's the matter? Why, what ails the child?" exclaimed Mrs. Hawkins.

"Oh! listen! listen!"

"Listen to *what?*—you are dreaming!"

"Dreaming, am I? Oh! wait! Listen"——

Urr-rr-rr-r-r-r—"Ha!—ha!—ha!"

It was, as plainly as I ever heard, the sound of the rolling of a ball, followed by a peal of demoniac laughter.

I turned on Mrs. Hawkins an appalled look.

She was surprised but self-possessed, and evidently bent on calmly listening and investigating. She sat straight up in bed with a strong, concentrated attention to the sounds. They came again—

Urr-rr-rr-r-r-r-e—rattle-te-bang!—"*A ten strike at last!—O's a dead shot!*"

"*A dead shot!*"

"*A dead shot!*" was echoed all around.

Grandmother calmly threw the quilts off her, stepped out of bed, and began to dress herself.

"Strike a light, Madeline," she said.

"What are you going to do, grandmother?"

"Dress myself and examine the premises."

Urr-rr-rr-r-r-r—"*Ha! ha! ha!*" sounded once more the demoniac noiso and laughter.

The match-box nearly dropped from my shaking hands, but I struck the light.

The sudden flash awoke Alice just as another sonorous roll of the ball, and fall of the pins, and peal of demon laughter, sounded hollowly around us.

"Heaven and earth! what is that?" she exclaimed, starting up.

"What do you think it is, Alice?" said I.

"My Lord! my Lord!—it is the phantoms of the murderer and the murdered playing over again their last game!" cried the girl, in an agony of terror.

Just at this moment a distinct knocking was heard at the little door at the foot of the staircase.

Alice screamed.

I held my breath.

The knocking was repeated.

"Who is there?" said Mrs. Hawkins, going to the head of the stairs.

No answer; but the knocking was repeated; and then a frightened, plaintive voice, crying:

"Ole mistess—ole mistess—oh, do, for the Lord sake, let me in, chile! the hair's almos' turn grey on my head."

"Is that you, Cassy?"

"Yes, honey—yes, what the ghoses has left o' me," replied the poor creature, in a dying voice.

Grandmother went down the stairs and opened the door at the foot, and Cassy came tumbling up into the room after her. She was absolutely ashen grey with terror, and her limbs shook so that she could scarcely stand.

"Oh! did you hear—did you hear all the ghoses and devils playing nine-pins together in our very house?" she gasped, dropping into a chair.

As if in answer to her question, once more the phantom ball rolled in detonating thunder, the pins fell with a loud, rattling sound, followed by a hollow shout of triumph!

Cassy fell on her knees, and crossed herself devoutly.

Alice clung in terror to her grandmother.

I felt that the time to play the heroine was come, and strove to exhibit self-possession and courage.

"Take up the candle, Cassy, and lead the way downstairs. We must go and search the house," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake don't! don't, ole mistess, honey! Don't be a temptin' o' Providence! Leave the ghosts alone and stay here, and fasten the door."

"I shall search the house and grounds," said Mrs. Hawkins, in a peremptory voice. "Therefore, take up the light and go before me."

"Oh! for de Lord's love, ole mistess! ef we *mus'* go, *you* go first, you go first; I dar'n't; I's such a sinner, *I* is!" cried Cassy, wringing her hands in an agony of terror.

Urr-rrr-rr-r-r-r-rattle-te-bang-ang!

"*A ten strike! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!*" again sounded the revels.

"Hooley St. Bridget, pray for us! Hail Mary, full of grace! Don't go, ole mistess, honey! Oh, stay where yon is in safety!" pleaded the old woman, clasping her hands.

"Nonsense! Hold your tongue, Cassy. If ever there was a woman plagued with a set of cowardly simpletons, it is myself. Let go my skirts this moment, Alice! Be silent, every one of you, and follow me as softly as possible," said my grandmother, in a low, stern voice, as she took up the candle, and led the way downstairs. We followed at this order—Cassy holding on to her mistress' skirts, Alice holding to Cassy's, and I bringing up the rear, with carnal weapons in one hand and spiritual ones in the other—that is to say, with a big ruler and a prayer-book.

A chill, damp air met us at the foot of the stairs—nothing else.

The front hall was empty and bleak. We tried the doors, and found them as secure as we had left them, with the exception of the parlor door, by which Cassy had entered, and which was on the latch. Mrs. Hawkins pulled it to and locked it, saying, in a low voice, that she wished, while examining each room, to keep all the rest locked, that there might be no escape for any one concealed in the house.

First we went into the right-hand bed-room, opening from the hall. It was secure, vacant and bleak. We locked the door and drew out the key.

Next we looked into the left-hand bed-room: it was in precisely the same condition. We made it fast in the same manner.

Then we opened and entered the parlor. This was the bleakest room of any: large, square, lofty, totally bare, cold and damp.

"Nothing here," said Mrs. Hawkins, looking around.

Urr-rr-rr-r-r-r-r-rattle-te-bang-ang-ang! the phantom ball rolled, and scattered the nine-pins.

"*Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!*" shouted the hollow, ghostly voices.

They seemed to be in the very room with us, reverberating in the very air we breathed, echoing from the four walls around, and from the ceiling above us!

"Jesu Mary!" cried Cassy, dropping on her knees.

"Oh! oh! oh!" gasped Alice, clinging to me.

"This is very unaccountable," said our grandmother, looking all around the room, where nothing but bare walls and bare boards met the view.

We looked at each other in silence for a few moments, and then Mrs. Hawkins said:

"Come! let us look into the dining-room, and then call up Hector to assist us in searching the grounds."

We passed on into the next room, and locked the door behind us, as we had locked every one in our tour through the house. That room was closely packed with furniture, over which we had to clamber our passage.

While we were doing so, once again sounded the detonating roll of the ball, the rattling scattering of the pins, and the hollow peals of laughter, all echoing around and around us, as it were, in the same rooms.

Alice again seized her grandmother.

Cassy fell over a stack of wash-tubs, and called on all the saints to help her.

Mrs. Hawkins ordered Alice to let her go, and Cassy to get up, and me to move on.

She was obeyed. A great general was our grandmother, and we all knew it!

We left the dining-room, locking the last door behind us. We dodged the dark, blind alley, sheltered the candle from the drizzling mist, and went around into the kitchen and called Hector from above.

The old man answered, and soon came toddling down the narrow stairs.

"Hector, have you heard those noises?" inquired Mrs. Hawkins.

"The Lord between us and evil! I've heern, mistess! I've heern!"

"What do you suppose it is?"

A dubious, solemn shake of the head was the old man's only reply.

"Can't you speak, Hector? How do you account for those noises? Come, no mysteries; answer if you can; what are they?"

"*Dead people!*" groaned the old man, with a shudder.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawkins.

But I could see that even *she* was paler than usual.

"Come, Hector! There is no one in the house, that is certain. And no one can get into it while we are gone, because it is locked up. Now, fasten up the kitchen, and let us go and search the grounds, and unkennel any interlopers that may be lurking there."

We came out and secured the kitchen door, and began our tour of the garden.

As we left the door, our watch-dog ran out to join us.

This circumstance, while it greatly assisted us in our search, very much increased the perplexity of our minds. Had the dog heard the noises that had disturbed us, and if so, why had he not given the alarm?—or, on the other hand, were dogs insensible to supernatural sights and sounds? We could not tell, but we were glad to have Fidelle snuffing and trotting along with us, confident that if there were a human being lurking anywhere in the garden, he would smell him out. So we went up one grass-grown walk and down another, between rows of gooseberry bushes, currant bushes, and raspberry bushes, all damp and drippling with mist, and through alleys of dwarf plum-trees, and all along the hedges of evergreen inside the brick wall, and past the iron gate, which was still chained, as it had been left, and then around in the stable, coach-house, hen-house, and smoke-house, each of which we found securely locked, and, when opened, damp, musty and vacant; and so we looked over every foot of the ground, and into every out-building, finding all safe and leaving all safe; and at last, without having discovered anything, we arrived again at the dining-room door.

We all entered, locked the door after us, clambered over the piles of furniture, and passed on into the parlor.

The parlor, as I have said, was as yet unfurnished, damp and cold. Yet there we paused for a little while to take breath.

"There is nothing concealed in the garden, and nothing in the house; that is demonstrated. These strange manifestations must admit of a natural explanation; but I confess myself at a loss to explain them," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Oh, ole mistess, 'fess it's de ghoses, honey! 'fess it's de ghoses! Memorize how nobody was ever able to lib in dis cussed house!" pleaded Cassy.

"Oh, yes, grandmother, do let's sit up here all night to-night, and move out early to-morrow morning," entreated Ally.

"What do you say, Madeline?" inquired my grandmother.

"I say, brave it out!"

"So do I, my girl!" replied Mrs. Hawkins.

"Oh, for de love o' de Lord, *don't*, ole mistess! don't, Miss Maddy! don't! It's a temptin' o' Providence! leave de 'fernal ole place to de ghoses, as has de bes' right to it!" prayed Cassy.

"We'll see about that!" said our grandmother. "But come! all seems quiet now; we will go to bed, and investigate further to-morrow."

"Yes, ole mistess, honey, I knows all is quiet jest *now*, but"——

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! burst a peal of demoniac laughter, resounding through and through the room, and close into our ears.

"The Lord between us and Satan!" cried Cassy, dropping the candle, which immediately went out and left us in darkness.

While, peal on peal, sounded the demoniac laughter around us.

Cassy fell on her knees, and began praying—

"St. Mary pray for us! St. Martha pray for us! all ye hooly vargins and widders pray for us lone women! St. Peter pray for us! St. Powl pray for us! All hooly 'postles and 'vangellers pray for us poor sinners!—Saint—Saint—Saint—Oh! for de Lor's sake, Miss Ally, honey, tell me de name o' that hooly Saint *as met a ghose riding on Balaam's ass* and knows how it feels!"

"It was Saul, or Samuel, or the Witch of Endor, I forget which," said Alice, whose knowledge of the Old Testament, never very precise, was frightened out of her.

"St. Saul, St. Samuel, St. Witchywinder pray for us, as met a ghost yourself and knows how it feels."

And still while Cassy prayed her frantic prayers, and poor old Hector told his beads, and Alice trembled and clung to me, the demon laughter resounded around and around us. We were in such total darkness that I had not seen Mrs. Hawkins withdraw herself from the group, nor suspected her absence until we heard her firm, cheery voice outside near the dining-room door, saying,

"What can any one think of this? Come here, Hector! Come here, children!"

We all went, expecting some *dénoûment*.

Mrs. Hawkins telegraphed to us to be perfectly silent, and to step lightly. She turned the angle of the house, and walked up the blind alley between the back of the house and the back of the kitchen; when she had got about mid-way of the walk, she stopped, and silently pointed to the rank weeds and bushes that grew closely under the wall of the house.

"There! what do you think of that?" she said in a low voice.

We looked, and at first could see nothing; but, on a closer inspection, we perceived a very faint glimmer, a mere thread of red light, low down among the bushes.

We looked up at Mrs. Hawkins for explanation.

"After the candle fell and went out," she said, "I slipped out, with the intention of exploring again, and this time alone, and in darkness. I came up this blind alley, and looking sharply, descried that glimmer of light. And now I am convinced that the revellers, human or ghostly, are below there, in that old disused cellar that we were made to believe was nearly full of water, and required to be drained. Don't be agitated, children! take it coolly," concluded Mrs. Hawkins, stooping down to put aside the weeds and bushes.

Just at this moment, another detonating roll of the ball, and scattering fall of the pins, and peal of hollow laughter, resounded from below.

Urr-rr-rr-r-r-r rattle bang-ang-ang! "*Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho! A dead shot!*"

"Too late, young gentlemen! Your fun is all over! Your game is up! You are discovered! Come forth!" said Mrs. Hawkins, who, down upon her knees, pulled away the bushes, turned up the old broken and moldy cellar door, and discovered the scene below.

A rudely fitted up bowling alley, occupying the further end of the room,

and some eight or ten youths, no longer engaged in rolling balls, but on the contrary, standing in various attitudes of detected culpability.

"Come! come forth!" commanded Mrs. Hawkins.

And they came, climbing up the rotten and moldering steps, and the very first who put his impudent head up through the door into the open air was Will Rackaway!

"*Oh*, Will!" exclaimed Alice, reproachfully.

"*You!* Will!" questioned Mrs. Hawkins, in scandalized astonishment.

"No! the ghost of O'Donnegan," replied the youth in a sepulchral voice.

"Reprobate!" exclaimed our grandmother.

"Now, indeed, indeed, I was only taking the liberty of entertaining my friends in my kind Aunt Hawkins' cellar. Quite right, you know! Only don't tell father, and I'll never do so no more!" pleaded Will, with mock humility.

"Dismiss your comrades, sir! and come into the house! I shall send for your father to-morrow morning," said Mrs Hawkins in a stern voice.

There was no need to dismiss the intruders; they were climbing up the dilapidated steps as fast as they could come, and slinking away with averted heads, trying to conceal their faces, which Mrs. Hawkins did not insist upon discovering. When they were all gone, Will followed us into the house.

"Now then, sir, explain your conduct," ordered Mrs. Hawkins.

And Will, with an air of mock humility and deprecation, obeyed.

The account he gave was briefly this—himself and several other youths, sons of very strict parents, who proscribed nine-pins with other games, had, out of some old timber and furniture, left of O'Donnegan's old nine-pin alley, that had been taken down and carried away, fitted up the old disused cellar for their games. They had played there recently, every night, with no other intention than that of amusing themselves, and of keeping their game concealed—with certainly no thought of enacting a ghostly drama; until to their astonishment, they gradually learned that these revels were mistaken for ghostly orgies, and had given the house its unenviable reputation of being haunted—a joke much too good for human nature, and especially for *boys'* human nature not to carry out. Everything favored their concealment. The cellar was reputed to be half full of water, and was long disused, and every cellar-window, except the narrow hidden one that they had turned

into a door, and nailed up. Besides, the *front* division of the cellar was really two feet deep in water, and when there was any risk of discovery, they had a means of letting it in to overflow the back division, so that their fixtures were all covered. Thus for months they had played the double game of nine-pins and of a ghostly drama!

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ROSA VERTNER JOHNSON.

Mrs. Johnson, whose original name was Griffith, is a native of Natchez, Mississippi. When she was nine months old, her mother died, leaving her to the charge of her maternal aunt, whose child she became by adoption, and whose name she received with a mother's love and nurture.

"I have never," says Mrs. Johnson, referring to Mrs. Vertner, "known the misery of being motherless, as she has fulfilled most tenderly and unceasingly a fond mother's duty toward me."

Mr. Griffith, the father of our poet, was a gentleman of cultivated literary taste and a practised and graceful writer in both prose and verse. Many of his Indian stories—a favorite kind of creation with him—were copied into the English journals of the day with admiring recognition. He died in 1853, just as the rare gifts of his daughter were opening to fame.

Rosa Vertner's early childhood was passed at "Burlington," a beautiful country seat, near Port Gibson, Mississippi, and the home of her adopted parents. Her fondness for this place amounted almost to a passion. "Here," she says, "I learned to think and feel." And here, also, she began to give poetical expression to thought and feeling. She prattled in rhyme long before she could write, and many of her effusions, recorded from her lips, are now in the possession of her mother. Amid the outside natural charms of "Burlington," and the atmosphere of refined luxury and a poet-father's influence within, the young Rosa was cradled in the very haunts of the Muses; the spirit of poetry was in-born and bred.

When she was ten years of age, her parents, with an eye to her best interest, sold this beautiful home and removed to Kentucky, for the purpose of superintending her education. The pang which this removal cost the child Rosa, and the sacredness with which the woman Rosa still holds the memory of that forsaken ground, is "bodied forth" in one of the most dewy and fragrant of her poems—"My Childhood's Home."

Miss Vertner was educated at the celebrated Seminary of Bishop Smith, then at Lexington. At the age of seventeen, she married Claude M. Johnson, a gentleman of manly character and elegant fortune. Since her marriage, she has, until recently, resided alternately in Lexington, Kentucky—the present abode of her adopted parents—and at her husband's plantation in Louisiana, spending the winter at the latter, and the summer in the former place. Of late, however, she has made Lexington her permanent home.

Mrs. Johnson is the mother of six children, two of whom have passed from earth, though not from communion with her loving spirit, as the poem entitled "Angel Watchers" most tenderly and tearfully attests. It is a smile and tear crystallized—the purest gem in her literary casket.

In 1850, Mrs. Johnson became a contributor to the "Louisville (Ky.) Journal," under the name of "Rosa." Through this medium the greater number of her poems first appeared; although, from time to time, she has contributed also to the "Home Journal," and the principal magazines and journals of the country.

In 1857, her poems were published in a handsome volume, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, and elicited from the press the warmest tributes of praise. In a most generous notice of this collection, the editor of the "Louisville Journal" says:

"In the blooming field of modern poetry, we really know not where to look for productions at once so full of merit and

so free from defect; so luxuriant and yet so pure. The genius of the writer is equally stainless and exact. As regards not only the moral, but the literary quality of her productions, she has written nothing 'which, dying, she could wish to blot.'"

Subordinate to this broader characteristic, but more striking to the superficial eye, are the marvellous wealth and delicacy of her fancy. The fertility of her conception seems positively exhaustless.

Nor is her genius at all unequal to the higher walks of thought and imagination, as witness "The First Eclipse," and "The Frozen Ship." Whenever she has essayed these loftier paths, she has trodden them with signal ease and success. If her muse has turned more frequently and kindly to lighter themes, it has been owing mainly to the genial and sunny temper of her spirit, not to any lack of depth or energy.

Perhaps, however, the most popular and fascinating quality of this writer's poetry is its complete harmony with herself. This quality is obvious even to a cursory reader, who has never seen her, from the singular vitality and freedom which pervade the simplest emanations from her pen. To those who know her, it is doubtless the most resistless charm of her productions. Her poetry is not a creation so much as a revelation. It is the simple exhibition of the riches of her soul, rather than the coining of her subtlety.

Since the publication of this volume, Mrs. Johnson has produced many poems, in which are apparent not only the best characteristics of her former writings, but a new depth and fervor. It is said, also, that she is engaged at present on a romance in verse, which she intends to make the *chef-d'œuvre* of a new volume.

In many of the works of this writer we see glimpses of a substratum of passionate power, which has never yet been stirred. A deep fountain was troubled at the death of her children, but

troubled by an angel; and her songs only grew more low and tender—the mother's pang lost in the mother's hope. But it is evident that no shaft of agony has yet buried itself in the intense *silences* of her nature. No rankling thorn quivers in her emotions—tips her words with arrowy flame—breaks the silvery flow of her rhythm with gusts and gleams which will not be controlled. Yet this latent force is revealed in the body and poise of her writings.

The singular poem entitled "Hasheesh Visions" would seem to show no lack of impassioned element; but, if it be not the direct inspiration of the drug itself, it has the crazy play and prodigality of words evolved from the heights of brain, and not from the depths of feeling.

HASHEESH VISIONS.

Fiery fetters fiercely bound me,
Globes of golden fire rolled round me,
Jets of violet-colored flame
From ruby-crusted mountains came,
And, floating upward, wreathed on high
Like gorgeous serpents through the sky,
To whose rich coils the stars of night
Clung and became like scales of light;
A crimson sea before me blushed,
To which ten thousand rivers rushed—
Ten thousand rivers, all of flame,
And as they hissing onward came,
Their burning waters seemed to pour
Along an opalescent shore,
While, in that red deep, far away,
A myriad opal islands lay.
With eager, wistful gaze I turned
To where their dazzling splendors burned;

With fearful struggles, stung by pain,
I rent my fiery bonds in twain,
And madly (when my limbs were free)
Plunged headlong in that lurid sea,
Whose red and seething billows seemed
To mock me as they hissed and screamed;
While tortured thus, scorched to the bone,
I drifted on with ceaseless moan,
Till, near those opal islands cast,
When (dreaming all my anguish past)
I grasped a smooth and glittering shore
In vain, then drifted on once more;
On, on, till countless isles were past,
And then a boiling wave at last
Spurned, flung me from its blazing crest,
To *seem* at least one moment blest,
Upon an isle which seemed to be
The fairest in that wondrous sea;
But on its cool and polished shore
My agony scarce ceased before
This beautiful and long-sought goal,
This Eldorado of my soul,
For which I yearned with wild desire,
Seemed thronged with skeletons of *fire*,
That danced around me, shrieked my name,
And scorched me with their tongues of flame,
Till (in unutterable pain)
I prayed that lava sea in vain
To bear me from a haunted land,
To save me from that demon band,
That seized me with a fiendish laugh,
And cups of fire then bade me quaff,
Until the withered flesh all peeled
From my parched bones, and left revealed
A skeleton like theirs! a shell,
Red as the hottest flames of hell!
Then loud we laughed, and wide and far
Rang out that fiendish laugh, "ha, ha!"

In every wave an echo seemed,
Until the sea with laughter screamed;
The blazing billows leaped on high,
And *roared* their laughter to the sky,
Whose star-scaled serpents from afar
Hissed back a mocking laugh, "ha, ha!"
We tossed our flaming goblets up,
And danced and laughed, till every cup
Was drained, and still though wrung with pain,
We quaffed and danced and laughed again,
Till, faint with agony, a chill
Of *horror* seemed my frame to thrill,
The fire-fiends left me doubly curst
Cold! freezing! yet consumed by thirst.
I wore a form of flesh again,
And cried for "water," but in vain;
And then an icy slumber fell
Upon me, till the gushing swell
Of mountain torrents, in their strife,
Awakened me to light and life—
To light and life, for now I stood
Beside a cool, deep-shaded flood
Upon a shore so *passing* fair,
Its beauty brightened my despair
A moment, while the hope was nursed
That I might quench my frantic thirst.
Enchanting pictures! bright and fine,
Enamelled on my heart they shine;
That fresh green shore, that clear deep tide,
Whose waves o'er rocks of sapphire glide,
Until at last, with wildest leap,
Into a gulf more broad and deep
Than *ten Niagaras* swift they whirl
O'er crystal spars and crags of pearl!
But lo! when on that moss-grown brink
I stooped my aching head to drink,
And sinking there a lotus-cup,
Raised it in trembling gladness up,

My parching lips gave forth a groan
To find the water turned to *stone!*
A chalice heaped with sapphires bright,
To mock me with their liquid light,
Jewels a king might proudly wear,
But which I *cursed* in my despair,
And then with bitter anguish, flung
Back to the tide from which they sprung.
The lotus bloom I would have torn
To atoms, but (as if in scorn,
Of my fierce rage, by some weird power)
I found an alabaster flower,
Whose leaves and stem with matchless sheen
Of emerald seemed superbly green.
I climbed along the crags of pearl,
To head the waters in their whirl.
But when I bent in madness down
To where the white spray, like a crown
Of glory on the torrent gleamed,
(Though o'er my brow its moisture streamed,)
With lips apart that longed to feel
A dewy freshness through them steal,
Upon my parched and swollen tongue
A shower of *diamond* gems was flung.
Oh! what were *gems* to one who yearned
For water-drops, and would have spurned
Their wealth, to sip the dew that sleeps
Within the hair-bells' azure deeps?
Upon the shore again I rushed,
Where countless fruits in beauty blushed,
Pomegranates, rare and ripe, and one,
Whose rind was rifted by the sun,
Revealed unto my ravished sight
The crimson pulp—Oh! what delight
I felt, as quick, with throbbing heart,
I tore it eagerly apart,
Expecting then the fruity seed
With red and luscious juice to bleed.

Like those, which, at the far off South,
Distilled their sweetness in my mouth,
Long, long ago, when as a child,
By Hope and Love and Joy beguiled,
My trusting heart had never grieved
To find itself at last deceived.
But in that strange enchanted rind
No liquid sweetness did I find,
Which (tempting while it half concealed)
A mass of rubies now revealed,
Of royal rubies, flashing there
To mock, and madden my despair.
I plucked an orange, when behold!
Within my hand it turned to gold;
And when from loaded vines I tore
The purple grapes, that seemed to pour
Their honeyed juices on the ground,
Clusters of amethysts I found.
If in a *desert* I had been,
Where gushing waters are not seen,
Nor luscious fruits (to tempt in vain),
Less terrible had been the pain
Of my fierce thirst; and as I cried
For "water," fair forms seemed to glide
Beneath those haunted groves, who quaffed
From crystal cups bright draughts, and laughed
Derisive laughter—soft and clear,
As they approached me—near—so near
I almost caught their goblets bright,
When swift they turned in sudden flight,
And from afar, pealed forth those swells
Of laughter clear as silver bells.
Then others came, more fair, who reaped
The dripping vines, and gaily heaped
Each one within a jasper urn
Her stores of grapes, which seemed to turn
Beneath *their* hands to sparkling wine,
While useless gems they shone in mine.

A vintage by a river's brink!
Yet no one offered me a drink
Of wine or water, and ere long
The chorus of a vintage song
Came stealing to me, whence those maids
Had vanished 'mid ambrosial shades.
In quick pursuit, I followed where
Their voices rippled through the air,
Till *blind* with anguish—cold as death,
Chilled (by the south wind's balmy breath),
Yet burnt by torturing thirst within,
Fiercer than memories of sin,
Beneath that lustrous summer sky,
I laid me down and *prayed* to die.
But vainly rose my mournful prayer,
The "King of Terrors" came not there;
And sudden darkness, like a spell,
Appalling darkness round me fell,
Which reft the earth of light and bloom,
And steeped my soul in utter gloom.
I started up—the sun had set,
The torrent poured o'er crags of jet
Its inky waters—and o'er all
A black sky hung its funeral pall—
So black, the clouds that floated by
Seemed atoms rifted from the sky.
Black barks before me seemed to glide,
Whose sails were *blacker* than the tide,
Peopled by wild and frantic gholes,
Strange skeletons, as black as coals,
Who on those ghostly decks had met
To quaff black blood from cups of jet.
The land I found so bright and warm,
Seemed stricken by a scathing storm;
Its fruits and flowers of late so fair,
Hung now like ebon cinders there,
And groves which erst were green as spring,
Looked blacker than the raven's wing;

So freezing cold the wind had grown,
I seemed within the frozen zone,
And snow came drifting to the earth,
Black as the clouds that gave it birth.
I saw it *all*—though wrapped in night—
Plainly as if revealed by light,
That rayless, dense, unbroken gloom
Was suffocating as the tomb
To those who from long trances wake,
And strive their coffin-lids to break,
(Discovered, when too late to save)
Who slept, to wake within the *grave!*
Their agony, though keen, is brief,
But death came not to *my* relief,
And years of bitter pain they seemed,
Those torturing hours through which I dreamed.
Upon that cold and dismal brink
I stooped my head and strove to drink
The murky waves, when through the dark
Came gliding up a spectral bark;
I climbed the deck, where demons stood,
And quenched my thirst at last, in *blood!*
They pledged me in that draught accnrst,
And still I drank, to quench my thirst,
Unmindful that our black bark swept
To where those maddened waters leapt,
Into that fathomless abyss,
Until I heard them scream and hiss
Within my ears—on, on we dashed,
While 'mid those jetty crags loud crashed
Our sinking ship—on, on we rushed,
Till masts and timbers all were crnshed,
When, blind with blackness, 'mid the roar
Of inky waves, I heard no more.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

SUGGESTED BY AN EXQUISITE BOUQUET SENT TO ME DURING A SEVERE ILLNESS.

Oh! let them touch my burning brow,
  The petals of those dewy flowers,
And let my spirit wander now,
  Back through a mist of bygone hours,
To a sunny spot, in a far-off clime,
Where I used to rove in my childhood's time.

My childhood's home! how like a spell
  Thy dear and sacred memory lies
Within my heart—as in a well
  The trembling light of starry skies,
Gleams through its crystal depths at even,
Until they seem a second heaven.

And a sweet breath of southern air
  Seems stealing gently by me now—
The same that stirred my sunny hair,
  And blew the bonnet from my brow—
Long, long ago, when I had gone
To gather flowers at early dawn.

Again, with many a joyous bound,
  My tiny footsteps swiftly pass
Where golden buttercups were found
  Half hidden 'mid the rustling grass,
And violets from the soft, green sod
Seemed meekly looking up to God.

There often have I paused to hear
  The bee his drowsy matin sing,
Too gay and guileless then to fear
  That honey-bees perchance might sting:

My heart was all too fresh and warm
To think of ill, or shrink from harm.

And now along the good old hall
  Is scattered half my fragrant store,
For I have heard my mother's call,
  And, dancing through the open door,
Her morning kiss I fondly meet,
And fling my treasures at her feet.

Then, with a light and stealthy tread,
  I steal behind my father's chair,
To fling a garland o'er his head,
  And twine it 'mid the silvery hair,
Till every rose with dewy glow
Seems blushing 'neath a drift of snow.

And now once more I seem to stand
  Where long, dark shadows round me sweep,
My gipsy bonnet in my hand,
  For the full sunlight dared not creep,
With all its glittering pomp, between
Those twining boughs of evergreen.

I loved the gay, glad things of earth,
  The sunshine, birds, and streams, and flowers,
Yet would I hush my childhood mirth,
  And through those dim, sequestered bowers,
In solitude, delight to steal,—
'Twas there I learned to think and feel.

And oft I've spread a banquet fair,
  Of acorn-cup and rose-leaves bright,
That fairies might assemble there
  To revel in the pale moonlight;
I loved to dream of mysteries
Beneath those dark ancestral trees.

That homestead is in ruins laid;
  Its fairest blossoms now are dead;
Yet still their deep and solemn shade
  Upon the waving grass is shed;
Thus often sunshine will depart
But shadows linger on the heart.

And now when fever wildly burns
  Within this sad and aching breast,
My spirit through the past returns,
  Beneath that peaceful grave to rest;
There Love a ceaseless vigil keeps,
And pensive Memory sometimes weeps.

The nestling of a wild bird's wings,
  A star, a flower, a gush of rain,
The sight of sad or joyous things,
  Oft make me seem a child again:
With voiceless eloquence they come,
Bright phantoms of my childhood's home.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

Angel faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions round me sweep;
Floating downward on the starlight two bright infant forms I see,
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from Heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones above
Were the first to stir the fountains of a mother's deathless love;
And, as now they watch my slumber, while their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning still to call His angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no mortal voice can seem
Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!" 'mid the glories of my dream:
Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease perchance to lisp my name,
But my angel babies' accents shall be evermore the same.

And the bright band now around me from their home perchance will rove,
In their strength no more depending on my constant care and love;
But my first-born still shall wander from the sky, in dreams to rest
Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or some whelming grief destroy
All the hopes that erst had blossomed in my summer-time of joy;
Earthly children may forsake me, earthly friends perhaps betray,
Every tie that now unites me to this life may pass away.

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from their blest immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my darkened dreams shall come,
And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though 'reft of earthly love,
Angel children call me "Mother!" and my soul will look above.

A LEGEND OF THE OPAL.

A Peri, from her sea-girt cave,
Was wand'ring on a summer's even,
When white-caps crowned each swelling wave,
And clouds were on the face of heaven.

Her bark of light and fairy form,
Was anchored near a silvery strand,
While, heedless of the coming storm,
She roamed along the sparkling sand.

When sun, and sky, and water smiled,
Often she sported on the shore—
But never had this ocean-child
Beheld her father's wrath before.

The black cloud burst! the lightning flashed!
Down rushed the floods of beating rain,
While billows caught the roar, and dashed
Their thundering echoes back again.

As when in some deep wood to hide,
A bright and timid bird has flown,
Amid this strife of wind and tide,
The Peri stood, and watched alone,

Till the mad tempest ceased to rave,
Hushing awhile its demon yell,
And winds had muttered to each wave,
In moaning blasts, a low farewell.

Then, where dark clouds so late had driven,
And rolling thunders fiercely spoke,
Now sunlight through the gates of Heaven,
In streams of softest splendor broke.

And see, where drop and sunbeam met,
That beauteous arch, serenely proud,
As if some son of light had set
A seal of glory on the cloud.

It might be that a seraph's wing
Had swept along the moistened air,
And left its mingled hues to cling
And beam, a glittering circlet there.

The Peri gazed with ecstasy
Upon the rainbow's graceful form;
For, ne'er till now, beheld her eye,
This brilliant of the sun and storm.

She ran to clasp within her arms
The band of soft and dreamy light,
But lo! as on she sped, its charms
Fled faster from her eager sight.

"Alas!" she cried, "beneath the wave,
How many gems of beauty lie!
Yet none so fair within my cave,
As this rich jewel of the sky.

"Oh! could I seize that mystic gleam,
The inconstant lustre which I see,
Or of that bow but one soft beam,
To bear beneath the waves with me."

And as her tears her grief proclaim,
Filling her sad and downcast eye,
The angel of the rainbow came,
For she had heard the Peri's sigh.

"List, daughter of the dark blue sea,
Bright spirit of the restless deep,
A gem of light I'll give to thee,
Then mourn no more, and cease to weep."

The angel paused—then drawing near,
One lucid drop she quickly stays;
And, crystallized, that Peri's tear
Flashed with the rainbow's countless rays.

The spirit faded from her sight,
But who the Peri's joy can tell?
When with its heart of prisoned light,
An Opal on her bosom fell!

And thus a mystic name in story,
This gem has borne for many a year,
Blending with all the rainbow's glory,
An ocean spirit's pearly tear.

THE NIGHT HAS COME.

The night has come, when I may sleep,
To dream—perchance of *thee*—
And where art thou? Where south-winds sweep
Along a southern sea.

Thy home, a glorious tropic isle
  On which the sun with pride
Doth smile, as might a sultan smile
  On his Circassian bride.

And where the south-wind gently stirs
  A chime of fragrant bells,
While come the waves as worshippers,
  With rosary of shells,
The altars of the shore to wreathe,
  Where, in the twilight dim,
Like nuns, the foam-veiled breakers breathe,
  Their wild and gushing hymn.

The night has come, and I will glide
  O'er sleep's hushed waves the while,
In dreams to wander by thy side
  Through that enchanting isle.
For, in the dark, my fancy seems
  As full of witching spells
As yon blue sky of starry beams
  Or ocean-depth of shells.

Yet sometimes visions do becloud
  My soul with such strange fears,
They wrap me like an icy shroud
  And leave my soul in tears.
For once methought thy hand did bind
  Upon my brow a wreath
In which a viper was entwined
  That stung me—unto death.

And once within a lotus cup,
  Which thou to me didst bring,
A deadly vampire folded up
  Its cold and murky wing;

And, springing from that dewy nest,
It drained life's azure rills,
That wandered o'er my swelling breast
Like brooks through snow-clad hills,

Yet seemed it sweeter thus to *die*
There, in thy very sight,
Than see thee 'neath that tropic sky,
As in my dreams last night.
For lo, within a palmy grove,
Unto an eastern maid
I heard thee whisp'ring vows of love
Beneath the feathery shade.

And stately as the palm was she,
Yet *thrilled* with thy wild words,
As its green crown might shaken be
By many bright-winged birds;
And 'neath thy smile, in her dark eye,
A rapturous light did spring,
As in a lake soft shadows lie,
Dropped from the rainbow's wing.

No serpent from the wreath did start,
Which round *her* brow was twined;
Nor in the lotus' perfumed heart
Did *she* a vampire find;
For humming-birds were nestled there,
By summer sweets oppressed,
A type of her whose raven hair
Was floating o'er thy breast.

While thus I dreamed, all cold and mute,
My warm glad heart had grown
Like some fair flower or sunny fruit
Turned by the waves to stone;

For o'er the treasures of my soul
  There swept a blacker tide
Than e'en the dismal floods that roll
  O'er Sodom's buried pride

But passed away that vision dark,
  And now once more I come,
In slumber's slight, fantastic bark,
  Unto thy island home;
And thou art waiting there for me
  To weep upon thy breast,
As on the shore the troubled sea
  Doth sigh itself to rest.

My wreath seems now of *orange flowers*,
  And from the chaplet pale
Do glow-worms drop in shining showers
  To weave my *bridal* veil.
The stars—God's holy tapers—light
  The altars of the shore,
And on us doth the solemn night
  A benediction pour.

THE COMET OF 1858.

Oh, whither art thou hast'ning, in thy wild and wondrous flight?
Fair stranger with the silver plume, and panoply of light?
Hast thou been sweeping ever thus, along the fields of space?
Among the countless orbs on high, hast thou no resting-place?

Thou art a mystery in the sky, as strange, and undefined.
And glorious, as a thought of God, within the human mind.
Bright and perplexing there, amid the knowledge of the soul,
As thou art, seen where yon calm stars their changeless courses roll.

A fairy web of crystal light, from Night's high dome of blue
Thy glory weaves, so delicate, the stars look softly through.

A mist so radiant, as we gaze, there lingers no regret,
That it doth shade the beacon-lamps on Heaven's high watch-tower set.

One glory by another *veiled*, not lessened, as we trace
The light of God's refulgent smile, through the Redeemer's grace:
A veil of *love*, so beautiful, we kneel adoring there,
And gazing up, behold it stirred by every breath of prayer.

Whence art thou now? For centuries, long centuries have past,
Since upon mortal vision beamed thy peerless beauty last;
And lo! then thousand years may fling upon the past their gloom,
Ere mid yon shining host again shall wave thy royal plume.

Did'st spring up from the diamond dust of which the stars were formed?
Art thou a spirit-star, within the sun's caresses warmed?
Or a fierce, fiery missile, by the great Omniscient *hurled*,
To crush and blot from yonder sky some sin-beclouded world?

Perchance, thou art thyself a world, peopled by spirits lost;
Souls doomed throughout immensity, forever to be tossed.
Fair, fallen angels! who have lost their heritage in Heaven,
And further still from God must now eternally be driven.

Thou mind'st me of that wondrous plant, whose blossoms bless our eyes
Once in a hundred years—*thou* are the Aloe of the skies;
Save, that a myriad radiant years doth seem a briefer time
To thee than mortal centuries, 'neath their clouds of grief and crime.

Thou mind'st me of the burning hopes that sometimes wildly start
From sorrow's night, and flash athwart the darkness of the heart,
Mysterious, and fantastic, not the *bird-like* hope, that springs
From youth's gay green-wood with the dew of freshness on its wings.

Phantoms of hope! that lure us on, and mocking, bid us cling
To some blest idol which the heart has *worshipped* in its spring.
Vainly! as dreaming hearts like mine may worship *thee* and mourn,
(When thou art lost) 'neath starry skies of half their glory shorn.

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Four years ago, while the MS. of her last work, "Ernest Linwood," was yet in the hands of the printer, Mrs. Hentz passed suddenly into the spirit-world. As a woman and friend she was deeply mourned by the large circle which her graces adorned, and the whole country sang a dirge for the author.

Yet Mrs. Hentz is still with us in her writings. They are singularly vital with her personality. The sensibilities, which gave to her such a power of enjoyment, and were, at the same time, alive to "an angel's scope of agony," quiver in her works as truly as they once played upon her face or throbbed in her pulses. Equally apparent on every page are the vigor and vivacity, the moral perception, the religious faith, which marked her life and conversation.

A rich "cabinet picture" of Mrs. Hentz, from the pen of her intimate friend, Madame Le Vert, will bring her vividly before our readers:

"Some writer has said, 'authors should be read, not known' —Mrs. Hentz is a bright exception to this remark. She is one of those rare, magnetic women, who attract admiration at the first interview. The spell she wove around me was like the invisible beauty of music. I yielded willingly to its magic influence.

"Never have I met a more fascinating person. Mind is enthroned on her noble brow, and beams in the glances of her radiant eyes. She is tall, graceful and dignified, with that high-

bred manner which betokens gentle blood. She has infinite tact and talent in conversation, and never speaks without awakening interest. As I listened to her eloquent language, I felt that she was indeed worthy of the wreath of immortality which fame had given in other days, and other lands, to a De Genlis, or to a De Sévigné.

"She possesses great enthusiasm of character; the enthusiasm described by Mme. De Staël, as 'God within us'—the love of the good, the holy and the beautiful. She has neither pretension nor pedantry; and, although admirably accomplished, and a perfect classic and belles-lettres scholar, has all the sweet simplicity of an elegant woman.

"Like the charming authoress, Fredrika Bremer, her works all tend to elevate the tone of moral feeling. There is a refinement, delicacy and poetic imagery in all her historiettes touchingly delightful. A calm and pure religion is mirrored on every page. The sorrow-stricken mourner finds therein the balm of consolation, and the bitter tears cease to flow, when she points to that 'Better Land,' where the loved and the lost are waiting for us.

"Many of her words are gay and spiritual, full of delicate wit, 'bright as the flight of a shining arrow.' Often have the smiles, long exiled from the lips, returned at the bidding of her merry muse.

"*Home*, especially, she describes with enchanting truthfulness. She seems to have dipped her pen in her own soul, and written of its emotions. She exalts all that is generous and noble in the human heart, and gives to even the clouds of existence a sunny softness, like the dreamy light of a Claude Lorraine picture."

Caroline Lee Whiting was a native of Lancaster, Massachusetts. Her father, General John Whitney, and two of her brothers, were officers in the U. S. army. Of the latter, General

Henry Whiting, a brave man and a scholar, was aid-de-camp to General Taylor, and distinguished himself in the Mexican War.

Before our writer had reached the age of thirteen, she was the author of a poem, a novel, and a tragedy in five acts. In 1825 she married Mr. N. M. Hentz, a French gentleman, who, jointly with Mr. Bancroft, the historian, conducted at that time a seminary at Northampton, Mass. Soon after, Mr. Hentz was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the College of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. This position he occupied for several years, and then removed with his family to Covington, Kentucky, where Mrs. Hentz wrote her popular drama, "De Lara; or the Moorish Bride," for which she received five hundred dollars and a gold medal, the prize offered in Philadelphia for the best original tragedy. It was brought out at the Arch street Theatre of that city, and enacted for many successive nights with *éclat*. It afterward appeared in book form.

From Covington they removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, and thence, in 1834, to Locust Hill, in Florence, Alabama, where for nine years they had charge of a flourishing female academy. In 1843 they transferred this institution to Tuscaloosa; thence, in 1845, to Tuskegee, and again, in 1848, to Columbus, Georgia, where our author resided at the time of her death in 1856.

These frequent changes, and the arduous duties of their school, afforded Mrs. Hentz little opportunity for literary labor, and not until their removal to Columbus was she able to write with any degree of regularity.

Her second tragedy, "Lamorah, or the Western Wilds," appeared in a newspaper at Columbus; while a third, "Countess of Wirtemberg," is still, we think, unpublished.

In 1843, she wrote a poem, "Human and Divine Philosophy," for the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama.

She is best known by her spirited novelettes, contributed to

different periodicals, and reproduced from time to time, in published volumes.

In 1846, she brought out "Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag," a collection of short stories, written for magazines. This was followed, in 1848, by "Mob Cap," which obtained a prize of two hundred dollars. Both of these books have been universally read and admired.

In 1850, she published "Linda, or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole;" in 1851, "Rena, or the Snow Bird;" in 1852, "Marcus Warland, or the Long Moss Spring;" and "Eoline, or Magnolia Vale;" in 1853, "Wild Jack," and "Ellen and Arthur, or Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel;" in 1854, "The Planter's Northern Bride," which took rank at once among our best novels; and in 1856, her master-piece and *requiem*, "Ernest Linwood." Some extracts from a notice of our own, which appeared at that time in the "Evening Mirror," may recall the tender pathos and force of this book, with the touching accessories of its publication:

> "'Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
> But the sweetest song is the last he sings.'"

"In the volume, 'Ernest Linwood,' just issued by Jewett & Co., of Boston, we have the dying song of the gifted Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Mournfully sweet, like the sigh of an Æolian lyre, yet deep and oracular as the voice of many waters, it seems to have been poured forth while her soul floated down to the ocean of Rest. On almost every page we can trace the shadow of the death angel, who bore her away when her song was ended. Mysterious gleams from beneath the uplifting veil of spirit-land startle us as we read. The book is a broad-cast farewell—a lingering hand-grasp from one we loved. If we mistake not, its most impressive passages are revelations of the

inner life of the writer — wonderfully vivid and absorbing, because wonderfully real.

"We will not attempt to follow out, in this notice, the thread of an inimitable tale; in so doing, we should only anticipate scenes and events, which come, with beautiful linkings and fine effect, before the eye of the reader. We would not rob the book of half its charm.

"Sweet Gabriella Lynn will tell her own story. Warm tears will spring into bright eyes, as they look upon the dream-child — the impassioned school-girl — standing beneath the 'beetling brows' of the powerful preceptor, to hear sentence pronounced upon her first written dream of poetry. The panting of that heart, when the taunting criticism fell—the sudden spring—the snatching of the manuscript—the flight into the woods—the passionate outburst upon the green turf—the blessed ministration of a gentle, sad-eyed mother—will carry many a heart back to the shadows of school-days and the rich sunlight of home.

"We linger over the exquisite picture of the child Gabriella, peering with deep eyes into the mist that surrounded her, and vainly seek with her to fathom the mystery of life. We look with her upon the classic face of her dead mother, Rosalie, and wonder at the mystery of death. We follow her to the end, for she is the one silver thread always visible. Every scene is a reality, and each succeeding scene more real, more luminous than the last. The writer seems to gather power and inspiration as she advances, pouring out her life, like the dying swan, in strains of painful sweetness.

"The characters in this book are drawn with masterly skill. Each has an individuality and a relative importance, without which the story would be incomplete. No diabolical agent drags its slimy length along its pages, but we are held spell-bound by the delineations of a fault, and the natural conse-

quences of a fault, which develops itself at every turn in life. 'Ernest Linwood'—the lordly in intellect—the peerless in beauty and manhood—whose 'eyes with a thousand meanings,' gaze into our very souls, is made the temple of the unhallowed passion of jealousy. Its purple light, at intervals, towers above every noble element of his nature, but, with the gentle Gabriella, we always pity, always forgive, and he is at last lifted, by sorrowful lessons and earnest prayers, from his inglorious thralldom.

"Margaret Melville, or 'Meg the Dauntless,' is a life-like, genuine character—the rarest spice of the tale, though she does come in always at *unseasonable* hours. We like her, notwithstanding her hoydenish eccentricities.

"Let those who are accustomed to give voice and wings to scandalous gossip, hiding beneath the broad garments of an irresponsible 'They Say,' let such find in the book 'Ernest Linwood,' their unmasked and hideous faces.

"The graces of the true Christian are beautifully marked in the character of Mrs. Linwood, and a recognition of an overruling Power is everywhere apparent.

"All the writings of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz indicate fine and keen sensibilities of soul. It is a sweet assurance that they drink only the beautiful now—thrill only to divinest harmonies."

The short poems of Mrs. Hentz, are scattered in various periodicals. They are full of the tender warmth of the writer's nature, and flow and gush, and sparkle, as naturally as a woodland brook.

Her tragedy, "De Lara, or the Moorish Bride," stands first among her poetical works, and holds high rank in the dramatic literature of America. It is remarkable for its depth of thought and force of utterance, its searching insight and poetic beauty.

The scenes and incidents of Mrs. Hentz's stories were drawn almost entirely from southern life. She wrote with singular grace and facility, sitting down in the midst of the family circle,

and taking up her pen, as one has said, very much "as others do their knitting," to dash off sheet after sheet in perfect order for the printer.

A new, complete, and uniform edition of Mrs. Hentz's works has been given to the world since her death, by Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

"THEY SAY."

They say! Who are they? Who are the cowled monks, the hooded friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are they? The midnight assassins of reputations, who lurk in the by-ways of society, with dagger tongues, sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and, hyena-like, banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number, black-stoled familiars of the inquisition of Slander, searching for victims in every city, town, and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs, or the ashes of mortality find rest. Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon, that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades. Give me the pirate, who unfurls the black flag, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the They-sayers of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven of flowers, and who spread, with invisible poison, even the spotless whiteness of the winding sheet.

FAME.

To touch the electric wire, and feel the bolt seathing one's own brain; to speak, and hear the dreary echo of one's voice return through the desert waste; to enter the temple, and find nothing but ruins and desolation; to lay a sacrifice on the altar, and see no fire from heaven descend in token of acceptance; to stand the priestess of a lonely shrine, uttering oracles to the unheeding wind—is not such, too often, the doom of those who have looked to fame as their heritage?

UNION WITHOUT LOVE.

Woe to her, who, forgetting this heavenly union, bathes her heart in the earthly stream, without seeking the living spring whence it flows; who worships the fire-ray that falls upon the altar, without giving glory to Him from whom it descended. The stream will become a stagnant pool, exhaling pestilence and death; the fire-ray will kindle a devouring flame, destroying the altar with the gift, and the heart a *burning bush*, that will blaze forever without consuming.

THE BLACK MASK.

"No, I will not go to-night," exclaimed Blanche, taking from her head a bandeau of pearls, and tossing it into the hands of her attendant. "No, I will not go—I am weary most of all of talking and listening to nonsense. I will stay at home, and enjoy the supreme luxuries of simplicity, quiet, and solitude. Yes! solitude! for dear Mrs. Channing is gone to an old-fashioned tea-party, and you, Elsie, are not to disturb me, after I have once composed myself to the task of admiring myself, *by* myself."

"But this beautiful dress?" cried her obsequious chambermaid.

"Put it back in the wardrobe."

"These pearls?"

"In the case."

"These flowers?"

"Ah! give me the flowers. *They* are beautiful, they breathe of nature, and I love them. Here, take this heavy comb from my hair," continued the capricious beauty, and then shaking her hair loosely over her shoulders, and untying the bouquet, she twisted the flowers into a careless garland and twined it round her head.

"And now, Elsie, give me that simple white robe, fastened with blue ribbons. You must confess it is ten thousand times prettier than the one you have just put aside. Ah, me! I wish I were nothing but a plain country lassie, left to wander about at my own sweet will."

"I think somebody has her own sweet will now," said Elsie to herself, vexed to think that her young and beautiful mistress was going to

shut herself up at home, instead of exhibiting herself to the admiring crowd.

"But what shall I say to Mr. Orne, when he calls to attend you?"

"Tell him I cannot, will not go to-night."

"He will be angry."

"I care not—but he is too stupid to be angry. Besides, he has no cause, for I gave no promise to accompany him."

Elsie, who was accustomed to the varying moods of Blanche, sighed as she put away the beautiful paraphernalia of fashion, with which she had hoped to adorn her mistress for the evening's fête, while Blanche, telling her she had no further need of her services, descended to the little room she called her boudoir. And a charming little room it was—a perfect *bijou* of a room—fitting palace for a fairy queen. It is no wonder that she liked sometimes to rest on that soft, blue-cushioned sofa, and look around on all the exquisite adornments her own taste had selected. Curtains of blue damask, her favorite color, shaded the window; the glass doors of her cabinet were lined with the same cerulean hue; and even the figures of the carpet were blue, melting off in a background of white. Little Cupids, painted in fresco, on the ceiling, seemed to fan her with their wings, and Cupids, still smaller, fashioned of marble, supported the lamps that glittered on the mantel-piece. There were ever so many Cupids, little, less, least, bronze, porcelain, and glass, on the shelves of the *étagère*, which looked like a royal baby-house, with its magical toys and indescribable curiosities. The only thing of use on which the eye could rest was a magnificent harp, supported by a lazy-looking Cupid, lurking in the corner of the apartment, thus throwing the illusion of mythology and poetry over an instrument in itself most poetical and romantic. Blanche gathered back the azure folds of the curtains into the gilded hands that issued from the walls, ready to grasp them, drew the light sofa near the window, and seating herself upon it, looked admirably in keeping with all the surrounding objects. She, too, wore the livery of white and blue, and soft and bright sparkled her bright blue eyes beneath her white brow. Her heart, moreover, was clothed with the whiteness of innocence, and the blue of hope fluttered gaily as a silken ribbon over a spotless surface. Though the child of wealth, and the idol of fashion, she was yet unspoiled by their influence. Her caprices were white, fleecy clouds, floating over the clear blue of an April morning. One thing more completed the livery. Blanche, sweet, charming, capri-

cious, blue-eyed Blanche, with sorrow we confess it, had a tinge of the *blues*. Listen to her thoughts, as they move with their low whispers the folds of her muslin robe:

"I want to be alone, and yet I want some one near to whom I can say—'How sweet it is to be alone.' The pleasures of society—how I panted for them when I was a foolish little school-girl, pining for liberty that I cannot now enjoy! And for a while, I did enjoy them vividly, wildly. It was rapturing to be thought beautiful, to be admired and caressed and loved. Loved? No. I have never yet been really loved. Love disdains flattery and adulation. My own heart will bear witness when it is true and honest. 'Yes,' added she, laying her hand on its gentle, uniform throbbing, 'the voice has never yet breathed into my ears that can quicken the pulsations of this heart of mine. I look in vain among the cold, vapid devotees of fashion for one touch of nature, one flash of passion. I shall mingle with them till I become as cold, as vain, as vapid myself. I shall live and die, and the world will never know what I might have been, from what I am, and what I shall be."

"And yet," added the *ennuyée*, "I am wrong to say I have never been loved. There is one I know, who, I believe, loves me well, and whom I have sometimes thought I might love in return, did I meet him anywhere save in the cold halls of fashion. Could he throw any romance, any mystery around him, I might possibly become interested in him. There would be nothing heroic or self-sacrificing in my loving him, for fortune smiles upon him, and friends are zealous to promote his cause. Were he poor, I could enrich him with my wealth. Were he lowly, I could ennoble him with my connexions; or, were *I* poor and lowly, he could prove the disinterestedness of *his* attachment. I cannot bear this common-place kind of wooing, this dull, matter-of-fact kind of existence. I could envy the wild love of O'Connor's child, 'the bud of Erin's royal tree of glory,' though thrice-dyed in blood was the tissue of her mournful story."

If the remarks of Blanche seem incoherent, let it be remembered that she is conversing with herself, and every one knows how wildly the thoughts may run, when imagination is let loose.

"Let me see," said the romantic damsel; "cannot I do something to charm the solitude that already begins to weary me? Ah, there is my harp; I do love its sounding strains. How charming it would be to have some young hero bending over me as I play, while I drank in inspiration from his kindling eyes!"

Drawing the harp near her, she passed her hands over its golden chords, and made a sweet wild medley of strains, caught up from many a remembered song. Her hair, as it swept over her white arms, against the glittering wires, resembled the golden locks of the maiden whose ringlets were twined into the chords, from which such exquisite music had been drawn. Long she played and sang, till the little Cupids on the walls looked as if they were flying about inspired by her thrilling notes. She did not hear the sound of entering footsteps; but a shadow fell upon the harp, and she looked up. A tall, dark figure stood before her, black from head to foot. Supposing it a negro who had boldly intruded into her presence, she uttered an exclamation of terror, and sprang toward the door.

"Pardon this intrusion," said the stranger, in a gentle voice, bowing gracefully as he spoke; "I did not mean to terrify, and if you will grant me a few moments' audience, you will find you have no cause to fear."

She observed with astonishment, that the hand which he slightly extended in speaking, was almost as fair as her own, while his face was as black as night. Still trembling with terror, though somewhat reassured by the sweetness of his voice, she ventured to look on him more steadfastly, and discovered that he wore a mask of black enamel, above which his raven black hair clustered, making of the head one ebon mass.

"How did you gain admittance?" she asked, tremulously. "And what is your errand with me?"

"Will you forgive me," he answered, "when I say, that, attracted by the sweetness of your voice, as it was borne through the open windows, by the breath of night, I have dared to present myself before you, believing that the same instinct which caused my presumption will plead for my pardon, and secure my welcome?"

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Blanche, her cheek glowing with anger, "this is an intrusion I consider unpardonable. As neither pardon nor welcome awaits you here, I trust you will leave me immediately. To a gentleman, the request of a lady has the authority of a command."

Blanche was astonished at her own courage in thus daring to address the masked and mysterious stranger. Though angry at his presumption, she could not repress a keen delight at an adventure so singular and romantic. The indescribable charm of his voice had disarmed her terror, and the grace and dignity of his mien spoke the polished and high-bred

gentleman. But the black mask—the sudden entrance—the lonely hour—the stillness of the night—these things pressed upon her heart, and its throbbings became quick and loud.

"Permit me," said the stranger, "before I depart, to repay you, if possible, for the soothing pleasure your music has imparted. I, too, am a son of song, and like the bards of Ossian, I love to wake the breezy melody of the harp-string."

While he was speaking, he approached the instrument from which she had retreated at his entrance, and kneeling on one knee, he swept his hands over the chords, making a prelude of such surpassing sweetness, she held her breath to listen. Then mingling with the diapason the rich tones of his voice, he began a song whose words seemed the improvisation of genius, for they applied to herself, the hour, the meeting, in strains of such wondrous melody, she felt under the dominion of enchantment. Never before had she heard such music as came gushing through that ebon mask, filling the room with a flood of harmony which almost drowned her sinking spirit. Unable to bear up under the new and overpowering emotions that were oppressing her, she sunk back on the sofa, and tears stole from her downcast eyes.

The stranger paused, and rising, leaned gracefully on the harp from which he had been calling forth such celestial notes.

"You weep," said he; "but they are not tears of sorrow. You would not exchange those tears for the false smiles which would have gilded your face had you mingled in the crowd, an instinct of your heart led you this night to avoid. You shunned the giddy throng. You sought the solitude of this delicious apartment only that you might meet a kindred spirit here. Farewell! we shall meet again. No earthly barrier could now keep us asunder."

Stooping down and picking up a rose that had fallen from her hair, and putting it in his bosom, he added:

"This flower shall be sent to you as a token when I am again near."

He turned, and was about to leave the apartment, when, urged by irresistible curiosity, she exclaimed:

"Before you depart, let me behold the face of my mysterious friend, and tell me why you wear so strange and solemn a disguise."

"I cannot break a vow that I have imposed on myself," replied the black-masked stranger. "It is only at the nuptial altar that I can lift the dark visor which conceals my features. The woman who can love me well enough to unite her fate with mine, unknowing what this mask conceals,

whether it be matchless beauty or unequalled deformity, will alone have power to remove the disguise whose midnight shadow now darkens the moonlight of your beauty. Do you believe that spiritual, high-souled, trusting woman exists? Do you believe such love can be found?"

"I know nothing of love," she answered, endeavoring to speak coldly; but her voice unconsciously obeyed the spell that was upon her, and its modulations were soft as the breathings of her own dulcet harp.

"Happy is he who will teach thee its divine lore," said the stranger, again seating himself by her side. "O, maiden, more beautiful than the dream of the poet, more pure than the vision of infancy," continued he, in a strain of romantic enthusiasm, such as she never had expected to hear from mortal lips, "be it mine to instill this wisdom into the heart that is even now sighing to receive it. Mine be the master hand that will touch the golden chords of sympathy, and awaken all your slumbering being to the music of love."

"O, that I dared to believe—that I dared to listen!" cried Blanche, carried out of herself by an influence that seemed electric; "but this interview, so sudden, so mysterious, your strange vow, your dark eclipse, the commanding power you exert over my will—ah, leave me. I cannot bear the oppression that is weighing down my heart."

"I obey you," he cried, again rising. "For worlds I would not encroach on the goodness that has forgiven my presumption, or the gentleness and sensibility that plead even now, with eloquent tongue, the cause of your mysterious friend. Farewell. For the rose of which I have robbed you, accept this diamond ring."

"Taking her hand, and encircling her finger with the brilliant token, he passed through the door like a vision of night, leaving her speechless and spell-bound. So startling, so thrilling was the pressure, she sat like one in a nightmare. She had almost imagined herself in a dream, in the presence of her mysterious guest; but the warm, soft pressure of that ungloved hand assured her of the reality of the scene. Then the ring that glittered on her finger with such surpassing brightness, the golden circle with its star-like gem, that seemed to burn into her flesh, so strongly did it warm and accelerate the current that was glowing and rushing through her veins! Astonished, bewildered, terrified, but charmed at a romance exceeding her wildest hopes, she flew upstairs to her dressing-room, where Elsie sat slumbering in an easy-chair, thus beguiling the time of her mistress' absence. Blanche had always made a confidant of Elsie,

and now her heart would have burst with its strange secret if she could not have confided it to another. She awoke the slumbering girl, and related the astonishing, the almost incredible incident.

"Impossible!" cried Elsie; "it must have been a delusion of the senses."

"But this ring—this surely is a reality. Did you ever see anything so surpassingly brilliant?" and she turned the radiant token till it flashed back the lamplight dazzlingly into the wondering eyes of the girl.

"O, for the love of the blessed Virgin!" she exclaimed (Elsie was a devout Catholic), "for the love of your own sweet soul, don't wear it. It is a magic ring, I am sure, and the black man that put it there may be Lucifer himself, for aught you know."

"My good Elsie, how can you be so foolish and superstitious? Even if I could believe in the incarnation of an evil spirit, it never could assume a form so gracious, or speak in a voice so sweet. O, never did I hear such a voice of music! Though I could not see his face, his eyes beamed resplendently through his mask, and his hand is the fairest I ever beheld."

"But why should he put on that ugly mask, unless he has some evil purpose?"

"He is under a vow to wear it till"——

Blanche paused and blushed, and then blushed more painfully, because she was so foolish as to blush at all.

"I have no doubt he wears it to cover some horrible mark," cried Elsie, shuddering and crossing herself.

"Impossible."

"I dare say he has the face of a skeleton underneath. I have heard of such things."

"Silence, Elsie! it is sacrilege to talk as you do."

But though Elsie bridled her tongue, the disagreeable impression her words had produced still remained. The possibility of their truth chilled the glowing romance of Blanche's feelings, and checked the enthusiasm with which remembrance dwelt on her mysterious visitor. Blanche bound Elsie by a promise not to mention the incident to Mrs. Channing, the lady who acted as maternal guardian to the orphan Blanche, and presided over the mansion of her youthful charge. All the next day Blanche remained in a kind of dreamy abstraction, the color coming and going on her beautiful cheek, and her soft blue eyes suffused with a misty languor. Sometimes she delighted herself in picturing the features that the shrouding mask concealed as the ideal of manly beauty; then again the horrible suggestions of Elsie

would recur to her and fill her with nameless apprehensions. She thought of the veiled Prophet of Khorassan, the doom of the helpless Zelica, and the unutterable horrors concealed by the silver veil. She remembered the beautiful Leonora and the phantom horseman, whose skeleton visage was hidden by the closed bars of his visor, and who bore his confiding bride to the ghastly churchyard and the yawning grave. She remembered that his form wore the semblance of manly grace, and that his voice had a tone of more than earthly sweetness.

"How foolish, how childish I am!" thought she, smiling at the superstitious images on which she had been dwelling. "The silver-veiled Mokanna and the Phantom Husband of Leonora were beings existing only in the imagination of the poet, whom the genius of the painter has also delineated. But the black-masked stranger is a living, breathing actuality, of whose existence and presence I have a dazzling token."

Another idea disturbed her excited brain. Perhaps she was the sport of some bold youth, who, knowing her romantic temperament, had thus sought to play upon her credulity and expose her to the ridicule of the world. So strong became this conviction, that when evening came on, and she was summoned, as usual, to entertain her admiring visitors, she fancied she could trace in many forms a similitude to the lineaments of the graceful stranger. But no. It was an illusion of the imagination. No figure half so graceful, no voice half so sweet as his. Never had the conversation of her companions seemed half so uninteresting and commonplace, never had the hours appeared so long and leaden. She played upon her harp, but her own strains recalled the ravishing melody of his, and her hands trembled as they swept the sounding strings. She talked and smiled, and tried to chain her wandering thoughts, but they would stay far out in the moonlight night, where fancy followed the dark form of the stranger. As her white hands threaded the golden wires, the diamond ring flashed upon her eye its ominous splendors, and filled her with wild emotions.

"St. Cecilia called down an angel from the skies," said one of her guests, gazing upon the gem that coruscated upon her finger, "but you seem to have drawn one of the stars of heaven from its home in the skies, to sparkle upon your hand. There must be a magic in that ring, for never did your harp discourse such witching music."

Blanche turned away her face to hide her conscious blushes, and at the same time the words of Elsie, foolish and superstitious as they were, occurred to her, and the roseate cloud melted away in the whiteness of snow.

One by one her guests departed, and she was left alone. She listened to the echo of their departing footsteps, till the stillness of death pervaded the apartment. She could distinctly hear the quick beatings of her heart, and her robe fluttered as visibly over its palpitations as the azure curtains rustling in the soft breath of night.

"Why do I linger here?" said she, looking out into the calm majesty and loveliness of a cloudless evening. "I will not remain, as if seeking an interview with one whose fascinations, I feel, I never could resist. Where there is mystery there is always danger. I thank my guardian angel for whispering this caution to my heart."

At this moment something flew like a light-winged bird by her cheek, and fell rustling at her feet. It was something enveloped in a soft, white tissue. She opened it and beheld her own faded rose; while she gazed with mingled shame and delight on the sweet but wilted token, the soft sound of entering footsteps met her ear, and the tall, black-masked stranger stood before her.

She no longer feared him. She even welcomed his approach with a strange rapture, that sent the warm blood bounding through her veins and eddying in her cheeks. He sat down by her side, and his low, sweet, mellow voice uttered words of wondrous fascination. She listened like one entranced, forgetting the fate of Zelica, and the doom of Leonora. Indeed, had she known that the same dark destiny awaited her, she could not have broken the spell that enthralled her. For hours he lingered at her side, while his eyes, like stars shining through a midnight cloud, were beaming with mysterious splendor upon her brow. Her will bowed before his mighty will, and, ere she was aware of the act, she had sealed her heart's warrant for life or death. She had consented to follow him to the altar, and unveil with her rash and daring hand the brow now covered with so dark an eclipse.

"You love me," cried the stranger, while his voice trembled with ecstasy; "you love me with that pure, spiritual love, which, born on earth, is but a type of an immortal wedlock. You will love me still, whatever be the features this gloomy mask conceals. Be they those of a fiend, you will not love me less; be they those of an angel, you will not love me more."

And Blanche bowed her fair head on his shoulder, and was constrained to utter:

"Angel or fiend, I must love thee still."

"To-morrow, then, at this hour, I shall come and claim thee for my bride. Nay, speak not of delay, for my destiny must be fulfilled. You shall

know when I am near, but not by this faded token. The pledge of my coming shall breathe of life, and joy, and hope."

Pressing her hand gracefully to his heart, he disappeared, while Blanche trembled and wept at the remembrance of the vow she had plighted. Released from the magic of his presence, she saw her rashness, her madness, and infatuation, in their true light. She felt she was rushing blindfold to the verge of perdition. She was terrified at the intensity of her emotions. Better were it for her heart to remain in the torpor over which it had been mourning, than awake to a sense of life so keen as almost to amount to agony. She was like the blind suddenly restored to sight, with a flood of noonday glory pouring on the lately darkened vision. She was fainting from excess of light.

Softly she ascended to her chamber, so as not to arouse the sleeping Elsie, whose remarks she now dreaded to hear; but so light were her slumbers, they vanished at the soft rustle of Blanche's muslin robe.

"I saw him!" she cried, dispersing the mist of sleep from her eyelids; "I saw him from the window as he entered, and I have been praying the blessed Virgin ever since, to shield you from harm."

"You must have been praying in your sleep, then," said Blanche.

"Oh, dear mistress, do not see him again. You will find he is some murderer who has a brand on his forehead"——

"Stop, Elsie," cried the shuddering Blanche. "It is slander. I will not permit it."

"And besides," continued the persevering girl, "I dare say the barbarians have cut off his nose and cropped his ears into the bargain. People never hide their beauty under a mask."

"Elsie, leave my room if you cannot be silent," said Blanche, with rising courage.

Elsie obeyed her, but muttered something about sulphur and hoofs, as she closed the door behind her.

"How very impertinent Elsie is growing!" cried Blanche, throwing herself weeping upon the bed. "But how can I expect to retain the respect of a maid, when I have forfeited my own self-esteem? Alas! what if her surmises be true? What if the brand of indelible disgrace be stamped upon that brow where I have imagined more than mortal beauty dwells? What if, instead of a nose which Phidias might have taken as a model for one of the gods of Greece, there should be only a frightful cavity, a horrible disfigurement!"

Recoiling at the awful picture Elsie's fertile imagination had conjured, she spread her hands before her face, to shut out a vision so appalling. It was strange—in his presence she had a perfect conviction that his mask concealed the face of an angel, while in his absence the conviction faded, and the most terrific fancies usurped its place.

"O, that I could recall my fatal pledge!" she cried to herself, as she tossed upon her restless couch. "But it is given, and be it for weal or woe, I must abide by the result."

The next evening Mrs. Channing, the kind maternal friend whom Blanche had so dearly loved, remained by her, as if drawn toward her by some unusual attraction. Never had she been so tender, so affectionate. Blanche gazed upon her with bitter self-reproach, thinking how ill she was about to requite her guardian's cares. She longed to throw her arms around her neck, reveal her secret, and pray her to save her from the delusions of her own heart.

"I fear you are not well, my sweet child," said the lady, in soothing accents. "Indeed, I have noticed, all day, that you have looked feverish and ill. Do not sit in the night air, in that thin dress, too. Why, my dear, you are dressed like a bride. I did not know that you were going abroad to-night. I fear this life of pleasure will wilt the roses of your youth"——

"I have promised to go," she said, avoiding the glances of her friend, "and I cannot break my word. But it is the last time—indeed, it is the last."

While she was speaking, a white rose-bud fell at her feet.

"See," said Mrs. Channing, smiling, "see what the breeze has blown to you. It must be a token of happiness—fit emblem of your beauty and innocence."

"Do you think it a token of happiness?" cried Blanche, eagerly gathering up the well-known signal. "Thank you for the words. I go with a lighter heart. Farewell, kindest and best of friends. Heaven bless you, for ever and ever."

Pressing her quivering lips on the placid forehead she might never again behold, she glided from the room. She dreaded meeting Elsie, but was compelled to go to her chamber for her mantle and veil, and there she encountered her faithful and remonstrating friend. When Blanche, with a face as pale as marble, threw her mantle over her shoulders, and cast a light veil over her golden locks, Elsie seemed to divine her purpose, and entreated her to remain.

"Oh, it is like a bride you are dressed," she cried, "with those pearls on your neck and arms, and that beautiful white rose-bud on your bosom."

Blanche could not leave her faithful attendant without some memorial of her love. Opening her jewel-case, she took out a costly necklace and ring.

"Take these," she said, "as a memento of my attachment, and as a reward for your fidelity. Betray me not on your soul's life, and may the blessed Virgin you worship be propitious to you as you are true to me."

Elsie suffered the jewels to fall from her hand, and casting herself at the feet of Blanche, she wrapped her arms about her knees, and implored her, with tears and sobs, not to go with that dreadful man.

"Release me!" cried Blanche, ready to faint with conflicting emotions. "Delay me not a moment longer!" Then snatching her mantle from her grasp, and leaving her prostrate and weeping on the floor, she flew down-stairs, through the open door, and found herself in the arms of that dark and nameless being, to whom she was about to confide herself forever. He bore her, almost fainting, into a carriage that was waiting at the gate, and the horses, black as night, started off at a furious speed. They left the crowded city far behind them, and rode out into the open fields, where the moonbeams, unobstructed by high granite walls, shone resplendently upon her pallid face and the polished surface of his enamel mask.

"Whither are you bearing me?" she faintly asked, as the small pebbles flashed fire beneath the horses' flying hoofs.

"To a second Eden, where love immortal blooms," he answered, folding her close to his heart. Forward they went with the same bewildering speed. The trees swept by them, like dark-green spirits in a rushing dance. Tall monuments, gleaming white and ghostly, ghastly and cold, shot swiftly by them, in the quivering moonshine.

"Oh, whither are you bearing me?" again she asked, almost expecting him to answer:

> "See there, see here, the moon shines clear—
> Hurrah, how swiftly speeds the dead!"

"I am bearing you to the gate of Heaven," he replied; "for surely the house of God is such. Far away in the deep woods there is a Gothic church, where a holy priest is waiting to crown with his blessing the purest, deepest love that ever bound two trusting hearts in one."

"Oh, mine is all the trust," she cried, "and if I be deceived, mine will be all the woe."

"As never woman thus loved and trusted," he passionately exclaimed; "so never woman was so supremely blest, as thou, my soul's beloved, shalt be!"

With soothing words and tender protestations and impassioned vows he sustained her spirits, and beguiled the length of their moonlight journey. At last they beheld the white walls of the sacred edifice glimmering through the dark, silver-edged foliage of the trees that embosomed it. The illuminated arches of the lofty windows told that his words were true, and that the holy father there awaited for the bridegroom and the bride.

"Courage, my beloved," he cried, supporting her steps into the vestibule, "your sublime confidence shall soon be rewarded. If it wearies, even now, I will restore you to the friends you have quitted for the stranger's love. But if you still cling to me with undoubting faith and triumphant affection, come, and the powers of earth cannot rend us asunder."

Blanche placed her cold hand in his. Throwing his arm around her, he led her toward the illuminated altar, where, clothed in his white robes, with the crucifix suspended on his breast, the man of God was standing. Blanche sank upon her knees, and bowed her head, till it touched the marble steps of the altar. At this moment, as if touched by invisible hands, the deep notes of the organ swelled grandly and solemnly on the ear. They gradually rose to the full altitude of the lofty dome, when, rolling along the arch, gathering volume as they rolled, they burst over the altar in a thunder-peal of melody, then murmured softly away, only to swell again in the same magnificent epithalamium. The illuminated church, the holy priest, the consecrated altar, and the grand and solemn music, filled the soul of Blanche with devout enthusiasm. Her confidence in her mysterious bridegroom deepened and strengthened. He knelt at her side, with her throbbing hand clasped in his. The last notes of the organ reverberated on the ear, and the priest commenced the solemn ceremony. So intense was her agitation, that she did not even hear the name of the unknown being—that name that was to be henceforth her own. She did not know when the rite was ended, but continued with her head bowed, and her loosened hair sweeping the consecrated marble.

"And now, my beloved," said the divine voice that had with its first accent captivated her soul, "the hour is come which releases me from the vow breathed in the presence of this man of God. Remove the mask, and behold the features which, whatever form they bear, are beaming with immortal love for thee."

Slowly and tremblingly Blanche raised her head, and turned toward him, as he knelt on the lower steps of the altar, and bent till his sable locks waved against her snowy dress.

And now the moment was arrived to which she had looked forward with such wild curiosity, with such unutterable hope and dread. Her hand refused to obey the impulse of her panting heart. It fell almost lifeless on his shoulder, and a thick mist darkened her sight.

"Fear not, my daughter," said the deep voice of the priest. "Put your trust in Heaven, and shrink not from the destiny thou hast chosen, whatever it may be. As faith is the most sublime of Christian virtues, so it is the most glorious proof of love."

These words issuing from the sacerdotal lips, that had so lately blessed her as a bride, gave her a momentary strength. Her fingers passed with lingering touch through the luxuriant locks that waved over the ribbon which confined the mask. As she unloosed the knot, and he gradually began to raise his bending head, before she had caught one glimpse of those mysterious features, overcome by the weight of concentrated emotions, she fell lifeless on his bosom.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself lying quietly on the carpet of her boudoir, by the side of her overturned harp, whose strings were yet vibrating from the sudden fall. Elsie was standing over her with a lamp in her hand, in convulsions of laughter.

"I would not be laughing if you were hurt," she cried, setting down her lamp and assisting the prostrate beauty, as well as her shaking muscles would allow, to resume an upright position. "You have had a pleasant nap of it, leaning against your harp. It tumbled before I could catch you, or you would not be lying here."

"Oh," cried Blanche, sitting up and rubbing her eyes, "if I had only had one glimpse of his face!"

DE LARA'S BRIDE.

Ere yet the curtain lifts its veiling fold,
Now o'er scenes of tragic art unroll'd,
The eye of hope this brilliant ring surveys,
And draws prophetic radiance from the gaze.
The third sad sister of the seraph choir,
Who wake the music of the deep-toned lyre,

This night, presiding genius of the Stage,
Has searched the hoarded treasures of an age.
Rich in the dearest memories of earth—
In chivalry, devotion, valor, worth—
She comes, with thorns upon her pallid brow,
Though thorns and sorrow lurk beneath their glow.
The passions follow darkly in her train,
Wild as the billows of the storm-swept main;
But reason, Nature, vindicate their cause,
And conscience writhes o'er its insulted laws.
Who has not felt, when reeling o'er the verge
Of crimes, to which temptations madly urge,
An antepast of that undying sting—
That quenchless fire, prepared for guilt's dread king;
And shrunk, as if the Lord's avenging wrath
Had placed upbraiding phantoms in their path?
To paint these agonies, to show the wreck
Of Mind's proud sovereignty when on the neck
Of unthroned reason Passion victor stands,
While pale Remorse in stealth its victim brands!
This is the empire of the heaven-born maid—
May no polluting steps or realms invade.
Never may that celestial fire, which erst
From Pindus' mount in flames of glory burst,
Descend to gild that scene where vice maintains
Its sorcery o'er the slave within its chains—
Where genius forms unholy league with fame,
And makes itself immortal by its *shame.*
Ye sons of Erudition! classic band!
Rulers of taste! in this unshackled land—
All that ye can, in candor, truth accord,
To this new candidate of fame award.
Man's own justice may relax its frown,
When woman aims to win the laurel crown.
Till now, the smiles of partial friends have warm'd
The germs of fancy, their fond love disarm'd
Relenting criticism—veil'd in mist
Each venial error. In the crowded list

Of Bards, adventurous champion now she waits,
As stood the fabled Sylph at Eden's gates,
Trembling to know if hers were that bright gift,
Of power the everlasting bars to lift.
Daughters of loveliness! we turn to you—
Stars of the arch, fair bending on the view;
'Tis yours to kindle that propitious beam
Whose visioned radiance gilds the poet's dream.
To you a sister, in the bard, appeals
For all that woman most devoutly feels,
Most dearly prizes—pure spontaneous praise.
Oh! when some unseen hand these folds shall raise,
May some kind genius o'er the walls preside,
And more than welcome great *De Lara's Bride*.

THE SNOW FLAKES.

Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray—Oh, say, do ye come,
With tidings to me from my far distant home?

"Our home is above in the depths of the sky,
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie—
We are fair, we are pure, *our* birth is divine—
Say, what can we know of thee, or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in kingdoms of air—
I know ye are heavenly, pure, and fair;
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers, roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

"We roam over mountain, and valley, and sea,
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree:
The heralds of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

"We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for nature a winding-sheet we weave—
A cold, white shroud, that shall mantle the gloom,
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

Oh, foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love:
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth,
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth.

And I've thought as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist on the branches lay
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltedst in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre, they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams their light,
Over scenes never veil'd by your drap'ry of white;
But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes,
My own native clime is far dearer than all.

Oh, fair, when ye clothed in their wintry mail,
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale,
Like warriors they looked, as they bowed in the storm,
With the tossing plume and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt—I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath—
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls where ye dwell,
When the dew-drops of Summer bespangle the dell?

"We fade—we melt into crystalline spheres—
We weep, for we pass through a valley of tears;
But onward to glory, away to the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

A MARTIAL SONG.

Know ye the place where the white walls rise,
  Mid the waves of ocean gleaming?
Where the guardian ramparts meet the eyes,
  And the starry flag is streaming?

Know ye the spot where at evening's close,
  And at morning's early breaking,
The music of battle inspiringly flows,
  The rock-born echoes waking?

Oh! fair is that place, where the sunbeams rest
  In their glory on the billows;
Or the moon on her native ocean's breast,
  Her silvery forehead pillows.

And fair are those walls with the banner that floats,
  To the waves our triumphs telling;
And sweet are those clear and warlike notes,
  On the ocean breezes swelling.

But fairer still are the glance and smile,
  That beamed there a kindly greeting;
And sweeter the heart-born tones the while,
  Our own glad accents meeting.

In the fortress of war, the home of the bold,
  The spirit of love is residing;
And dove-wings furl, with a downy fold,
  Where the eagle in power is presiding.

We stood on the ramparts, and saw the white surge
  Roll onward, then hoarsely retreating;
Or the Indian his bark o'er the blue waters urge,
  Some forest descant repeating.

When evening in raiments of silver came on,
  How calm was the current that bore us;
Around us, like diamonds, the clear ripples shone,
  While the heavens bent glistening o'er us.

But the ray we loved was flashing afar,
  In fitful, revolving glory;
It welcomed us back, like a beacon star,
  That watched o'er the battlements hoary.

Oh, when, lonely sentinel, when wilt thou beam
  On our path to that gem of the ocean;
Where life bore the brightness that visits our dream,
  And time had of snow-flakes the motion?

SALLY ROCHESTER FORD.

This writer has a distinctive place among Southern authors, as a leading light of the Baptist denomination, and a subtle and effective interpreter of its peculiar tenets.

She was born at Rochester Springs, Boyle County, Kentucky, in 1828. Her father, Col. J. Henry Rochester, is the grand-nephew of Nathaniel Rochester, who laid out the city of Rochester, New York. The branch of the family from which Mrs. Ford descended, emigrated and settled in Kentucky in the latter part of the last century, while the country was yet a comparative wilderness.

The Rochesters are not unknown to English history, and they still confess to a shade of pride as they trace their lineage and recount their ancestry. This feeling, doubtless, has had its stimulating influence in developing the gifts, and bringing into distinction the name of our author.

She was only in her fourth year, and the eldest of three daughters, when she was deprived by death of a mother's care. The loss, however, was providentially supplied by the judicious supervision of her maternal grandmother, a woman of great mental and physical vigor, who devoted herself to her grand-children with true motherly interest. Accustomed herself to out-door exercise, the management of a farm and the superintendence of a large family, and being withal a woman of highly religious character, she appreciated and enforced the kind of training which is now apparent in the strong characteristics of our writer.

Mrs. Ford, with her sister Cassandra, was educated at "Georgetown Female Seminary," Kentucky, an institution, under the conduct of Prof. J. E. Farnam, which has done much for the intellectual and religious culture of that region. From the first she gave evidence of talent, and, in 1847, graduated with the highest honors of her class.

In the spring of 1848, she made a public profession of the Christian religion, and was baptized by the Rev. D. R. Campbell, President of Georgetown College, Kentucky, who very cordially provides these data.

Her advantages for acquiring biblical knowledge were rather unusual. She was a lover of books and a close student. Her uncle, Rev. J. R. Pitts, occupied an adjacent farm, and gave her free access to his library and counsel. She cultivated the acquaintance of clergymen, especially those of her own denomination, and took an intelligent and deep interest in the study of the distinguishing principles of their theology. In this way she laid the foundation of the skill with which she has since defended the faith of her people.

In March, 1855, she married the Rev. S. H. Ford, of Louisville, Ky. He was at that time pastor of the East Baptist church in that city, and connected with the denominational press of the State. Shortly after their marriage, he became sole proprietor of the "Christian Repository," a religious monthly, which he has since conducted with much success.

At this point commenced Mrs. Ford's career as a writer. She contributed short articles to the "Repository" until she acquired ease and confidence, then, encouraged by her husband, began the serial of "Grace Truman," which was brought out in the monthly numbers of that magazine. This story at once attracted the attention of the public. The "Repository," went up rapidly, and Mrs. Ford's reputation as a denominational writer was gradually established.

In 1857, this work was published by Sheldon & Co., of New York, and in a short time reached a sale of thirty thousand copies. As a lucid and forcible presentation of distinctive tenets, it has, and must ever hold, an important place in religious literature.

During the present year, Mrs. Ford has given to the world another book, entitled "Mary Bunyan." In this volume she traces, with graphic power, the persecution and intolerance by which the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was prepared for his immortal work. It carries in itself all the elements of success, and cannot fail to achieve it.

Besides these labors, Mrs. Ford shares largely in the editorial charge of the "Repository," and is, in every respect, her husband's faithful coadjutor. Combining, also, the best qualities of the social, domestic, and Christian woman, she establishes her "right," by proving her abilty, to occupy a wide and comprehensive "sphere."

MY FATHER'S WILL.

I have lately come into the possession of an inheritance. It was left me by my father in his will. My father is in a far distant country. I am every day hastening to this glorious home where my father is. I say glorious home; and so it is. I have not seen it yet, but my father has said it, and I believe. The walls are of precious stones, and the gates thereof are of pearl, and the streets of pure gold. Sometimes, in thinking of this home, I grow almost impatient, because I am so long a sojourner here. But I must wait patiently for my father to send for me. He doeth all things well. When all things are ready—when the glorious mansion which he has gone to prepare for me is complete, then he will send for me. I shall then go to be with him forever.

I have never seen my father; but I know he is my father. I know it from several reasons. And the bestowal of this last estate, into the possession of which I have so recently entered, is unmistakable evidence of it. If

I had doubted it before, I could not now. To do so would be to doubt my father's word, and my father never lies. With him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. All of his words are "Yea and Amen."

I have often wondered why my father left such an estate as this to his children—have tried again and again to solve this question. And after all my endeavors I can only conclude, "Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in thy sight." My father, no doubt, knows that it is necessary for his children that they have this inheritance, and, therefore, before he left this exile world, he sealed it up as a part of his will and testament to them. It is needful for their good here, and for a full preparation for entering upon that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. My father has sufficient reasons for all he does. He is infinite in justice, wisdom, and love.

Before my father departed to go into the far country where he now is, he willed to me, his child, several estates, various in character and value; and the parchments on which these last testaments were written were sealed up with different-colored seals, each seal indicative of the character of the estate the parchment bestowed. I have examined each roll and seal closely, and I find they all bear the impress of my father's seal of state. I cannot be mistaken about this. My father is too wise and just to leave his children in the least uncertainty with regard to anything he would have them know.

My father has not only left these various inheritances, but he has also wisely ordered the times at which I shall enter into their possession. But these times, in his wisdom and love, he has kept hidden from my view.

Many of the parchment-rolls, with their respective-colored seals, have been opened, and I have immediately entered upon the possession of the estates they have conferred on me. And they have been pleasant inheritances—goodly lands, flowing with milk and honey. No nectar, no ambrosia could equal the glorious repasts which I have enjoyed from my father's liberal hand. My father has been very kind to me. I have often thought he favored me above most of his children. True, my possessions have not been large, compared with the standard of this world, but then there has always been such glorious sunshine on my estates—such sweet music ever sounding in my ears, and such glad, happy faces always around me, my cup of joy has been full. I have tried to feel very thankful for all these blessed gifts, and while I was in the enjoyment of them, I thought I was grateful. Alas! alas! what gratitude.

In the archives of my father's house, where his wills of his children are kept, I have often seen one marked for me, and sealed with a black seal. It bore his signet, therefore I could not but know it was genuine. As I have said, I have often seen it among the deeds of other estates. I never liked to look at it, or think upon it, and somehow I always hoped that *perhaps* my father would never have it opened. I knew the title was to an estate in the valley of Baca. I knew, too, this valley of Baca was a destitute region, a land of bitterness and drought. I had read of it, and I had seen some of my father's children who had been on their estates in this valley.

I often wondered if my father would ever bid me go and dwell there. I knew he was all love, and as he had always been so lavish in his blessings to me, I have concluded he intended to spare me this great trial. Blind I was, and slow of heart to believe. But whenever the fear came over me, I turned shudderingly from the view; and often I have prayed, "If it be possible, Father, let this cup pass from me."

Sometimes I have feared this black seal would be broken, and then I have been filled with dreadful apprehension. Then I shuddered, and drew back from the prospect. My faith grew faint, my heart chill, and I was almost ready to doubt all good. But knowing that my father, though unseen by me, could hear my petition, I have gone away alone, and besought my father to spare me this trial. Sometimes, again, when I have been in the happy possession of my goodly heritage, I have felt that my father was too merciful ever to command me or his agents to break that black-seal roll. I knew he was a kind father, and would not *willingly* afflict me. And I could see no reason why I should ever dwell in the valley of Baca. Was I not my father's obedient child?

Thus flattering myself, I had ceased to dread the opening of the black seal parchment roll. Indeed, I had almost forgotten that it was among my father's testaments to me.

But my father is never mistaken with regard to the good of his children. He knows all things—sees the end from the beginning. He well knew, long before I was a pilgrim, what would be needful for me in this country where I now sojourn; therefore he left this dreaded will. And he knew, too, just when it was best for me it should be opened, and long ago he gave his agent direction concerning it. But I did not know it. I had not watched and prayed as my father had commanded, else might I have known more of his will concerning me. And then I should not have been so distressed when this seal was broken.

I have been dwelling for some months in this valley of Baca—this land of bitterness.

But I must tell you something of my removal thither. I was in possession of the last estate my father, as yet, had ever bestowed upon me. I was very, *very* happy. And thought, too, that I was accomplishing his will according to his written directions. I thought I was endeavoring with all my power to carry out his command, endeavoring to labor in his vineyard. And I now feel this sore trial is anticipative rather than retrospective, to prepare me for what is to come, rather than to chastise me for what is past. I feel so, not because I am good, but because my father is good.

One day, in the very midst of my happiness, and when I was least expecting such a thing, there came suddenly to me a messenger to tell me that I must leave my glorious possessions, and take up my abode in the valley of Baca.

"It cannot be," said I, in consternation, for fearful forebodings seized my very soul. "Are you sure your message is true? Are you not mistaken?"

"Not mistaken," he replied, "it is the will of your father."

"The will of my father!" I exclaimed, full of apprehension. (The will of my father. I could not rebel against it.) "But how am I to know that you tell me is true?"

"Here," said he, handing me the parchment, with its horrid black seal. "Here, read for yourself."

I took it. The seal was broken. I opened it and read: "*Yea, and all they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.*"

I looked at it closely. There was no mistake. It was for me. I read a little further on. "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." "It is enough," I said, "I'll ask no more," and immediately I removed to the valley of Baca, where I now dwell.

As you may well suppose, when I first removed thither, I was almost in despair. It seemed to me that I could not live. I was overwhelmed by sorrow. There was no light, but *blackness, blackness*, everywhere. Oh, I cannot tell you how dark—how deeply dark this blackness was! Words are too poor to describe it. I felt that my father had utterly forsaken me. I felt that all my father's children had forsaken me. Like my brother Job of old, I exclaimed, "The thing which I greatly feared has come upon me, and that which I was afraid of, is come unto me.' And with David, "My God,

my God, why hast thou forsaken me?—why art thou so far from helping me?"

I knew not whither to look. My heart was broken with grief. My head was bowed to the earth. All the kind words of my father, all his former blessings, all his sure words of promise—were but bitterness to me. They were sharp arrows that pierced my soul.

The valley of Baca I found a desert-place; no pools nor wells of water, and I was parched with thirst. Neither date nor fig-tree, and I was starving with hunger. I could only think, and suffer. Remembrances of the pleasant lands from which I had come, only served to render the desolation and darkness of the valley the more horrible. I tried to reason with myself. I said, "This is for my good, else my father would not have ordered it. I need to be won from this world. I need to be purified from the dross of this wicked nature. My father will grant me deliverance by and by. I must bear it all patiently."

While I soliloquized thus, two hideous figures, with dark, dread countenances, came and stood beside me, and offered to be my companions as long as I should dwell in this horrid place. They were Doubt and Despair. I shrunk back from their demon presence. They laughed and mocked at my anguish. Doubt, with fiendish delight, whispered in my ear, "Only through the swelling Jordan, which lies just beyond the precincts of this valley, shall you reach your father's bosom." Then Despair took up the frightful threatening: "You'll never reach there," he shouted with malicious joy. "This is your only inheritance. Your father has forgotten you. He no longer regards your cries and tears." And he grinned a horrid, ghastly grin, as I sunk beneath the hopeless sentence.

Oh, my father's children, never, never shall I forget this dark and trying hour. If you have never been thus visited, you cannot appreciate what I say, though it were written in words of living light. And if you have, then I need not tell you. You know it all. Such seasons are never forgotten.

After a time these dreadful ministers left me to myself. I spared their companionship, for I felt that they were not sent by my father. Then there came a ray of light, faint and feeble at first, but gradually it served to light me on my way to this dark valley. I knew it was from my father, and I rejoiced that he had not forgotten me in my low estate. I remembered all his previous promises, and that he had said they were all "yea and amen." And when I remembered, too, that this heavy affliction had been appointed

me, and that I had been forewarned of it, I felt to reproach myself for my want of confidence in my father's goodness.

When I had somewhat come to myself, and began clearly to realize my situation (for heretofore I was as one benumbed with grief), I gave myself to prayer and supplication. I knew my father's ear was ever open to my cry, though Despair, for a season, had made me believe otherwise—that his heart was beating with love and compassion for me, and that for my good, but not willingly, had he afflicted me.

I asked my father for strength; I asked him for guidance; I asked him that his grace might perfect me through suffering. And oftentimes, when this valley has been darkest, and when I have been most closely beset by my enemies, have I been made to rejoice in my afflictions, knowing that they were working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I have had seasons of darkest trial since I have entered upon this possession. But then I have had seasons of sweet comfort, too, for I have felt persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth," shall ever be able to separate me from the love of my father. All things are his, and he is mine.

I have oftentimes thirsted in this place, but of late this valley of Baca hath become a well; the rain, also, filleth the pools. And I sometimes now hear my father's cheering voice, bidding me faint not. And day by day I am pressing on to that glorious country that eye hath never seen.

It may be that I am to abide here until I am called up to my inheritance above. If it be my father's will, I would cheerfully acquiesce. It cannot be a great while before I shall be called to my father's house. Therefore, let me not be faint. A glorious home awaits me, and when I shall get there, all my present sorrows shall be swallowed up in ecstatic bliss. Darkness shall be exchanged for light; tears for joy; trial and suffering for bliss which shall never end. I shall be forever with my father, and he shall wipe all tears from my eyes.

MRS. GRAY.

Mrs. Gray was a kind-hearted, energetic woman, and a model housekeeper. Looking well to the success of her household, and everything from garret—yes, garret, for theirs was an old-fashioned country-house, which boasted of a garret, not an attic—to cellar, bore indisputable marks of neat-

ness and good order; not that straight-laced primness which impresses even the most fastidious with a feeling of uncomfortableness and fear. What a pity it is that some housekeepers will torment themselves to death to make everybody and everything about them unpleasant! Always brushing, dusting, polishing, and hopelessly miserable whenever a truant scrap from a neighbor's scissors finds its way to the carpet, until it is picked up and unmistakably committed to the flames.

The children of such a household are filled with old-maidish ways before they reach their teens; prim, spiritless creatures, destitute of all naturalness, and fit only to talk about "order and proprieties." I pity the mother of such *walking systems;* my heart aches for the children of such proper mothers. Rather let me have the ringing laugh and bounding feet, though that laugh may reach a note above the octave of propriety, and the bounding feet bring home soiled stockings and untidy shoes. For mercy's sake, let children be children as long as they will. Then shall we see more men and women, and fewer young ladies of fashion, and dandies of the first water; more heart and sense, and less puling sentimentality, and aping the would-be-great; then would there be a pure health current of common sense, morality, and religion, running through the whole frame-work of society, giving to it vigorous life and progress.

THE RETREAT.

It was a happy home, this little whitewashed cottage that Grace had named the "Retreat." Let us look at it a moment, about four weeks after it had become the habitation of Grace.

Pleasantly situated on an eminence, with beautiful grounds around, it stood just without the village, of which it commanded a fine view. The road ran in sight, but not near enough to make it a public place; a footpath spanned the meadow that intervened between it and Mount Airy, which could be seen from the south window of Grace's room. Behind the house, from the back of the garden, the fields, now in a state of high cultivation, trended away to the background of woodland which skirted the horizon. A large beech-tree, which in summer time threw its shade half over the little front yard, stood to the right as you approached the latticed porch, which had recently been added. The few rose-bushes, and cedars, standing equidistant from each other, along the front fence, had been robbed of all super-

finous growth. And the lilac, which stood to the left, as if in mimic opposition to the beech, had also undergone the trimming process, and looked so fresh and green as almost to give promise of a second flowering. Newly-spaded flower-beds, with annual fall flowers just breaking the mold with their tender heads, bordered the pavement. The garden, too, had been ploughed, and planted in such things as would mature before the coming of the frost. Everything, within and without, gave evidence of neatness and thrift, for Grace, though a very young housekeeper, was a very good one; and Aunt Peggy found that her province was to suggest, rather than to direct.

The sun threw a glorious radiance over meadow and fields, stole in through the open window and past the snowy muslin curtain, falling in a quiver of golden arrows at the feet of Grace, as she sat in her sewing-chair finishing a piece of floss-work. Her husband, just returned from the business of the day, for he yet overlooked his father's farm, was resting on the lounge at her side, telling her of the occurrences of the day, to which she was listening with deep interest. The tea-table, with its stainless cloth and glistening furniture, stood in the centre of the room. To the right of Grace was her work-stand, on which rested a vase of roses and cedar, to which had been added the field-flowers brought her by her husband; and the weekly journal, which it was his habit to read aloud after the day's business was finished, lay by the side of the flower-vase. In the corner was a table of books and magazines, which were Grace's companions when her husband was away. Jane was in the kitchen getting supper; and old Aunt Peggy, having seen that all was right in that department, had gone to gather up the chickens and put them in their respective coops before it was dark, for there was a mink somewhere in the neighborhood, and she could not trust them in the hen-house.

Surely into this little Eden no serpent will ever enter; over this love-lit dwelling no cloud will ever gather!

Grace had many pleasant visitors to enliven the hours of her husband's absence; for her gentleness and sincerity had won for her numerous friends in the village and country. It was a delightful walk to the "Retreat," and it was a charming place at which to spend an hour or two when one was there. Mrs. Holmes and Fannie often came to pass the day or evening, and their kindness and love to her in some measure made amends for old Mr. Holmes's ill-treatment. He rarely ever called, and when he did, it was to see his son on business. His manner toward Grace continued cold and forbidding.

Could it be expected of him to come down from the heights of his dignity when she persisted in her advocacy of such erroneous opinions? Oh, no! Not one jot or tittle would he yield. "He would show her what it was to hold out against his desire. Such obstinacy and narrow-mindedness deserved to be punished with the utmost severity. How dared she oppose the teachings of his church, to withstand the opinions of the learned and wise? Was such presumption ever known before? But he would bring her to—yes, that he would! She must be made to feel the extent of her impertinence: it might take some time to accomplish it, for she was pretty stiff-necked; but it should be done; no daughter-in-law of his should be a Baptist: he would not stand the disgrace." Thus he reasoned with himself, and thus he acted.

Grace was pierced to the heart by his treatment, for she fully understood his motives; but she remembered the promise, "I am with you always," and was strengthened to bear the burden.

Mr. Lewis often came to sit with them till after tea. He loved the quiet and home-like appearance of the little whitewashed cottage. It was usual for him, on such occasions, to report his progress in the study of the baptismal question, and to engage in conversation with Grace on that subject. At such times Mr. Holmes proved an attentive listener; laying on the lounge, he would give earnest heed to what was being said, often asking questions, or making comments. It was evident he was interested, and was determined to avail himself of Mr. Lewis' study without much exertion to himself. On one occasion, after having given very close attention to his cousin's proof in favor of believer's baptism, he rose, and approaching him, said, in quite an earnest manner:

"I believe, Ed, that you and Grace will make a Baptist of me yet." Then, after a pause, he added: "But what is the use for me to change? You have no church here, if I should be converted to your views, for me to join"

"Father Miller has promised to preach for us in Weston next fall, you know, Mr. Holmes," said Grace, catching at the faintest shadow of promise of change in his views, "and you will then have an opportunity to show us whether our arguments have convinced you or not," and the young wife regarded her husband with an expression half playful, half earnest.

"I shall give no promises for the future, for fear I shall not perform them; we will wait until Father Miller shall come, and then see."

AUNT PEGGY A LOGICIAN.

"De bud is very bitter to you, Miss Gracey, I know it is, chile, but de flower, when it comes, will be mity sweet. De Lord never forsakes his chil'ren, blessed be his name."

"But, Aunt Peggy, suppose I am mistaken in my belief of what is my duty, you know God will never bless me in this course; I cannot expect it. If I should act differently, it might be the means of saving my husband; all of his friends think so; and oh, Aunt Peggy, to accomplish this I would make any sacrifice—would do anything that is right." And the weeping wife buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. "And you know, Aunt Peggy," she added, after the outburst of her deep grief had somewhat subsided, "that Baptists look upon Presbyterians as good Christian people, and the children of God, and agree with them on all the essential points of doctrine. Then why can't I join with them in celebrating an ordinance which he has commanded *all* of his followers to observe? How could there be any wrong in my doing this, Aunt Peggy?"

"Well, now, Miss Gracey, I will tell you how I looks upon it. It 'pears to me like dis: I went down to de store last week to buy dat new calico gown you was a making dis mornin', and arter de calico was rolled up, I untied de corner of my handkercher an' gin Massa Ray, Miss Fannie's beau, dare, a dollar; he looked at it, and handed it back to me. I was took by surprise, I tells you, and said, 'Massa Ray, ain't dat good silver?' 'Yes, Aunt Peggy,' said he, 'it is good silver.' 'What do you mean, den?' says I; 'I knows it is good, and no counterfeiter, for I's rung it more'n a dozen times, and it's jes as clar as a bell; why don't you take it, Massa Ray?' 'It's good silver, Aunt Peggy, excellent stuff;' said he, a kind a laughing. 'Well, I wish you would tell me what you mean,' says I, growin' more an' more puzzled; 'if it is gennywine, what is de reason you don't keep it? don't you take such money?' 'Yes, Aunt Peggy, just as much of it as I can get. I wish I could have thousands of it every day.' 'Well, why don't you take it den?' 'Well,' said he, bustin' out into de biggest laugh you ever heerd, 'I don't take it, Aunt Peggy, just because it ain't a dollar, it wants five cents of it; it's only a five franc piece.' Now, Miss Gracey, it's jes so wid Presbyterians; dey is mity good silver, an' we Baptists is willin' to take dem for jes what dey is worth; but dey ain't a dollar, I tell you! dey wants de five cents."

Grace and Fannie were much impressed with the old servant's apt illustration. For a moment neither of them made any reply. At length, as if a new thought had struck her, Fannie said:

"But Aunt Peggy, if Mr. Ray had chosen, he could have taken your five franc piece, couldn't he?"

The old woman saw the point in her question, and answered quickly.

"No, no, Miss Fannie, it is not lef' to Massa Ray to do as he pleases in dis matter. Mr. Matthews 'spects him to mind what he says; an' it is jes so wid us; we mus' follow de Master's command; we doesn't dar' to change it. If he had lef' us to do as we pleased, we might commune wid all Christian people; but you know he told all dat partakes of de emblems of his broken body and spilt blood *first to be baptized*, an' dis is de reason why we Baptists can never break bread wid dose dat has only been sprinkled. Don't you see dis, Miss Gracey?"

THE BAPTISM.

It was a beautiful spot, the one selected for the baptism. The creek, having passed over a dam a few yards above, spread out, at this point, in a smooth, tranquil sheet, whose crystal waters, like a mirror, sent back from its unruffled surface the glorious light of heaven. On the further side from the village, there stretched back, from the banks of the stream, a little meadow, now clad in its garment of russet and green, while all along the edge of the water there stood gigantic old sycamores, whose leafless branches still bent caressingly over the child of their bosom, though they could no longer give her protection from the noon-day sun. Their infancy had looked on a race long since gone! their age was now to witness, for the first time, the celebration of a simple rite, which had its origin in the far-off wilderness of Judea, and which had been preserved by the faithful followers of their Master, through the fall of nations and the decay of empires, through trials, and persecution, and blood. Surely not one jot or tittle shall pass away till all be fulfilled.

On the side next the village, there was a gradual descent to within a few yards of the edge of the water, where the bank extended itself into a smooth, level plat, from the dam above to the little foot-bridge a few hundred yards below. Nature seemed to have designed that spot for the administration of

the most beautiful and solemn ordinance of the word of God, so admirably was it adapted to the purpose.

The day, too, was a lovely one. Earth, air, and sky, all conspired to throw an additional charm around the impending rite. The sun looked down from the blue heavens above upon the quiet scene below, with a smile of glorious effulgence; the air wearing that peculiar softness of November, tempered, while it diffused his brightness and his glory. Earth seemed wrapped in holy repose, such as we imagine enshrouded Eden during the sabbath of sinless rest, ere the taste of the forbidden fruit "brought death and all our woe."

"And will you not go to see me baptized, father?" asked Fannie, tremulously, of the old man, as he sat in the corner, with downcast eyes, and that dark, dreadful frown crowning his brow. She was all ready to step into the carriage.

He looked at her a moment, as if surprised at her question.

"Go to see you baptized, Fannie! No, that I won't. I can see no daughter of mine dipped!"

She leaned over him and kissed his darkened brow, while the silent tears coursed each other down her sorrowful cheeks.

"For thee, my Saviour, for thee!" she exclaimed to herself, as, with breaking heart, she turned away. Her mother gently took her hand, and led her to the carriage, which stood ready at the door. Mr. Lewis was awaiting them. He gazed on his cousin with an expression of the deepest sympathy, and whispering in her ear, "Fear not, Fannie, he will be with you," handed her into the carriage, and seating himself by her side, they drove to the water.

The minister, with Mr. Holmes and Grace, Annie and her brother, together with most of the little band, stood on the brow of the declivity, awaiting them. Mr. Holmes' countenance beamed with joy and love. His heart was filled with that confidence and hope which lift the soul above the present life, and give to it visions of the unseen glory. His faith was "the substance of things hoped for," the sure evidence of things not seen.

As the little company wended their way down the slope, they sung that stirring song:

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

"Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
For my Immanuel's land.

"And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be:
'Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.'"

The effect upon the audience was magical. It was hushed to the profoundest silence. Those who had come from motives of curiosity were melted to tears; those who had come to laugh and jeer, were seized, as if under conviction for sin; a feeling of awe pervaded the whole assembly. The Spirit of God was in their midst, and they could not, they wished not to deride and mock. Old and young; men in the noontide of strength and vigor, indifferent and unmoved about their soul's salvation; young men in life's spring-time, regardless of any duty to God; matrons and maidens, all were overcome by the impressiveness of the solemn scene; and tears found their way to eyes that seldom wept.

Still the little band moved on with slow and solemn step; still their notes of praise rung out on the hushed air.

Fannie leaned upon the arm of Mr. Lewis. Her heart was sad, bowed even nigh to breaking, for on it rested the weight of her father's sore displeasure. Mr. Lewis, whose soul was fixed upon the promises of Jehovah, who felt all the comfort, all the bliss of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and all the happiness of entire obedience to his commands—whose every feature bespoke the peace and joy of "believing," endeavored to reassure her as they passed on; but "a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Her soul was racked beneath the conflict of contending emotions; she felt that she was giving up all earthly happiness. She was acting in direct opposition to her father's expressed will; and that father, bowed down by the grief of her disobedience, had positively refused to see her baptized. She was severing herself from all her early associations. Those she had known from her childhood days, whose hearts had treasured her with a sister's love, would now turn from her cold and indifferent; and there was one far dearer to her than all other friends beside; one to whom she had given her highest, holiest, earthly love, and she was now about to meet the doom

of separation from him—from all she loved. She wondered if he would be there, or would he stay away and thus manifest his disapprobation of her course. She prayed, oh so fervently, that God would direct his steps thither, and there convince him, by his own mighty power, of the obligation that yet rested upon him as a follower of the blessed Redeemer. "Grant me this, O my Father! I ask no more; lead him in the paths of all righteousness for thy name's sake."

She leaned heavily on the arm of her cousin for support. She was almost ready to sink beneath the burden of her sorrows. Her mother followed behind her; her deep sobbings fell upon her ear during the intervals between the words of the song, and piereed her bosom to its deepest depths.

Mrs. Holmes clung to her daughter with that love which only a mother's heart can feel under such trying circumstances. She did not disapprove the act her daughter was about to perform; she thought only of the painful, fearful consequences to her affectionate nature. How dark, oh how very dark did the future appear as it arrayed itself before her! She fully comprehended her daughter's situation; she knew what must be the effects of blighted hope on a heart so young, so pure, so trusting; and she knew, too, that to all this sorrow would be added that of her father's unmitigated disapprobation. If that father had but come to see his daughter baptized, it would have been some consolation; but he would not. The mother's heart, as well as the daughter's, was well-nigh breaking. Her faith was dimmed to darkness; she saw the picture in its deepest shadow, and could not realize that light *could ever* gild its blackness.

As they approached the stream, the crowd parted on either side, and they passed through to the water's edge. As the last words of the song died away, there was a stillness as of the grave. Lifting his trembling hands on high, the aged man offered up a short, beseeching prayer to God for his blessing on what was now to be done in his name, that grace might be given to those who were there to testify to the world their love to Christ and their willingness to follow him in all of his commands; to grant to them that "perfect love which casteth out all fear."

And with his went up from the stricken heart at his side, earnest supplication, "Be with me, O my God, be with me! Give me strength to do thy will! O take not thy presence from me in this my hour of need! I do it all for thee—in obedience to thy command! I leave father and mother, kindred and friends, all—all to follow thee! O leave me not, nor forsake me! still my strength and helper be! Support me! O support me!"

And there came a voice as if from heaven, saying: "Fear not; lo! I am with you, follow me. I will be thy guide and support; I bled that *thou* mightst live; I poured out my soul in death for *thy* redemption. Canst thou not trust me? Look up, look up, and see me on the cross bleeding, dying, that *thou* mightst be saved. Have I not said, every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life. I have kept thee thus far, and can I not preserve thee to the end?"

She *could* trust; she did trust! And as the prayer closed, she threw aside her veil, and those around her saw her face beaming, as it had been the face of an angel. All fear, all doubt was gone. "She knew in whom she had trusted."

Giving her bonnet to Annie Gray, who stood by her side, she took the arm of her brother, and followed the minister and Mr. Lewis into the water. As she stood, her hair thrown back from her calm brow, and her hands folded on her peaceful bosom, while a smile of ineffable sweetness and truth lighted up her placid face, she presented a picture of unearthly loveliness. And never, in coming time, did that vision pass from the remembrance of those that saw her. There was one beholder who perceived it in all its intensity and power; it had burned itself in upon his heart in ever-enduring characters, and often in after years did he revert to it with feelings akin to adoration.

On a slight eminence, and a little way above the stream, and apart from the crowd, there stood a man, his form enveloped in a cloak, and his hat shading his face. No one observed, him, for all eyes were directed to the group in the water. But there he stood *alone*, with folded arms and down-east look, while the big tears followed each other down his sorrowful cheeks.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood, and these three agree in one.

"And in obedience to the command of my Lord and Saviour, and after his example, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

A moment, and Mr. Lewis arose from the liquid grave, to walk in newness of life.

Fannie stood with closed eyes, while her brother submitted to the ordinance which publicly testified his death to sin, and his resurrection to a life of faith and holiness. Her heart was communing with her Saviour, she was tasting of that bliss which the soul feels, when God from off the mercy-seat reveals himself to man.

Her lips moved, but no sound was heard. When it came to her turn to be "buried with Christ in baptism," she cast an earnest searching glance upon the crowd; then closing her eyes, she was "planted in the likeness of the Saviour's death," that she might "be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

As she arose, she said, so as to be heard by all near, "I thank thee, O my God, that thou hast given me strength to do thy will; praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!"

As she reached the bank she was caught in the arms of her mother, who, with tears of joy, pressed her to her heart. "Bless de Lord! bless de Lord!" was heard above the voice of the surrounding weeping, and old Aunt Peggy was seen making her way to where the group stood, exclaiming as she went, "Bless de Lord! bless de Lord!" She shook the hand of each, while her happy old face was bathed in tears, and her soul too full of joy for aught save praise to God for his great mercy. And as she passed through the crowd, shaking the hand of all she met, her overflowing heart gushed forth in thanksgiving and love.

SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Had Miss Talley been born under the shadow of the Boston State House, her "Ennerslie," "Con Elgin," "Lady of Lodee," and poems of a similar stamp, would have made her a conspicuous spoke in the wheel within wheel—the orbit of the literary elect—around that "hub of the universe." Her Muse has many points in sympathy with that of Longfellow, and some of her poems are, in the best sense, Tennysonian; yet she is in no respect an imitator. She does not belong to the school of aspirants who affect the irregularities and ambiguities of Tennyson; but she has quaffed with him from the same dim shadowy outlets of Hippocrene, and with qualities of mind somewhat akin, though undeveloped and unequal, "bodies forth" her ideals in cadences of her own.

Miss Talley is descended, on the paternal side, from a Huguenot refugee, who settled on an estate in Hanover County, Virginia, about the same time with the Fontaine family, whose memoirs we have in "A Tale of the Hugnenots." In this old homestead, still in the possession of the family, our poet was born, and here she passed the first eight years of her childhood.

Her father, a gentleman of fine tone and talents, gave early promise of eminence in his profession of the law; unfortunately, however, a constitutional diffidence which in a measure unfitted him for public speaking, together with a sensitiveness entirely opposed to the harsh experiences of his office, induced him to resign the practice of his profession. To those who are fond of

tracing the possession of genius to hereditary induction, it may be interesting to observe how, in this instance, the mental endowments and keen sensibilities of the father, are repeated in the daughter, and, as it were, heightened into the poetical temperament.

Among the traits earliest developed in Miss Talley, were extreme fearlessness and love of liberty. Before she was five years of age, she delighted in wandering about the estate, alone or accompanied by her huge Newfoundland dog, Trim, exploring lonely woods, pathless meadows, and gloomy hollows, where other children could not be induced to venture. She had Trim's own fondness for the water, and when sought, after long hours of absence, was generally found wading in a stream in a wild frolic with the dog, or sitting quietly on the bank, watching the flow of the waves.

It is said that she was never known to betray a sign of fear; and that at this age, in her visits to the neighbors, she would unhesitatingly face and subdue by her caresses the fiercest dogs, which even grown persons dared not approach. A singular power of will and magnetism, like that ascribed to the author of "Wuthering Heights," seems to have possessed her. She rode with a graceful, fearless abandon, and loved nothing better than to float away by herself in a frail boat. She was the frequent companion of her father and grandfather in their walks, rides, and hunting and fishing excursions; yet, with all these influences, she was ever a gentle child, and remarkable for extreme sensibility and refinement. She delighted in all sights and sounds of beauty; and would sit for hours watching the sky in storm and sunshine, or listening to the wind among the trees—the plashing of a waterfall, or the cry of a whip-poor-will. This life familiarized her with all the voices of nature. A sound once heard she never forgot, but could, years after, imitate with surprising exactnesss. "I thus," she says,

"retain a rich store of remembrances, so vivid, that they seem ever in the present."

When she was eight years of age, her father removed to Richmond, and she then entered school. The change from unrestrained country life to the confinement of the city, and the irksome discipline of school, seemed a real affliction to the child. Then, too, her fine sensibilities were, for the first time, brought into contact with natures of a coarser grain, and the rudeness, selfishness, and tyranny which she encountered, jarred upon her painfully. To her teachers, with whom she was ever a favorite, she became warmly attached, but she shrank from association with her schoolmates, and though of a lively disposition, could never be induced to join in their sports.

When in her eleventh year, she was released from this school thralldom, by an unexpected dispensation. It had been remarked that for some days she had appeared singularly absent and inattentive when spoken to; being at length reproved, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "I can't hear you." It was then discovered that her hearing was greatly impaired. She was placed under the care of the most eminent physicians, both at the North and the South; but their varied efforts resulted, as is too often the case, only in an aggravation of the evil. She lost the power to distinguish conversation, though carried on in a loud key; a power which to this day she has not wholly recovered. She seems to have reconciled herself at once to this deprivation, and though given more than ever to thoughtful moods, and studious habits, was ever patient and cheerful. In conversing with her, the common finger-alphabet was resorted to, when necessary, but her extraordinary quickness of apprehension generally rendered such aids needless. She would join in conversation with so much readiness and ease that strangers seldom suspected her infirmity.

Her parents were at first greatly at loss as to the manner of

conducting her education. Fortunately, she was advanced far beyond most children of her age, and now, released from the discipline of school, her natural love of study deepened into a passion. It was soon found sufficient to throw suitable books in her way, and thus, unassisted, she completed a thorough scholastic course. She also acquired an extensive acquaintance with the literature of the day, and her correct taste, and critical discrimination, elicited the warmest encomiums from that prince of critics, Edgar A. Poe.

At the age of twelve, Miss Talley developed an unsuspected faculty. A friend having presented her with a bouquet, she supplied herself with paper, pencils, and water-colors, shut herself in her own room, and, in the course of a few hours, produced an almost perfect copy of the flowers. Masters were at once procured, who assured her that her talent was of a high order. Among these, the artist Robert Sully was very solicitous that she should devote herself to the cultivation of painting, and predicted for her a brilliant success. Had her father, whose interest in, and devotion to, her culture never flagged, but lived to prosecute his generous designs, she might have accomplished much in this line of art; but with his death, which occurred a few years after, her enthusiasm departed, the palette was laid aside and never after resumed, though her crayon drawings and miniatures are not surpassed, for beauty and finish, by those of any artist in the country.

It was not until Miss Talley had entered her thirteenth year that her poetic faculty became apparent to her family, she having, through excessive modesty, carefully concealed all proofs of its development. Some specimens of her verse then falling under the eye of her father, he at once recognized in them the flow of true genius, and very wisely, with a few encouraging words, left her to the guidance of her own inspiration. In her sixteenth year, some of her poems appeared in the "Southern

Literary Messenger," to which she has ever since been an occasional contributor.

In September, 1859, a collection of her poems was issued by Rudd & Carleton, of New York. This volume has secured for her a distinction of which she may well be proud. For rhythmic melody, for sustained imagination, for depth of feeling, and purity and elevation of sentiment, these poems are equalled by few, and surpassed by none of the productions of our poets. They are rich, also, in those qualities of mind and heart, which, apart from any literary prestige, win for Miss Talley the esteem and affection of all who are admitted within the choice circle of her friendship.

With this evidence of a genius which has, probably, not yet reached its maturity, we may confidently predict for this writer a distinguished rank in the world of letters.

ENNERSLIE.

PART FIRST.

A hoary tower, grim and high,
All beneath a summer sky,
Where the river glideth by,
Sullenly—sullenly;
Across the wave in sluggish gloom,
Heavy and black, the shadows loom—
But the water-lilies brightly bloom
Round about grim Ennerslie.

All upon the bank below,
Alders green and willows grow,
That ever sway them to and fro,
Mournfully—mournfully;

Never a boat doth pass that way,
Never is heard a carol gay,
Nor doth a weary pilgrim stray
Down by haunted Ennerslie.

Yet in that tower is a room
From whose fretted oaken dome
Weird faces peer athwart the gloom,
Mockingly—mockingly;
And there, beside the taper's gleam,
That maketh darkness darker seem,
As one that waketh in a dream,
Sits the lord of Ennerslie.

Sitteth in his carvèd chair—
From his forehead, pale and fair,
Falleth down the raven hair,
Heavily—heavily;
There is no color in his cheek,
His lip is pale—he doth not speak—
And rarely doth his footstep break
The stillness of grim Ennerslie.

From the casement, mantled o'er
With ivy boughs and lichens hoar,
The shadows creep along the floor,
Stealthily—stealthily;
They glide along, a spectral train,
And rest upon the blackened stain,
Where of old a corpse was lain—
Murdered at grim Ennerslie.

In a niche within the wall,
Where the shadows deepest fall,
Like a coffin and a pall,
Gloomily—gloomily—

Sits a ghostly owl, and grey,
That there hath sat for many a day,
And motionless, doth gaze alway
Upon the lord of Ennerslie.

Gazeth with its spectral eyes
Ever in a weird surprise,
Like some demon in disguise,
Steadily—steadily;
And close beside that haunted nook
Bendeth o'er an open book,
With a wan and weary look,
The pale young lord of Ennerslie.

With a measured step, and slow,
At times he paceth to and fro,
Muttering in whispers low,
Fitfully—fitfully,
Or resting in his Gothic chair,
Gazeth on the vacant air:
Sure, some phantom sees he there,
The haunted lord of Ennerslie.

There is a picture on the wall,
A statue on a pedestal—
Standing where the sunbeams fall
Goldenly—goldenly;
And alike, in form and face,
The self-same beauty beareth trace:
Imaged with a wondrous grace
This fairy form at Ennerslie.

Once, 'tis said, upon a time,
In the flush of youthful prime,
Wandering in a southern clime
Restlessly—restlessly—

There passed him by a lady fair,
With violet eyes and golden hair;
It is her form that gleameth there—
That fairy form at Ennerslie.

He saw her 'mid a festal throng,
He heard her sing a plaintive song,—
He sings it yet those shades among,
Mournfully—mournfully;
He saw her but a little space,
Yet haunted by that angel-grace
He wrought the beauteous form and face,
When back returned to Ennerslie.

When the sun is in the west,
And the water-lilies rest,
Rocking on the river's breast
Sleepily—sleepily;
When the woodlands, far remote,
Startle to the night-bird's note,
Down the river glides a boat
From the shades of Ennerslie.

Glideth down by Ellesmaire,
Where doth dwell a lady fair
With violet eyes and golden hair,
Lonesomely—lonesomely;
At the window's height alway,
She waves a scarf of colors gay,
And in the distance, grim and grey,
She seeth haunted Ennerslie.

Sitting in her lonely room,
Once, amid the twilight gloom,
Bending o'er her fairy loom
Wearily—wearily,

She heareth music, sweet and low;
It is a song she well doth know,
She used to sing it long ago—
    It cometh up from Ennerslie.

Back she threw the casement wide;
She saw the river onward glide,
The lilies nodding on the tide,
    Sleepily—sleepily;
She saw a boat with snowy sail,
Bearing onward with the gale—
She saw the silken streamer pale—
    She saw the lord of Ennerslie.

Carelessly he passed along
The drooping willow shades among,
Singing still that plaintive song
    Mournfully—mournfully;
Upon her hand she leant her head,
She mused until the day was dead;
"Oh, he was pale and sad," she said,
    "And it is lone at Ennerslie."

PART SECOND.

Fading are the summer leaves,
The fields are rich with golden sheaves;
Her silken scarf the lady weaves
    Wearily—wearily;
Her cheek hath lost its summer bloom,
Her lovely eyes are full of gloom;
She weaveth at her fairy loom,
    And looketh down to Ennerslie.

She doth not smile, she doth not sigh;
Above her is the cold grey sky,
Below, the river moaneth by
    Drearily—drearily;

She sees the withered leaflets ride
Like fairy barks adown the tide;
She saith, "Right joyously they glide,
For they go down to Ennerslie!"

And oft, when in the chamber wall
The sunset hues in splendor fall,
And mystic woodland echoes call
Bodingly—bodingly;
She draws aside the curtain's flow,
And in the quiet stream below
She watcheth, gliding onward slow,
The snowy sail from Ennerslie.

Beside her, on the hearth of stone,
There sits a bent and withered crone,
Who doth forever rock and moan
Drowsily—drowsily;
She crooneth songs of mystic rhyme,
And legends of the olden time;
She telleth tales of death and crime,
She tells of haunted Ennerslie.

She telleth how, as she hath heard,
There dwelleth there a spirit weird
In seeming of a ghostly bird,
Ceaselessly—ceaselessly;
Because one hundred years agone
A bloody murder there was done,
A fearful curse doth rest upon
The haughty race of Ennerslie.

"But tell me, nurse," the lady said,
"What is this curse so dark and dread?"
The nurse she shook her aged head
Solemnly—solemnly;

"He crazed, by whom the deed was done,
And it doth run from sire to son;
Some time the curse shall light upon
This strange young lord of Ennerslie;

"But should some youthful maiden dare
For true love's sake to enter there,
The curse herself shall break and bear,
Fearfully—fearfully."
And then she laughed, the beldame old;
"Saint Mary! she were wondrous bold
Who should for either love or gold
Set free the curse from Ennerslie!"

She telleth how that dotard crone,
He loved a lady years agone,
The fairest that the earth hath known,
Secretly—secretly;
But dared not woo her for his bride,
Because the doom will sure betide
The first that in her beauty's pride
Shall go to haunted Ennerslie.

She listened, but she nothing said;
Like a lily drooped her head;
Her white hand wound the silken thread
Listlessly—listlessly;
She rove the scarf from out the loom,
She paced the floor, she crossed the room,
And gleaming through the twilight gloom
She saw the light at Ennerslie.

The nurse, she slumbered in her chair;
Then up arose that lady fair
And crept adown the winding stair
Stealthily—stealthily;

A boat was by the river side,
The silken scarf as sail she tied,
And lovely in her beauty's pride
Went gliding down to Ennerslie.

Back upon the sighing gale
Her tresses floated, like a veil;
Her brow was cold, her cheek was pale,
Fearfully—fearfully;
Was that a whisper in her ear?
Was that a shadow hovering near?
Her very life-blood chilled with fear
As down she went to Ennerslie.

As upward her blue eyes she cast,
A shadowy form there flitted past
And settled on the quivering mast
Silently—silently.
The lady gazed, yet spake no word:
She knew it was the demon bird,
The dark avenging spirit weird
That dwelt at haunted Ennerslie.

Fainter from the tower's height
Seems to her the beacon-light,
Gleaming on her misty sight
Fitfully—fitfully;
The river's voice is faint and low,
A chilly dew is on her brow;
She saith, "The curse is on me now
But 'tis no more on Ennerslie!"

"And he will never know," she sighed,
"When hither comes his Southern bride,
That one for love of him hath died
Secretly—secretly;

I knew that here I could not stay—
My heart was breaking day by day;
And dying *thus* I take away
The evil spell from Ennerslie."

Amid that tower's solitude
He sitteth in a musing mood,
And gazeth down upon the flood
Mournfully—mournfully;
When lo! he sees a tiny bark
Gliding amid the shadows dark,
And there a lady still and stark—
A wondrous sight at Ennerslie!

He hurried to the bank below,
Upon the strand he drew the prow—
He drew it in the moonlight's glow
Eagerly—eagerly;
He parted back the golden hair
That veiled her cheek and forehead fair;
Why starts he at that beauty rare,
The pale young lord of Ennerslie?

He called her name—she nothing said;
Upon his bosom drooped her head;
The soul had from the body fled
Utterly—utterly!
Slowly rolled the sluggish tide—
The breeze amid the willows sighed;
"Oh, God! the curse is on me!" cried
The stricken lord of Ennerslie.

SUMMER NOON-DAY DREAM.

The leaves are still, the breezes hushed,
  Or sing a drowsy number,
And all throughout the silent day
  The golden hours slumber.
The ripples idly lapse along
  Beneath the noon-tide's gleaming;
Oh, sure the drowsy summer-time
  Was made alone for dreaming.

Within my open window floats
  A slumbrous breath of roses,
And in the softly-shaded room,
  Silence itself reposes:
And liquid lustres on the wall
  Cool, rippling waves resemble,
As to and fro, with motion slow,
  The leafy shadows tremble.

A sense of silence and repose—
  Of slow and tranquil motion;
A murmur as of sleeping winds
  Upon a sleeping ocean,
And softly o'er my senses steals
  A luxury Elysian,
And all delights of drowsy thought
  Are mingled in my vision.

Oh, chiding voices, wake me not,
  Nor turn my rhyme to reason—
For life is mingled work and play,
  And each may have its season.
The winter-time for study's toil,
  The spring for pleasure's scheming,
Autumn for the poet's thought,
  And summer-time for dreaming!

THE SIRENS.

Hither, oh, hither!
Wanderer on the dreary ocean,
Weary of its wild commotion,
Hither flee,
Here are rest and peace for thee!
Ere the day grow dim and the night grow dark,
Oh, hither speed your lonely bark,
Hither, hither!
No storms disturb our peaceful isle,
No tempests wreck our happy shore;
All in calm repose doth smile,
All is rest forevermore,
Evermore!
Hark! the waves on the echoing shore
Murmur as they softly pour,
"Evermore, evermore!
Peace and rest forevermore!"

Hither, hither!
Wherefore toil on the stormy main?
Wherefore trust to the treacherous sea?
Spare your labor, spare your pain,
Come and rest ye, e'en as we!
All things rest, and why not ye?
All from life hath gladness won,
Why should care be thine alone?
Lo! see ye not how the playful waves
Come laughing up from the restless sea,
Chasing each in their careless glee,
Merrily, merrily!
And the halcyons swing with their snowy breasts,
Up and down on the billows' crests,
That come and go,
To and fro,

Softly, dreamily, and slow,
Murmuring in quiet measure
Lowly tones of drowsy pleasure;
Till all happy things that glide
Underneath the emerald tide
Linger, and with wistful eye
Glance them upward silently,
Silently;
Swaying as they idly lie
To and fro,
Soft and slow,
To the sea's wild melody.

Hither, hither!
Would ye revel in beauty's light,
Come where beauty forever smiles;
Would ye feast upon life's delight,
Haste, oh, haste to our happy isles.
Here, amid wealth of fragrant flowers,
Deep in the cooling shade we lie,
Here we rest, while the charmed hours
Float in their languid beauty by;
Over us float as we dreaming lie,
Lazily, lazily!
And we upward reach where the clusters swell
Rich and rare in the ripening sun,
And we daintily pluck them, one by one,
And press their juice in a pearly shell;
And our love-lit eyes more brightly shine
As we bathe our lips in the ruby wine;
While over our shoulders white and bare,
O'er blushing cheek and forehead fair,
Falleth a wealth of golden hair,
Rippling down, softly down,
From under the perfumed myrtle crown:
And the Spirit of Life, as the wine we sip,
Flushes in heart, and cheek, and lip,

Warming and thrilling us through and through,
And the love and the beauty are all for you,
All for you!

Hither, hither!
Spread your sails to the wooing winds,
Speed your bark to our happy shore,
Where love and joy in a circle binds
The charmed hours forevermore,
Evermore!
Hark! the waves on the echoing shore
Murmur as they softly pour,
"Evermore, evermore!
Love and joy forevermore!"

BY THE WINDOW.

By the window, when the sunset
Crimsons all the glowing west,
Sit I with my favorite poet
In his golden fancies blest;
And a flood of rarest music
Thrills through all my raptured breast.

By the window, in the twilight,
With the book upon my knee,
Yield I to a quiet musing,
To a blissful reverie,
Till, from out the purple heavens
Blessings seem to fall on me.

By the window, when the moonlight
Falls through jasmin boughs, I wait—
Watching with unquiet pleasure,
Half subdued and half elate,
For the form that soon shall enter
At the bowered garden gate.

By the window, in the starlight,
Many a happy hour we spend;
And as moonlight with the starlight,
So our thoughts together blend;
And we thank God for the loving
That His greater love doth send.

REST.

Lay him gently to his rest,
Fold his pale hands on his breast;
From his brow—
Oh, how cold and marble fair!—
Softly part the tangled hair;
Look upon him now!
As a weary child he lies,
With the quiet, dreamless eyes
O'er which the lashes darkly sweep—
And on his lip the quiet smile,
The soul's adieu to earthly strife,
And on his face the deep repose
We never saw in life.
Peaceful be his rest and deep:
Let him sleep!

No tears for him—he needs them not.
Along life's drear and toilsome road
Firmly his manly footsteps trode,
Striving to bear his weary lot.
With such a pride upon his brow,
With such a pain within his heart—
The firmness of the manly will
Veiling the secret smart.
Oh, it is well the strife is o'er,
That thus so peacefully he lies,
Unheeding now the bitter words,
The cold, unpitying eyes.

Fold his mantle o'er his breast,
Peaceful be his sleep, and blest;
Let him rest!

No sigh to breathe above his bier,
No tear to stain the marble brow,
Only with tender pitying love,
Only with faith that looks above,
We gaze upon him now;
No thought of toil and suffering past—
But joy to think the task is done,
The heavy cross at last laid down,
The crown of glory won.
Oh, bear him gently to his rest,
Oh, gently pile the flowery sod,
And leave his body to the dust,
His spirit with his God!

AUGUSTA J. EVANS.

It is not many months since the reading world was electrified by the advent of a book bearing the modest name of "Beulah." There was nothing wonderful in the appearance of a new novel, written by a woman; this was a ruling feature of the day. But it was evident that "Beulah" did not run in the usual groove. Some unfamiliar domain of fancy or theory had been invaded; a vein had been struck which gave out the ring of golden ore, and all were on the *qui vive*. The scholastic tone of the book, its analytic subtleties, range and research, indicated an author of advanced years, a rigid student, and a sturdy individualism. The press teemed with generous notices; the cavillers were a harmless minority. One of the latter at last discovered that much of the book was stolen from Dickens' "Bleak House;" but as the author had never read "Bleak House" and was, in her own words, "as ignorant of its style and plot as of the mysteries of the Brahmins, locked up in Sanscrit" (mysteries which, we doubt not, have tantalized her investigating mind quite as much as Blue Beard's secret ever haunted the brain of Fatima), the sorry shot fell without effect. To whatever criticism the book might be open, it certainly could not well be charged with plagiarism. Its dominant spirit was a dogged independence of thought and action. The downright, upright, outright author of "Beulah" could scarcely be accused of filching.

As a climacteric, then came the intelligence that the writer

Augusta J. Evans

was not a fossil specimen of the genus woman, or philosopher, but a girl of twenty-three years, whose knowledge of life extended little beyond her books, her home, a few choice friends, and her own intuitions. The book, "Beulah," ran rapidly through one edition after another, and has, at this writing, reached a circulation of twenty-one thousand copies.

Augusta J. Evans was born near Columbus, Georgia. She is the eldest of eight children, and a descendant, on the maternal side, from the Howards, one of the most honorable families of the State. When she was a mere child, her father removed with his family to Texas. The succeeding year was divided between Galveston and Houston, and, early in 1847, they again removed to the then frontier town of San Antonio.

Miss Evans has a vivid remembrance of this phase of her life. The Mexican war was then at its height, and San Antonio was a place of *rendezvous* for the United States troops, sent to reinforce Gen. Taylor. Between the lawlessness of the soldiery, and the incongruous nature of the population, society was in a thoroughly disorganized state. There were no schools worth the name, and her mother, who is said to be a woman of great intelligence and culture, as well as rare moral excellence, took upon herself the office of educator.

The childhood of our author was somewhat isolated and lonely. Her brothers were too young to share even in her girlish sports, and only to her mother and her books could she look for companionship. Doubtless to this fact may be traced, in a great measure, the precocious habits of thought and research which distinguish her writings.

It was in San Antonio that the idea of authorship first dawned upon her. In a characteristic letter, just received, she says:

"I remember rambling about the crumbling walls of the Alamo, recalling all its bloody horrors; and as I climbed the

moldering, melancholy pile, to watch the last rays of the setting sun gild the hill-tops, creep down the sides, and slowly sink into the blue waves of the San Antonio River: as I looked over the quietly beautiful valley, with its once noble Alameda of stately cottonwoods, my heart throbbed, and I wondered if I should be able, some day, to write about it for those who had never looked upon a scene so fair. I seem, even now, to be winding once more through that lovely valley, holding my mother's hand tightly, as she repeated beautiful descriptions from Thomson's 'Seasons' and Cowper's 'Task;' again I see the white flock slowly descending the hills, and bleating as they wound home to my father's fold."

After a two years' residence at San Antonio, the family removed to Alabama, and setted in Mobile, where they now reside. Here our author was placed for a brief time at school, but her health beginning to fail, her mother became again her companion and instructor.

Early in her seventeenth year, she wrote "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo;" in which she designed to show the abuses of papacy, as they were revealed to her in San Antonio, and to embody the principal features of the Texan War of Independence. No one but her mother knew of her ambitious project, and one Christmas morning she placed the MS. in the hands of her father as a Christmas surprise. This work was brought out anonymously, in 1855. It is marked by the same features which give to her later work its stern individuality, though it is less happy in style and artistic effect. We do not expect a mere school-girl to leap at once into the finished and ornate manner of the practised writer. "Inez" was noticed very favorably by the press, with the exception of the Catholic journals, which, as a matter of course, took umbrage at her strictures upon papacy, and charged at the young heretic with might and main.

With this experience in the way of "bitter-sweet," our

author continued her studies, and, for three years, wrote little, except book notices for the Mobile papers; very wisely reserving forces for the work which was to give her name to fame.

In the autumn of 1859, "Beulah" was published, with the name of the author, by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, and from that time to the present, has been constantly in the eye of the public. Skepticism is the Upas tree of the age. Its poisonous roots underlie some of our fairest gardens of mental and spiritual culture. Its baneful breath is everywhere. We have lost the sweet trusting faith of our fathers. We glory in our profundity, in our logical acumen, in the audacity of our unbelief. Nothing is too high, nothing too deep for our comprehension. Whatever looms beyond the magnificent reach of our thought, or shuts out from the grand sweep of our horizon, is a delusion. We will have none of it. At this pernicious growth among us, this book is aimed. The author of "Beulah" is terribly in earnest. She herself has evidently traversed the whole waste of rationalism, over which we slowly and painfully follow her heroine. She takes "Beulah" by the hand and goes over the ground with merciless fidelity; not a doubt is left unturned. Every dragon of speculation which once assailed her is unearthed, and over again is fought the strong battle. We wrestle *ourselves*, and grow old, and wasted, and haggard, in the protracted contest. This intensely vitalized action of the book is its grand feature and fulcrum; effecting more than whole folios of mere argument.

But Beulah Benton and Guy Hartwell are much more familiar with Carlyle's "Herr Teufelsdrockh" than with Ovid's "Art of Love." They make a grim pair of lovers enough, and throw into spasms of impatience all who are wading through "ontology," "psychology," "eclecticism," etc., merely for some green isle of "billing and cooing;" but they belong to

an existing type, and are in keeping with the austere, determinate character of the book.

"Beulah" is perhaps, more than anything else, a bounteous promise. If at twenty-three the writer can bring so much, what may we not expect of her riper years?

Notwithstanding the celebrity which she has suddenly achieved, Miss Evans is still much of a recluse. The habits formed in earlier life have become a part of her nature, and she finds in her home, her books, music, and flowers, her truest happiness. In her mother, especially, do her purest affections seem to centre. "She is, in every sense, my Alma Mater," she writes, "the one to whom I owe everything, and whom I reverence more than all else on earth."

A fondness for metaphysical subtleties, and a constant inclination to turn to philosophic studies, would seem to be normal characteristics of our author's mind, and not altogether the result of circumstance and culture. From her childhood she has been much given to speculation and analysis, subjecting every theory or system, which came under her notice, to the most rigid scrutiny, and then taking positive ground with regard to it. Thus, in reading "Inez," one would suppose that she had devoted her short life to a study of the arts, and perversions of papacy; while "Beulah" would seem to be the result of at least a half century of metaphysical and philosophic research.

In her cottage home, a little distance from Mobile, within view of the "piney woods," whose soughing music sets itself to a sweet monotone of her nature, Miss Evans moves quietly on her way, filling the days with steady application, and those unobtrusive, kindly acts, which, more than any other, do beautify and ennoble character. Some abstruse subject is doubtless, even now, simmering in her mental crucible, soon to be transmuted by a subtle alchemy into crystals of truth.

LILLY'S DEATH.

Several tedious weeks had rolled away, since Eugene Graham left his sunny southern home, to seek learning in the venerable universities of the old world. Blue-eyed May, the carnival month of the year, had clothed the earth with verdure, and enamelled it with flowers of every hue, scattering her treasures before the rushing car of summer. During the winter, scarlet fever had hovered threateningly over the city, but as the spring advanced, hopes were entertained that all danger had passed. Consequently, when it was announced that the disease had made its appearance in a very malignant form, in the house adjoining Mrs. Martin's, she determined to send her children out of town. A relative, living at some distance up the river, happened to be visiting her at the time, and as she intended returning home the following day, kindly offered to take charge of the children, until all traces of the disease had vanished. To this plan, Beulah made no resistance, though the memory of her little sister haunted her hourly. What could she do? Make one last attempt to see her, and if again refused, then it mattered not whither she went. When the preparations for their journey had been completed, and Johnny slept soundly in his crib, Beulah put on her old straw bonnet, and set out for Mr. Grayson's residence. The sun was low in the sky, and the evening breeze rippling the waters of the bay, stirred the luxuriant foliage of the ancient china-trees that bordered the pavements. The orphan's heart was heavy with undefined dread; such a dread as had oppressed her the day of her separation from her sister.

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

And she was conscious that the sun-set glow could not dispel the spectral gloom which enveloped her. She walked on, with her head bowed, like one stooping from an impending blow, and when at last the crouching lions confronted her, she felt as if her heart had suddenly frozen. There stood the doctor's buggy. She sprang up the steps, and stretched out her hand for the bolt of the door. Long streamers of crape floated through her fingers. She stood still a moment, then threw open the door, and rushed in. The hall floor was covered to muffle the tread; not a sound reached her, save the stirring of the china-trees outside. Her hand was on the balustrade to

ascend the steps, but her eyes fell upon a piece of crape fastened to the parlor door, and pushing it ajar she looked in. The furniture was draped; even the mirrors, and pictures, and on a small oblong table in the centre of the room, lay a shrouded form. An overpowering perfume of crushed flowers filled the air, and Beulah stood on the threshold, with her hands extended, and her eyes fixed upon the table. There were two children; Lilly might yet live, and an unvoiced prayer went up to God, that the dead might be Claudia. Then like seathing lightning came the recollection of her curse; "May God answer their prayers, as they answered mine." With rigid limbs she tottered to the table, and laid her hands on the velvet pall; with closed eyes she drew it down, then held her breath and looked. There lay her idol, in the marble arms of death. Ah! how matchlessly beautiful, wrapped in her last sleep! The bright golden curls glittered around the snowy brow, and floated like wandering sunlight over the arms and shoulders. The tiny waxen fingers clasped each other as in life, and the delicately chiselled lips were just parted, as though the sleeper whispered. Beulah's gaze dwelt upon this mocking loveliness, then the arms were thrown wildly up, and with a long, wailing cry, her head sank heavily on the velvet cushion, beside the cold face of her dead darling. How long it rested there, she never knew. Earth seemed to pass away; darkness closed over her, and for a time she had no pain, no sorrow; she and Lilly were together. All was black, and she had no feeling. Then she was lifted, and the motion aroused her torpid faculties; she moaned and opened her eyes. Dr. Hartwell was placing her on a sofa, and Mrs. Grayson stood by the table with a handkerchief over her eyes. With returning consciousness came a raving despair; Beulah sprang from the strong arm that strove to detain her, and laying one clinched hand on the folded fingers of the dead, raised the other fiercely toward Mrs. Grayson, and exclaimed almost frantically:

"You have murdered her! I knew it would be so, when you took my darling from my arms, and refused my prayer! Aye! my prayer! I knelt and prayed you in the name of God, to let me see her once more; to let me hold her to my heart, and kiss her lips, and her forehead, and little slender hands. You scorned a poor girl's prayer; you taunted me with my poverty, and locked me from my darling, my Lilly! my all! Oh, woman! you drove me wild, and I cursed you and your husband. Ha! has your wealth and splendor saved her? God have mercy upon me; I feel as if I could curse you eternally. Could you not have sent for me before she died? Oh, if I could only have taken her in my arms, and seen her soft angel eyes looking

up to me, and felt her little arms around my neck, and heard her say 'sister for the last time! Would it have taken a dime from your purse, or made you less fashionable, to have sent for me before she died? 'Such measure as ye mete, shall be meted to you again.' May you live to have your heart trampled and crushed, even as you have trampled mine!"

Her arm sank to her side, and once more the blazing eyes were fastened on the young sleeper; while Mrs. Grayson, cowering like a frightened child, left the room. Beulah fell on her knees, and crossing her arms on the table, bowed her head; now and then, broken, wailing tones passed the white lips. Dr. Hartwell stood in a recess of the window, with folded arms and tightly compressed mouth, watching the young mourner. Once he moved toward her, then drew back, and a derisive smile distorted his features, as though he scorned himself for the momentary weakness. He turned suddenly away, and reached the door, but paused to look back. The old straw bonnet, with its faded pink ribbon, had fallen off, and heavy folds of black hair veiled the bowed face. He noted the slight, quivering form, and the thin hands, and a look of remorseful agony swept over his countenance. A deadly pallor settled on cheek and brow, as, with an expression of iron resolve, he retraced his steps, and putting his hand on the orphan's shoulder, said gently:

"Beulah, this is no place for you. Come with me, child."

She shrank from his touch, and put up one hand, waving him off.

"Your sister died with the scarlet fever, and Claudia is now very ill with it. If you stay here, you will certainly take it yourself."

"I hope I shall take it."

He laid his fingers on the pale high brow, and softly drawing back the thick hair, said earnestly:

"Beulah, come home with me. Be my child: my daughter."

Again her hand was raised to put him aside.

"No: you would hate me for my ugliness. Let me hide it in the grave with Lilly. They cannot separate us there."

He lifted her head; and, looking down into the haggard face, answered kindly:

"I promise you I will not think you ugly. I will make you happy. Come to me, child."

She shook her head, with a moan. Passing his arm around her, he raised her from the carpet, and leaned her head against him.

"Poor little sufferer! they have made you drink, prematurely, earth's

bitter draughts. They have disenchanted your childhood of its fairy-like future. Beulah, you are ill now. Do not struggle so. You must come with me, my child."

He took her in his strong arms, and bore her out of the house of death. His buggy stood at the door, and, seating himself in it, he directed the boy who accompanied him to "drive home." Beulah offered no resistance; she hid her face in her hands, and sat quite still, scarcely conscious of what passed. She knew that a firm arm held her securely, and, save her wretchedness, knew nothing else. Soon she was lifted out of the buggy, carried up a flight of steps, and then a flood of light passed through the fingers, upon her closed eyelids. Dr. Hartwell placed his charge on a sofa, and rang the bell. The summons was promptly answered by a negro woman of middle age. She stood at the door awaiting the order, but his eyes were bent on the floor, and his brows knitted.

"Master, did you ring?"

"Yes, tell my sister to come to me."

He took a turn across across the floor, and paused by the open window. As the night air rustled the brown locks on his temples, he sighed deeply. The door opened, and a tall, slender woman, of perhaps thirty-five years, entered the room. She was pale and handsome, with a profusion of short chestnut curls about her face. With her hand resting on the door, she said in a calm, clear tone:

"Well, Guy?"

He started, and turning from the window, approached her.

"May, I want a room arranged for this child as soon as possible. Will you see that a hot foot-bath is provided? When it is ready, send Harriet for her."

His sister's lips curled as she looked searchingly at the figure on the sofa, and said, coldly:

"What freak now, Guy?"

For a moment their eyes met steadily, and he smiled grimly.

"I intend to adopt that poor orphan; that is all!"

"Where did you pick her up, at the hospital?" said she sneeringly.

"No, she has been hired as a nurse, at a boarding-house."

He folded his arms, and again they looked at each other.

"I thought you had had quite enough of protégés."

She nervously clasped and unclasped her jet bracelet.

"Take care, May Chilton! Mark me. Lift the pall from the past once

more, and you and Pauline must find another home, another protector. Now, will you see that a room is prepared as I directed."

He was very pale, and his eyes burned fiercely, yet his tone was calm and subdued. Mrs. Chilton bit her lips, and withdrew. Dr. Hartwell walked up and down the room for awhile, now and then looking sadly at the young stranger. She sat just as he had placed her, with her hands over her face. Kindly he bent down, and whispered:

"Will you trust me, Beulah?"

She made no answer, but he saw her brow wrinkle, and knew that she shuddered. The servant came in to say that the room had been arranged, as he had directed. However surprised she might have been at this sudden advent of the simply clad orphan in her master's study, there was not the faintest indication of it in her impenetrable countenance. Not even the raising of an eyebrow.

"Harriet, see that her feet are well bathed; and, when she is in bed, come for some medicine."

Then, drawing the hands from her eyes, he said to Beulah:

"Go with her, my child. I am glad I have you safe under my own roof, where no more cruel injustice can assail you."

He pressed her hand kindly, and, rising mechanically, Beulah accompanied Harriet, who considerately supported the drooping form. The room to which she was conducted was richly furnished, and lighted by an elegant colored lamp, suspended from the ceiling. Mrs. Chilton stood near an arm-chair, looking moody and abstracted. Harriet carefully undressed the poor mourner, and wrapping a shawl about her, placed her in the chair, and bathed her feet. Mrs. Chilton watched her with ill-concealed impatience. When the little dripping feet were dried, Harriet lifted her, as if she had been an infant, and placed her in bed, then brought the medicine from the study, and administered a spoonful of the mixture. Placing her finger on the girl's wrist, she counted the rapid pulse, and turning unconcernedly toward Mrs. Chilton, said:

"Miss May, master says you need not trouble about the medicine. I am to sleep in the room and take care of this little girl."

"Very well. See that she is properly attended to, as my brother directed. My head aches miserably, or I should remain myself."

She glanced at the bed, and left the room. Harriet leaned over the pillow and examined the orphan's countenance. The eyes were closed, but scalding

tears rolled swiftly over the cheeks, and the hands were clasped over the brow, as if to still its throbbings. Harriet's face softened, and she said kindly:

"Poor thing! what ails you? What makes you cry so?"

Beulah pressed her head closer to the pillow, and murmured:

"I am so miserable! I want to die, and God will not take me."

"Don't say that, till you see whether you've got the scarlet fever. If you have, you are likely to be taken pretty soon, I can tell you; and if you haven't, why, it's all for the best. It is a bad plan to fly in the Almighty's face, that way, and tell him what he shall do, and what he shan't."

This philosophic response fell unheeded on poor Beulah's ears, and Harriet was about to inquire more minutely into the cause of her grief, but she perceived her master standing beside her, and immediately moved away from the bed. Drawing out his watch, he counted the pulse several times. The result seemed to trouble him, and he stood for some minutes watching the motionless form.

"Harriet, bring me a glass of ice-water."

Laying his cool hand on the hot forehead of the suffering girl, he said, tenderly:

"My child, try not to cry any more to-night. It is very bitter, I know; but remember, that though Lilly has been taken from you, from this day you have a friend, a home, a guardian."

Harriet proffered the glass of water. He took it, raised the head, and put the sparkling draught to Beulah's parched lips. Without unclosing her eyes, she drank the last crystal drop, and laying the head back on the pillow, he drew an arm-chair before the window at the further end of the room, and seated himself.

BEULAH BENTON AND GUY HARTWELL AS LOVERS.

The door stood open, and with bonnet and shawl in her hand, she entered, little prepared to meet her guardian, for she had absented herself, with the hope of avoiding him. He was sitting by a table, preparing some medicine, and looked up involuntarily as she came in. His eyes lightened instantly, but he merely said:

"Good evening, Beulah."

The tone was less icy than on previous occasions, and crossing the room at once, she stood beside him, and held out her hand.

"How are you, sir?"

He did not take the hand, but looked at her keenly, and said:

"You are an admirable nurse, to go off and leave your sick friend."

Beulah threw down her bonnet and shawl, and retreating to the hearth, began to warm her fingers, as she replied, with indifference:

"I have just left another of your patients. Cornelia Graham has been worse than usual for a day or two. Clara, I will put away my out-door wrappings, and be with you presently." She retired to her own room, and leaning against the window, where the rain was now pattering drearily, she murmured faintly:

"Will he always treat me so? Have I lost my friend forever? Once he was so different; so kind, even in his sternness!" A tear hung upon her lash, and fell on her hand; she brushed it hastily away, and stood thinking over this alienation, so painful and unnatural, when she heard her guardian close Clara's door, and walk across the hall, to the head of the stairs. She waited awhile, until she thought he had reached his buggy, and slowly proceeded to Clara's room. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, and her hand was already on the bolt of the door, when a deep voice startled her.

"Beulah!"

She looked up at him proudly. Resentment had usurped the place of grief. But she could not bear the earnest eyes, that looked into hers with such misty splendor; and provoked at her own emotion, she asked, coldly:

"What do you want, sir?"

He did not answer at once, but stood observing her closely. She felt the hot blood rush into her unusually cold, pale face, and, despite her efforts to seem perfectly indifferent, her eyelids and lips would tremble. His hand rested lightly on her shoulder, and he spoke very gently:

"Child, have you been ill? You look wretchedly. What ails, you, Beulah!"

"Nothing, sir."

"That will not answer. Tell me, child, tell me!"

"I tell you I am as well as usual," cried she, impatiently, yet her voice faltered. She was struggling desperately with her own heart. The return of his old manner, the winning tones of his voice, affected her more than she was willing he should see.

"Beulah, you used to be truthful and candid."

"I am so still," she returned, stoutly, though tears began to gather in her eyes.

"No, child, already the world has changed you."

A shadow fell over his face, and the sad eyes were like clouded stars.

"You know better, sir! I am just what I always was! It is you who are so changed! Once you were my friend; my guardian! Once you were kind, and guided me; but now you are stern, and bitter, and tyrannical!"

She spoke passionately, and tears, which she bravely tried to force back, rolled swiftly down her cheeks. His light touch on her shoulder tightened, until it seemed a hand of steel, and with an expression which she never forgot, even in after years, he answered:

"Tyrannical! Not to you, child!"

"Yes, sir, tyrannical! cruelly tyrannical! Because I dared to think and act for myself, you have cast me off—utterly! You try to see how cold and distant you can be; and show me that you don't care whether I live or die, so long as I chose to be independent of you. I did not believe that you could ever be so ungenerous!"

She looked up at him with swimming eyes. He smiled down into her tearful face, and asked:

"Why did you defy my, child?"

"I did not, sir, until you treated me worse than the servants. Worse than you did Charon even."

"How?"

"How, indeed! You left me in your own house without one word of good bye, when you expected to be absent an indefinite time. Did you suppose, that I would remain there an hour after such treatment?"

He smiled again, and said in the low musical tone, which she had always found so difficult to resist:

"Come back, my child. Come back to me."

"Never, sir! Never!" answered she, resolutely.

A stony hue settled on his face; the lips seemed instantly frozen, and removing his hand from her shoulder, he said, as if talking to a perfect stranger:

"See that Clara Sanders needs nothing; she is far from being well."

He left her, but her heart conquered for an instant, and she sprang down two steps, and caught his hand. Pressing her face against his arm, she exclaimed, brokenly:

"Oh, sir! do not cast me off entirely! My friend, my guardian; indeed, I have not deserved this!

He laid his hand on her bowed head, and said calmly:

"Fierce, proud spirit! Ah! it will take long years of trial and suffering to tame you. Go, Beulah! You have cast yourself off. It was no wish, no work of mine."

He lifted her head from his arm, gently unclasped her fingers, and walked away.

FIRST STEP INTO THE DARK.

An hour after, Clara slept soundly, and Beulah sat in her own room bending over a book. Midnight study had long since become a habitual thing; nay, two and three o'clock, frequently found her beside the waning lamp. Was it any marvel that, as Dr. Hartwell expressed it, "she looked wretchedly?" From her earliest childhood, she had been possessed by an active spirit of inquiry, which constantly impelled her to investigate, and as far as possible to explain the mysteries which surrounded her on every side. With her growth, grew this haunting spirit, which asked continually, "What am I? Whence did I come? And whither am I bound? What is life? What is death? Am I my own mistress, or am I but a tool in the hands of my Maker? What constitutes the difference between my mind, and my body? Is there any difference? If spirit must needs have body to incase it, and body must have a spirit to animate it, may they not be identical? With these primeval foundation questions, began her speculative career. In the solitude of her own soul, she struggled bravely and earnestly to answer those "dread questions, which, like swords of flaming fire, tokens of imprisonment, encompass man on earth." Of course, mystery triumphed. Panting for the truth, she pored over her Bible, supposing that here, at least, all clouds would melt away; but here, too, some inexplicable passages confronted her. Physically, morally and mentally, she found the world warring. To reconcile these antagonisms with the conditions and requirements of Holy Writ, she now most faithfully set to work. Ah, proudly-aspiring soul! How many earnest thinkers had essayed the same mighty task, and died under the intolerable burden? Unluckily for her there was no one to direct or assist her. she scrupulously endeavored to conceal her doubts and questions from her guardian. Poor child! she fancied she concealed them so effectually from his knowledge; while he silently noted the march of skepticism in her nature. There were dim, puzzling passages of Scripture, which she studied on her knees; now trying to comprehend them, and now beseeching the Source of all knowledge to enlighten her. But, as has happened to numberless

others, there was seemingly no assistance given. The clouds grew denser and darker, and like the "cry of strong swimmers in their agony," her prayers had gone up to the Throne of Grace. Sometimes she was tempted to go to the minister of the church, where she sat Sunday after Sunday, and beg him to explain the mysteries to her. But the pompous austerity of his manners repelled her whenever she thought of broaching the subject; and gradually she saw that she must work out her own problems. Thus, from week to week and month to month, she toiled on, with a slowly dying faith, constantly clambering over obstacles which seemed to stand between her trust and revelation. It was no longer study for the sake of erudition; these riddles involved all that she prized in Time and Eternity, and she grasped books of every description with the eagerness of a famishing nature. What dire chance threw into her hands such works as Emerson's, Carlyle's and Goethe's? Like the waves of the clear, sunny sea, they only increased her thirst to madness. Her burning lips were ever at these fountains; and in her reckless eagerness, she plunged into the gulf of German speculation. Here she believed that she had indeed found the "true process," and with renewed zest, continued the work of questioning. At this stage of the conflict, the pestilential scourge was laid upon the city, and she passed from her metaphysical toil to close glazed eyes and shroud soulless clay. In the awful hush of these hours of watching, she looked calmly for some solution, and longed for the unquestioning faith of early years. But these influences passed without aiding her in the least, and with rekindled ardor she went back to her false prophets. In addition, ethnology beckoned her on to conclusions apparently antagonistic to the revealed system, and the stony face of geology seemed radiant with characters of light, which she might decipher and find some security in. From Dr. Asbury's extensive collection, she snatched treatise after treatise. The sages of geology talked of the pre-Adamic eras, and of man's ending the slowly forged chain, of which the radiata form the lowest link; and then she was told that in those pre-Adamic ages, Palæontologists find no trace whatever of that golden time, when the vast animal creation lived in harmony, and bloodshed was unknown; ergo, man's fall in Eden had no agency in bringing death into the world; ergo, the chapter in Genesis need puzzle her no more.

Finally, she learned that she was the crowning intelligence in the vast progression; that she would ultimately become part of Deity. "The long ascending line, from dead matter to man, had been a progress Godwards, and the next advance would unite creation and Creator in one person." With all

her aspirations, she had never dreamed of such a future as was here promised her. To-night she was closely following that most anomalous of all guides, "Herr Teufelsdroekh." Urged on by the same "unrest," she was stumbling along dim, devious paths, while from every side whispers came to her: "Nature is one: she is your mother, and divine: she is God! The 'living garment of God.'" Through the "everlasting No," and the "everlasting Yea," she groped her way, darkly, tremblingly, waiting for the day-star of Truth to dawn; but at last, when she fancied she saw the first rays silvering the night, and looked up hopefully, it proved one of many ignes-fatui, which had flashed across her path, and she saw that it was Goethe, uplifted as the prophet of the genuine religion. The book fell from her nerveless fingers; she closed her eyes, and groaned. It was all "confusion worse confounded." She could not for her life have told what she believed, much less what she did not believe. The landmarks of earlier years were swept away; the beacon light of Calvary had sunk below her horizon. A howling chaos seemed about to ingulf her. At that moment she would gladly have sought assistance from her guardian; but how could she approach him after their last interview? The friendly face and cordial kindness of Dr. Asbury flashed upon her memory, and she resolved to confide her doubts and difficulties to him, hoping to obtain, from his clear and matured judgment, some clew which might enable her to emerge from the labyrinth that involved her. She knelt and tried to pray. To what did she, on bended knees, send up passionate supplications? To nature? to heroes? These were the new deities. She could not pray; all grew dark; she pressed her hand to her throbbing brain, striving to clear away the mists. "Sartor" had effectually blindfolded her, and she threw herself down to sleep with a shivering dread, as of a young child separated from its mother, and wailing in some starless desert.

CORNELIA GRAHAM'S DEATH.

One week later, as Beulah was spending her Sabbath evening in her own apartment, she was summoned to see her friend for the last time. It was twilight when she reached Mr. Graham's house, and glided noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairway. The bells were all muffled, and a solemn stillness reigned over the mansion. She left her bonnet and shawl in the hall, and softly entered the chamber unannounced. Unable to breathe in a horizontal position, Cornelia was bolstered up in her easy-chair. Her mother

sat near her, with her face hid on her husband's bosom. Dr. Hartwell leaned against the mantel, and Eugene stood on the hearth opposite him, with his head bowed down on his hands. Cornelia drew her breath in quick gasps, and cold drops glistened on her pallid face. Her sunken eyes wandered over the group, and when Beulah drew near she extended her hands eagerly, while a shadowy smile passed swiftly over her sharpened features.

"Beulah, come close to me—close." She grasped her hands tightly, and Beulah knelt at the side of her chair.

"Beulah, in a little while I shall be at rest. You will rejoice to see me free from pain, won't you? I have suffered for so many months and years. But death is about to release me forever. Beulah, is it forever?—is it forever? Am I going down into an eternal sleep, on a marble couch, where grass and flowers will wave over me, and the sun shine down on me? Yes, it must be so. Who has ever waked from this last dreamless slumber? Abel was the first to fall asleep, and since then, who has wakened? No one. Earth is full of pale sleepers, and I am soon to join the silent band."

There was a flickering light in her eyes, like the flame of a candle low in its socket, and her panting breath was painful to listen to.

"Cornelia, they say Jesus of Nazareth slept, and woke again; if so, you will"——

"Ha, but you don't believe that, Beulah. They say—they say! Yes, but I never believed them before, and I don't want to believe them now. I will not believe it. It is too late to tell me that now. Beulah, I shall know very soon; the veil of mystery is being lifted. Oh, Beulah, I am glad I am going; glad I shall soon have no more sorrow and pain; but it is all dark, dark! You know what I mean. Don't live as I have, believing nothing. No matter what your creed may be, hold fast, have firm faith in it. It is because I believe in nothing, that I am so clouded now. Oh, it is such a dark, dark, lonely way! If I had a friend to go with me, I should not shrink back, but oh, Beulah, I am so solitary! It seems to me I am going out into a great starless midnight." She shivered, and her cold fingers clutched Beulah's convulsively.

"Calm, yourself, Cornelia. If Christianity is true, God will see that you were honest in your skepticism, and judge you leniently. If not, then death is annihilation, and you have nothing to dread; you will sink into quiet oblivion of all your griefs."

"Annihilation! then I shall see you all no more! Oh, why was I ever created, to love others, and then be torn away forever, and go back to sense-

less dust? I never have been happy; I have always had aspirations after purer, higher enjoyments than earth could afford me, and must they be lost in dead clay? Oh, Beulah, can you give me no comfort but this? Is this the sum of all your study, as well as mine? Ah, it is vain, useless; man can find out nothing. We are all blind; groping our way through mysterious paths, and now I am going into the last—the great mystery!"

She shook her head, with a bitter smile, and closed her eyes, as if to shut out some hideous spectre. Dr. Hartwell gave her a spoonful of some powerful medicine, and stood watching her face, distorted by the difficulty of breathing. A long silence ensued, broken only by the sobs of the parents. Cornelia leaned back, with closed eyes, and now and then her lips moved, but nothing intelligible escaped them. It was surprising how she seemed to rally sometimes, and breathe with perfect ease; then the paroxysms would come on more violent than ever. Beulah knelt on the floor, with her forehead resting on the arm of the chair, and her hands still grasped in the firm hold of the dying girl. Time seemed to stand still, to watch the issue, for moments were long as hours to the few friends of the sufferer. Beulah felt as if her heart were leaden, and a band of burning iron seemed drawn about her brow. Was this painful parting to be indeed eternal? Was there no future home for the dead of this world? Should the bands of love and friendship, thus rudely severed, be renewed no more? Was there no land where the broken links might be gathered up again? What did philosophy say of these grim hours of struggle and separation? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Was she to see her sister no more? Was a moldering mass of dust all that remained of the darling dead—the beautiful angel, Lilly, whom she had so idolized? Oh! was life, then, a great mockery, and the soul, with its noble aims and impulses, but a delicate machine of matter? Her brain was in a wild, maddening whirl; she could not weep; her eyes were dry and burning. Cornelia moved an instant, and murmured, audibly:

"'For here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.' Ah! what is its name? that 'continuing city!' Neeropolis?" Again she remained, for some time, speechless.

Dr. Hartwell softly wiped away the glistening drops on her brow, and opening her eyes, she looked up at him intently. It was an imploring gaze, which mutely said, "Can't you help me?" He leaned over, and answered it, sadly enough:

"Courage, Cornelia! It will very soon be over now. The worst is past, my friend."

"Yes, I know. There is a chill creeping over me. Where is Eugene?"

He came and stood near her; his face full of anguish, which could not vent itself in tears. Her features became convulsed as she looked at him; a wailing cry broke from her lips, and extending her arms toward him, she said, sobbingly:

"Shall I see you no more—no more? Oh, Eugene, my brother, my pride, my dearest hope! whom I have loved better than my own life, are we now parted forever—forever!"

He laid her head on his bosom, and endeavored to soothe her; but clinging to him, she said, huskily:

"Eugene, with my last breath I implore you, forsake your intemperate companions. Shun them and their haunts. Let me die, feeling that at least my dying prayer will save you! Oh, when I am gone—when I am silent in the graveyard, remember how the thought of your intemperance tortured me! Remember how I remonstrated, and entreated you not to ruin yourself! Remember that I loved you above everything on earth; and that, in my last hour, I prayed you to save yourself! Oh, Eugene, for my sake! for my sake! quit the wine cup, and leave drunkenness for others more degraded!——Promise me!——Where are you?——Oh, it is all cold and dark!——I can't see you!——Eugene, promise, promise!——Eugene!"——

Her eyes were riveted on his, and her lips moved for some seconds; then the clasping arms gradually relaxed; the gasps ceased. Eugene felt a long shudder creep over the limbs, a deep, heavy sigh passed her lips, and Cornelia Graham's soul was with its God.

Ah! after twenty-three years of hope and fear, struggling and questioning, what an exit! Eugene lifted the attenuated form, and placed it on the bed; then threw himself into her vacant chair, and sobbed like a broken-hearted child. Mr. Graham took his wife from the room; and after some moments, Dr. Hartwell touched the kneeling figure, with the face still pressed against the chair Eugene now occupied.

"Come, Beulah, she will want you no more."

She lifted a countenance so full of woe, that as he looked at her, the moisture gathered in his eyes, and he put his hand tenderly on her head, saying:

"Come with me, Beulah."

"And this is death. Oh, my God, save me from such a death!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes, and shivered; then rising from her kneeling posture, threw herself on a couch, and buried her face in its cushions. That long night of self-communion was never forgotten.

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The day of the funeral was cold, dark and dismal. A January wind howled through the streets, and occasional drizzling showers enhanced the gloom. The parlors and sitting-room were draped, and on the marble slab of one of the tables stood the coffin, covered with a velvet pall. Once before, Beulah had entered a room similarly shrouded; and it seemed but yesterday that she stood beside Lilly's rigid form. She went in alone, and waited some moments near the coffin, striving to calm the wild tumult of conflicting sorrows in her oppressed heart; then lifted the cover, and looked on the sleeper. Wan, waxen and silent. No longer the fitful sleep of disease, nor the refreshing slumber of health, but the still iciness of ruthless death. The black locks were curled around the forehead, and the beautiful hands folded peacefully over the heart that should throb no more with the anguish of earth. Death had smoothed the brow, and put the trembling mouth at rest, and every feature was in repose. In life she had never looked so placidly beautiful.

"What availed all her inquiries, and longings, and defiant cries? She died, no nearer the truth than when she began. She died without hope, and without knowledge. Only death could unseal the mystery," thought Beulah, as she looked at the marble face, and recalled the bitterness of its life-long expression. Persons began to assemble; gradually, the rooms filled. Beulah bent down, and kissed the cold lips for the last time, and lowering her veil, retired to a dim corner. She was very miserable, but her eyes were tearless, and she sat, she knew not how long, unconscious of what passed around her. She heard the stifled sobs of the bereaved parents, as in a painful dream; and when the solemn silence was broken, she started, and saw a venerable man, a stranger, standing at the head of the coffin; and these words fell upon her ears like a message from another world.

"I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord; "and he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!"

Cornelia had not believed; was she utterly lost? Beulah asked herself this question, and shrank from the answer. She did not believe: would she die as Cornelia died, without comfort? Was there but one salvation? When the coffin was borne out, and the procession formed, she went on mechanically, and found herself seated in a carriage with Mrs. Asbury and her two daughters. She sank back in one corner, and the long line of carriages, extending for many squares, slowly wound

through the streets. The wind wailed and sobbed, as if in sympathy, and the rain drizzled against the window-glass. When the procession reached the cemetery, it was too wet to think of leaving the carriages, but Beulah could see the coffin borne from the hearse, and heard the subdued voice of the minister; and when the shrouded form of the only child was lowered into its final resting-place, she groaned, and hid her face in her hands. "Should they meet no more?" Hitherto Mrs. Asbury had forborne to address her, but now she passed her arm round the shuddering form, and said, gently:

"My dear Beulah, do not look so hopelessly wretched. In the midst of life, we are in death; but God has given a promise to cheer us all in sad scenes like this. St. John was told to write, 'From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors.'"

"And do you think she is lost forever, because she did not believe? Do you? Can you?" cried Beulah, vehemently.

"Beulah, she had the Bible, which promises eternal life. If she entirely rejected it, she did so voluntarily and deliberately; but only God knows the heart—only her Maker can judge her. I trust that even in the last hour, the mists rolled from her mind."

Beulah knew better, but said nothing; it was enough to have witnessed that darkened soul's last hour on earth. As the carriage stopped at her door, Mrs. Asbury said:

"My dear Beulah, stay with me to-night. I think I can help you to find what you are seeking so earnestly."

Beulah shrank back, and answered:

"No, no. No one can help me; I must help myself. Some other time I will come."

The rain fell heavily as she reached her own home, and she went to her room with a heaviness of heart almost unendurable. She sat down on the rug before the fire, and threw her arms up over a chair, as she was wont to do in childhood, and as she remembered that the winter rain now beat pitilessly on the grave of one who had never known privation, nor aught of grief that wealth could shield her from, she moaned bitterly. What lamp had philosophy hung in the sable chambers of the tomb? The soul was impotent to explain its origin—how, then, could it possibly read the riddle of final destiny? Psychologists had wrangled for ages over the question of "ideas." Were infants born with or without them? Did ideas arise or develop them-

selves independently of experience? The affirmation or denial of this proposition alone distinguished the numerous schools, which had so long wrestled with psychology; and if this were insolvable, how could human intellect question further? Could it bridge the gulf of Death, and explore the shores of Eternity?

TRUTH AT LAST TRIUMPHANT.

She had long before rejected a "revealed code" as unnecessary; the next step was to decipher nature's symbols, and thus grasp God's hidden laws; but here the old trouble arose; how far was "individualism" allowable and safe? To reconcile the theories of rationalism, she felt, was indeed a herculean task, and she groped on in deeper night. Now and then, her horizon was bestarred, and, in her delight, she shouted Eureka! But when the telescope of her infallible reason was brought to bear upon the coldly glittering points, they flickered and went out. More than once, a flaming comet, of German manufacture, trailed in glory athwart her dazzled vision; but close observation resolved the gilded nebula, and the nucleus mocked her. Doubt engendered doubt; the death of one difficulty was the instant birth of another. Wave after wave of skepticism surged over her soul, until the image of a great personal God was swept from its altar. But atheism never yet usurped the sovereignty of the human mind; in all ages, moldering vestiges of protean deism confront the giant spectre, and every nation under heaven has reared its fane to the "unknown God." Beulah had striven to enthrone in her desecrated soul, the huge, dim, shapeless phantom of pantheism, and had turned eagerly to the system of Spinoza. The heroic grandeur of the man's life and character had strangely fascinated her; but now that idol of a "substance, whose two infinite attributes were extension and thought," mocked her; and she hurled it from its pedestal, and looked back wistfully to the pure faith of her childhood. A Godless world; a Godless woman. She took up the lamp, and retired to her own room. On all sides books greeted her; here was the varied lore of dead centuries; here she had held communion with the great souls entombed in these dusty pages. Here, wrestling alone with those grim puzzles, she had read out the vexed and vexing questions, in this debating club of the moldering dead, and endeavored to make them solve them. These well-worn volumes, with close "marginalias," echoed her inquiries, but answered them not to her satisfaction. Was her life to be thus passed in feverish toil, and ended as by a leap out into a black

shoreless abyss? Like a spent child, she threw her arms on the mantel-piece, and wept uncontrollably, murmuring:

"Oh, better die now, than live in perpetual strugglings! What is life worth without peace of mind, without hope; and what hope have I? Diamonded webs of sophistry can no longer entangle; like Noah's dove, my soul has fluttered among them, striving in vain for a sure hold to perch upon; but, unlike it, I have no ark to flee to. Weary and almost hopeless, I would fain believe that this world is indeed as a deluge, and in it there is no ark of refuge but the Bible. It is true, I did not see this soul's ark constructed; I know nothing of the machinery employed; and, no more than Noah's dove, can I explore and fully understand its secret chambers; yet, all untutored, the exhausted bird sought safety in the incomprehensible, and was saved. As to the mysteries of revelation and inspiration, why, I meet mysteries, turn which way I will. Man, earth, time, eternity, God, are all inscrutable mysteries. My own soul is a mystery even unto myself, and so long as I am impotent to fathom its depths, how shall I hope to unfold the secrets of the universe?"

She had rejected Christian theism, because she could not understand how God had created the universe out of nothing. True, "with God all things are possible," but she could not understand this creation out of nothing, and therefore would not believe it. Yet (oh, inconsistency of human reasoning!) she had believed that the universe created laws: that matter gradually created mind. This was the inevitable result of pantheism, for according to geology, there was a primeval period, when neither vegetable nor animal life existed; when the earth was a huge mass of inorganic matter. Of two incomprehensibilities, which was the most plausible? To-night the question recurred to her mind with irresistible force, and as her eyes wandered over the volumes she had so long consulted, she exclaimed:

"Oh, philosophy! thou hast mocked my hungry soul; thy gilded fruits have crumbled to ashes in my grasp. In lieu of the holy faith of my girlhood, thou hast given me but dim, doubtful conjecture, cold, metaphysical abstractions, intangible shadows, that flit along my path, and lure me on to deeper morasses. Oh, what is the shadow of death, in comparison with the starless night which has fallen upon me, even in the morning of my life! My God, save me! Give me light: of myself I can know nothing!"

Her proud intellect was humbled, and falling on her knees, for the first time in many months, a sobbing prayer went up to the throne of the living God; while the vast clockwork of stars looked in on a pale brow and lips, where heavy drops of moisture glistened.

A WIFE'S DIVINE MINISTRY.

Reader, marriage is not the end of life; it is but the beginning of a new course of duties; but I cannot now follow Beulah. Henceforth her history is bound up with another's. To save her husband from his unbelief, is the labor of future years. She had learned to suffer, and to bear patiently; and, though her path looks sunny, and her heart throbs with happy hopes, this one shadow lurks over her home, and dims her joys. Weeks and months glided swiftly on. Dr. Hartwell's face lost its stern rigidity, and his smile became constantly genial. His wife was his idol; day by day, his love for her seemed more completely to revolutionize his nature. His cynicism melted insensibly away; his lips forgot their iron compression; now and then, his long-forgotten laugh rang through the house. Beulah was conscious of the power she wielded, and trembled lest she failed to employ it properly. One Sabbath afternoon, she sat in her room, with her cheek on her hand, absorbed in earnest thought. Her little Bible lay on her lap, and she was pondering the text she had heard that morning. Charon came and nestled his huge head against her. Presently she heard the quick tramp of hoofs and whir of wheels; and soon after, her husband entered and sat down beside her.

"What are you thinking of?" said he, passing his hand over her head, carelessly.

"Thinking of my life—of the bygone years of struggle."

"They are past, and can trouble you no more. 'Let the dead past bury its dead!' "

"No, my past can never die. I ponder it often, and it does me good; strengthens me, by keeping me humble. I was just thinking of the dreary, desolate days and nights I passed, searching for a true philosophy, and going farther astray with every effort. I was so proud of my intellect; put so much faith in my own powers; it was no wonder I was so benighted."

"Where is your old worship of genius?" asked her husband, watching her curiously.

"I have not lost it all. I hope I never shall. Human genius has accomplished a vast deal of man's temporal existence. The physical sciences have been wheeled forward in the march of mind, and man's earthly path gemmed with all that a merely sensual nature could desire. But looking aside from these channels, what has it effected for philosophy, that great burden, which

constantly recalls the fabled labors of Sisyphus and the Danaides? Since the rising of Bethlehem's star in the cloudy sky of polytheism, what has human genius discovered of God, eternity, destiny? Metaphysicians build gorgeous cloud palaces, but the soul cannot dwell in their cold, misty atmosphere. Antiquarians wrangle and write; Egypt's moldering monuments are raked from their desert graves, and made the theme of scientific debate; but has all this learned disputation contributed one iota to clear the thorny way of strict morality? Put the Bible out of sight, and how much will human intellect discover concerning our origin—our ultimate destiny? In the morning of time, sages handled these vital questions, and died, not one step nearer the truth than when they began. Now, our philosophers struggle, earnestly and honestly, to make plain the same inscrutable mysteries. Yes, blot out the record of Moses, and we would grope in starless night; for notwithstanding the many priceless blessings it has discovered for man, the torch of science will never pierce and illumine the recesses over which Almighty God has hung his veil. Here we see, indeed, as 'through a glass, darkly.' Yet I believe the day is already dawning, when scientific data will not only cease to be antagonistic to scriptural accounts, but will deepen the impress of Divinity on the pages of holy writ; when 'the torch shall be taken out of the hands of the infidel, and set to burn in the temple of the living God; when Science and Religion shall link hands. I revere the lonely thinkers to whom the world is indebted for its great inventions. I honor the tireless laborers who toil in laboratories; who sweep midnight skies in search of new worlds; who upheave primeval rocks, hunting for footsteps of Deity; and I believe that every scientific fact will ultimately prove but another lamp, planted along the path which leads to the knowledge of Jehovah! Ah! it is indeed peculiarly the duty of Christians, 'to watch with reverence and joy the unveiling of the august brow of Nature, by the hand of Science; and to be ready to call mankind to a worship ever new!' Human thought subserves many useful, nay, noble ends; the Creator gave it, as a powerful instrument to improve man's temporal condition; but oh, sir, I speak of what I know, when I say: alas, for that soul who forsakes the divine ark, and embarks on the gilded toys of man's invention, hoping to breast the billows of life, and be anchored safely in the harbor of eternal rest! The heathens, 'having no law, are a law unto themselves,' but to such as deliberately reject the given light, only bitter darkness remains. I know it; for I, too, once groped, wailing for help."

"Your religion is full of mystery," said her husband, gravely.

"Yes, of divine mystery. Truly, 'a God comprehended is no God at all!' Christianity is clear, as to rules of life and duty. There is no mystery left about the directions to man; yet there is a divine mystery infolding it, which tells of its divine origin, and promises a fuller revelation when man is fitted to receive it. If it were not so, we would call it man's invention. You turn from Revelation, because it contains some things you cannot comprehend; yet you plunge into deeper, darker mystery, when you embrace the theory of an eternal, self-existing universe, having no intelligent creator, yet constantly creating intelligent beings. Sir, can you understand how matter creates mind?"

She had laid her Bible on his knee; her folded hands rested upon it, and her grey eyes, clear and earnest, looked up reverently into her husband's noble face. His soft hands wandered over her head, and he seemed pondering her words.

May God aid the wife in her holy work of love.

JANE T. H. CROSS.

Commend us to the true heart that glows in a true woman's letter, though it be in a strange hand, and address us in formal phrase, "dear madam," and prove, after all, only a letter of biographical *data*. There is a clear, resonant ring in it—a pertinent simplicity—a dignity—a reticence—an unconscious pathos as the pen glides here and there over a life-point with a nerve in it. We are put at once in full sympathy with the woman and writer. Such a letter we have received from the subject of this sketch. She says, modestly:

"I shall be glad to further your object in any way that I can. I confess, however, with no affected humility, that I do not consider my writings of sufficient importance, or popularity, to entitle me to take rank among literary people. My success has been, chiefly—where, indeed, the heart ought most to covet it—among children and sorrowful women; for it is a pleasant task to water violets and lilies, but not one in which the busy, babbling, showy world feels much concern."

"Children and sorrowful women!" as if to appeal successfully to these were not a popularity of the purest and rarest type. But the little books which Mrs. Cross has given to the world are not to be limited even to this desirable sphere. They are the evident product of intellect and culture, full of vigor, as well as the most delicate grace and perception. Her portraiture shows the graphic and true lines of a master, and her works are

all touched with the issues of a refined, womanly, and religious spirit.

The maiden name of Mrs. Cross was Jane Tandy Chinn. She is the daughter of Judge Chinn, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in which place she was born in 1817. She was educated at Shelbyville, Kentucky, at the boarding-school of Mrs. Tevis—an establishment which has been a blessing to all the Mississippi valley.

At the age of eighteen, she married James P. Hardin, son of Hon. Ben Hardin, of Kentucky. In 1841, she accompanied her husband to Cuba for his health; but in the autumn of 1842, his prospects for a brilliant career were cut off by death. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, our author was left a widow with three children.

In 1848, she was married, a second time, to Rev. Dr. Cross, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. "Since that time," she says, "my life has been as roving as that of an Arab." The two years following this union were spent in Kentucky. Dr. Cross was then stationed two years at Nashville, Tennessee, five months at Huntsville, Alabama, and four years at Charleston, South Carolina. They then travelled in Europe a year, enjoying all that came in their way with a zest and entireness which are most happily set forth in a volume recently given to the world by Dr. Cross. Some extracts from this work, which have come under our notice, would seem to prove the author a man of fine descriptive and poetic powers, and every way worthy of his accomplished wife.

In 1858, they returned to South Carolina, and were engaged in teaching, at Spartanburg, for eighteen months. In 1859, they removed to San Antonio, Texas, where they now reside.

It is easy to see that a life like this must abound in varied and interesting incident, but Mrs. Cross, with an off-hand, modest grace, thus waives the detail:

"I am aware that I have made the recital of facts as bare as possible—not but that 'thereby hangs a tale;' yet I remember that when Mazeppa assures Charles XII. that his story is 'a long and sad one,' the king begs him *not to recite it.*"

Mrs. Cross has been, for some years, an occasional contributor of prose and poetry to the religious journals of the South. She has written a series of stories for children, which were collected and edited by Dr. Summers, and published in four small volumes, called, most appropriately, "Heart Blossoms," "Wayside Flowerets," "Bible Gleanings," and "Drift-wood."

During her tour through Europe, she corresponded in a pleasant, descriptive vein, with the "Christian Advocate," and the "Courier," of Charleston. She has also contributed for years to the "Home Circle," of Nashville, Tenn. "And this," she says, "is the head and front of my offending."

SCARLET GERANIUMS.

Some days seem made expressly for joy. In their very commencement, when Aurora lifts the rosy curtains, and reveals the morning chamber of the sun, inlaid with pearl, the gracious monarch slips to the threshold, and gives her such a hearty nod of approbation, that a shower of light falls from his curls upon the awaking earth. The earth herself is clothed in green; for, like the milk-maid in the fable, that color "becomes her best." Still, as the royal personage, gathering his golden robes about him, advances in his walk through the blue fields of heaven, he looks down smiling to our little world, and it smiles back to him, as a child might smile into the face of its father.

These are the days that are made for joy. Then care goes skulking off into dark closets and corners; and grief wraps itself up in the drawers that contain the clothes of dead people; and despair lies on the highway, fainting beneath the warm rays, and being suffocated by the fragrance of flowers; and patient sorrow sits, looking like one of those beautiful paintings of India-ink that are touched with gold.

It was just such a day as this that I sat within a room, and gazed at the

gas fixtures in the centre, and at the white glass bell, with its blue rim that hung above, a crystal morning-glory, bringing to mind the green fields and flowery hedges; and then I looked upon a gilt-framed mirror that flashed above the marble mantel-piece; and then I looked at the embroidered muslin curtain, that softened the light as it came through the window, and at the blue hangings above. And when I had tired of these, my eyes rested upon the pure white marble table that stood before me. I felt that it was very pleasant, even in those little household matters, to be surrounded by beautiful objects; and that it would be a very, *very* great privation if all those objects were shut out forever, and the windows of the soul darkened.

Milton says, after he became blind, "God chastises me with two rods, and one of them is a club." It must be hard to bear this blindness, and deafness is but little inferior to it. Just imagine every sound in the world to cease suddenly—the ticking of the clock, the hum of the city, the carolling of the birds, the gurgling of the brook, the melodious moaning of the ocean, the voices of children and of dear friends! It makes one shudder, and feel as if he were drawing his shroud around him, and stepping down into his grave.

Such thoughts were naturally suggested by the fact, that on the other side of the marble table sat a dark-eyed, pleasant-looking gentleman, performing operations for diseases of the eyes and ears. He had been thus engaged from the time I had entered the room. The patient's chair was never empty. A few moments sufficed for each; but the place was no sooner vacated by one, than it was occupied by another. Perhaps this day, expressly made for joy, gave them hopes of a happy issue; for still the sun kept gazing down through the shaded window, smiling, and seeming to say, "Now something good is going to happen."

Presently the operator made a signal, and, as a gentleman approached the chair, he remarked: "This gentleman has been deaf and dumb from his birth." He then commenced using his little glass tubes, mops, air-pumps, etc., as quietly and composedly as if he were merely going to shave the man. After a few moments, he said, "I am now going to try if he can hear. I wish you to observe his eye. If he hears, you will perceive it by the expression of his eyes." He then took a small India-rubber bag, with a brass mouth-piece, and, putting it to the patient's ear, made a noise such as is sometimes made by a child's toy.

And now I am disposed to lay down my pen, for I never can convey to you an idea of the face that presented itself before us. The flash of

intelligence, the joy, surprise, and inquiry were inimitable and indescribable. It brought to my mind the exclamation of N. P. Willis's little girl:

"Father, dear father, God has made a star!"

and it appeared to me that God had just then made a soul; and that this soul, still glowing with the light of heaven, warm from the hand of his Creator, was flashing through the eyes, and playing like summer lightning about the mouth. At every repetition of the noise, the face beamed anew. Every countenance in the room threw back the irradiating joy. Glad hands were clapped, and "Is it not beautiful? Oh! is it not beautiful?" was repeated again and again. My God! let me henceforth be more grateful for this delightful sense of hearing. Was the tone of that poor squeaking India-rubber bag such entrancing music to him who had never heard a sound before? Then, let me listen to the music world around me, and let the various notes coming from all objects melt into a blissful melody of praise to God!

And that was the first time he had ever heard! My mind ran forward to the time when the dull ear of death shall be awakened by the harmony of heaven, and I knew the sound would be still stranger and more entrancing than those earthly sounds to the deaf mute. In confirmation of this, I could but think of poor Cowper dying with "unutterable despair" upon his lips, and yet with a face, when those lips had grown silent, suddenly beaming with inexpressible joy and surprise. Yes, truly! some days are made for joy. May such, dear reader, be your day of death, and mine.

LA PETITE FÉE.

When I was but a girl, numbering not more than a dozen summers, I was taken from the tender surroundings of home, and sent to a boarding-school. There I was an utter stranger. Teachers and pupils were unknown to me. It seemed to me I met no glance of sympathy. The place, which has since become the warm nest of my affections, appeared to me then cold and strange.

Shy and sensitive, I drew off from the girls around me, and wandered into the yard. A clothes-line was stretched from tree to tree. I caught that with my hands, and leaning my head against it, stood, looking wistfully

through the crevices of the high plank fence. There I stood, a lone, awkward little stranger. I know not whether I thought of anything, except that I knew nobody. Just then, a meek-eyed girl, smaller than myself, with very soft brown hair, approached me. A few kind words came bubbling up from the pure fountain of the heart, and ran over the ruby brim of her lips. I loved her. Her soul addressed me, and from that hour we were no longer strangers.

Many bright girls have entered those halls of learning—many lovely and accomplished women have come thence; but none brighter or lovelier than my little friend of the clothes-line. Whatever of knowledge was set before her, was seized by her mind with delight. She was the wit of our room; and many a contest have I had with her, and many a time been foiled, while our mutual friend and music-teacher, herself a wit of the first order, sat by, laughing and cheering us on.

Her temper, too, was like the little island of Santa-Cruz, perpetual blossom and sunshine. So admirably were her gifts of mind tempered by the graces of her heart, that none of us thought of being jealous, but all loved "*la petite fée*," as we often called her.

At length our school-days were ended—those sweet May-days, when the halcyon built her nest upon the waves of life, and snowy sails were filled with odorous breezes. Ah, those were the days when a French dialogue had more glory than the most gorgeous gala-day at Victoria's court.

But those sweet days passed away—away—yet our friendship passed not. We grew into womanhood. Still every evening we flew to meet each other with the eagerness of children, and hand in hand we traversed the shady walks of my native village.

Again the kaleidoscope of life was changed; but again a kind Providence threw us together. She became the wife of a minister of the Gospel—of whom else could she have been the wife? He was my pastor; and she my pastor's wife—the dear little fairy.

And then she was a mother, and held in her arms her first-born, and hung enraptured on its smiles. She had never known any sorrow—never! Trained by kind, judicious, and religious parents, married to a gentle, tender husband, she had ever been so shielded, that the rough winds of adversity could not reach her. But as she held her babe in her arms, and the mother's soul revelled in all those blissful emotions that only a mother's soul can know, God said: "Give it to me!" and—she gave it to him! She

reached forth no rebellious arms to snatch back her receding child: she sent up no murmuring cry. She gave it to him! and meekly folded her hands upon the heart from which the life-blood was oozing.

I shall never forget it—the day she came to spend with me in the country, when her little one was gone. The pale face is still before me, and the mourning garb, as she walked with me among the shrubbery, and plucked the rose-buds and tried to talk cheerfully, and to manifest an interest in the things about her; and sweetly she spoke of the love of God.

I have read sermons on resignation, and I have listened to them from the lips of the most eloquent preachers, and the waves of time have washed out in part or entirely the impression; but a sermon that can never be washed out, an impression that can never be erased, a lesson in resignation that can never be forgotten, is the memory of that pale woman, amid the rose-bushes —the countenance so filled with mingled anguish and submission. Such, oh, my God, are the sermons preached by thy true children—sermons which shall tell in Eternity!

And now, when my soul chafes at the cords that bind it, or frets at the control of circumstances, or is tempted foolishly to murmur at the good providence of God, suddenly a grove surrounds me, and lilacs spring up, with blushing, pendent blossoms, and rose-bushes with bursting buds, and from out the blooming roses arises the sweet face of my friend, and it says to my troubled heart, "Peace, be still!"

THE MAGIC RING.

I have in my possession a ring. It looks much like other rings, wrought of gold plainly, and, instead of a sparkling gem, containing what is worth a great deal more to me—a single plait of hair.

Yet there is something very strange about this ring. Let me whisper to you: it is a magic ring, and shows me such beautiful things! It would make your very heart dance like an Easter sun to see them. It was but a few evenings since that I sat at an open window. The wind was passing over the fields of ripened grain, converting it into flowing waves of gold. The senses were bathed in the odors of new-mown hay. The hard-working bee was just crawling into his hive, weighed down with wax—the gathering of the day. The whole western sky was a flood of rosy light; and while I gazed at it, I wondered if heaven could be fairer.

Presently my eye fell, and rested upon the ring. It did not disturb the sweet thoughts that nature had poured into my heart. There lay, inclosed in the circlet of gold, that little lock of auburn hair. It was shorn from the head of my earliest friend and playmate—dear "Mary."

But, as I continued to look, how was I surprised to see the plait untwisting, and forming itself into tiny ringlets like curling sunbeams! But it did not stop there. When the hair all hung in clustering bunches, I saw beneath a faint mist, that after awhile began to assume, very indistinctly, the form of human features, and at last there flashed out two great brown eyes, as you have seen two stars burst through the evening sky; and then came the white brow, and the nose, and laughing mouth, full of glittering teeth. Oh, was it not beautiful? A face like the Italian paintings of Beatrice Cenci—so firm, so brave, yet so lovely. Truthfulness was written on every line.

After the face, the whole form appeared; and it was a little girl, and she was going to school, with her basket, and her dinner, and her satchel of books; and my spirit could discern what the little chatterer was saying, though no mortal ear save mine could hear a sound: nor mine unless my eye was fixed upon the magic ring. She sang, she laughed, she leaped over every object that came in her way.

Though it was ripe summer around *me*, in the ring it was but the spring-tide; and the bursting roses were not gayer than the child that was playing among them. Soon I saw her pass under the cherry-trees, and come to the white school-house. It was still play-time, and the scholars all gathered around her, and began to speak eagerly of their May-day, for it was fast coming on, and she would be their May-queen, for she was not yet chosen. But the teacher was seen coming along the gravel-walk, and her brow was very stern. They saw that something had displeased her: so the children all walked into the school-room, and sat upon their benches quite mute and still.

As soon as the school was opened, she called little Mary to her, and spoke to her angrily. I could not exactly hear what she said, for the ring does not give out distinctly tones of anger; but I gathered that the child had repeated something imprudently, and the teacher was urging her to say who had told her, that the author might be punished. At the first words of rebuke the little girl's face was flushed as a crimson rose, and the tears flashed over it in big drops of summer rain; but when the teacher continued to insist on her giving the name of her informer, she ceased to weep, and looking calmly up, she replied, "I will not tell, madam." Then I

heard the teacher say something about "a willful falsehood;" and she led the little girl along, who went very quietly, till they came to an "upstairs" room, away from the school. Into this room Mary was put, and the door was shut and locked, and she was left quite alone.

At first she wept; but after a few moments she threw her check apron up over her face, and burst into a laugh, and murmured to herself, "Well, I don't care. It is not false: it is true, for Sis told me so. But Sis is sick to-day, and cannot come to school; so she will not know it, and I shall not tell, and they cannot punish *her*."

Then she crept to the window, and, climbing upon a stool, she looked at the white blossoms on the tops of the cherry-trees, and listened to a red-bird as it kept singing, "Sweet, O sweet, O sweet, O sweet!" and she wished they would come and let her out. At last her head dropped upon the window-sill, her snowy eyelids closed, and the last tear-drop fell, and lay glittering upon her cheek. She was asleep. Her face grew bright with smiles; and I knew that the angels were talking to her, and telling her strange stories of the far-off land.

A long time she had thus lain and slept, and smiled to listen to the angels, when she was aroused by a message from the teacher. She returned to the school-room, where she found her sister, who had recovered from her indisposition, and had come to school. Finding Mary absent, she inquired the cause; and when she had learned it, at once avowed the truth. Mary's teacher was then very sorry, and sent for her; and I heard her say to the scholars: "This noble little girl would not tell a falsehood, but preferred being punished herself to having her sister punished. How shall she be rewarded?" And their voices, which sounded in the magic ring as loud as the noise of the humming-bird, shouted, "She is our Queen of May! Our Queen of May!"

Then came the May-day and the May-pole, and the basket of roses, and festoons of flowers, and the pattering of busy, happy feet; and Mary walked into the midst of her companions—their queen—in a white muslin dress, and a garland around her head, composed of buds entwisted with green leaves and white roses, half bursting. But when at last they reached the bower, and the little girls began to sing a song of welcome around her, my heart overflowed, tears of joy blinded my eyes, and before I knew it, I exclaimed, "Dear Mary! dear sister of my heart!" The charm was broken, the vision vanished; and when I wiped away the tears, that I might see, nothing remained but the simple plait of auburn hair.

THE MAN-ANGEL.

The heart-blossom that I pluck this evening, to weave into your little garland, is a very sweet one—a pale floweret of memory that often opens and sheds its fragrance around me in the night-time. It is my recollection of an angel that I once knew. Now I see your eyes begin to twinkle, and a smile play around your rose-bud lips; for you do not believe that I ever indeed knew an angel, and think that I intend to "make up" a story only to amuse you; but I am serious: I once knew an angel, and used to go see him, and sometimes he would come to see me.

How do you suppose he looked? Do you think his long sunny curls fell over shoulders as fair as moonlight; that his delicate feet were like mother of pearl; and that his wings rustled softly as he folded them together, as the leaves of the aspen do; that his words flowed forth a perpetual music—an unceasing song of joy; and that he made his home in some bright star, such as Sirius, to which he would float off in the evening, looking, in the distance, like a silvery cloud amid the blue air? You are all wrong. He was none of that. It is true he had a lovely face, because it was full of love for everything; and his lips were beautiful, because they spoke comfort to everybody; and his eye was full of light, which it had drawn from heaven, and which it had shed upon earth; but when I knew him his hair was white, for the sorrows of many years had bleached it; and his feet were encased in stout leather shoes, which were covered with dust in travelling from house to house on his errands of charity; and his clothes were very plain, for the money which would have bought him finer was given to clothe the naked.

His house was a humble one—a long, low, brick dwelling, that had three rooms. One of these was his school-room; for he spent many years among those dear little beings who are the only things in all our world of which Christ has said—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In his room you would find a bed and a table, a cupboard, and a few chairs. If there were other pieces of furniture, they were usually lent to others, who perhaps may not have needed them so much. Upon the wall hung a few pictures of his friends. One was a miniature of Thomas Jefferson, given by the hand of the President himself to this Man-Angel; and I have often thought that the great author of the Declaration of Independence might veil his face before this—his early friend.

In the windows of his room were sweet and blushing verbenas, and "lady's ear-drops," and blowing roses; and upon the table, under the window, lay the old Bible. This was his casket of jewels, and hence he drew the ornaments that made him so glorious.

How often in this room have I looked at the dear old man and his gentle wife, while their two grandchildren played about the door! and I have tried to think of somebody in history or in romance to whom I could compare him. Sometimes I have thought of the Vicar of Wakefield, but the Vicar was not so pious, and I have said to myself, "No, he is a Man-Angel;" and I have felt there was something awful in the presence of such sublime virtue.

On one occasion, after a severe illness, I heard him say, "Death looked me in the face, and I thank God, I could look *him* in the face." Think of that! To be able to look death in the face! and with that serene, high look! Was it not beautiful?

I might tell you many stories that would interest you, and make you love this being, and make you love virtue more. I could tell you how often, when I have been weary and dispirited, he has come, and, sitting quietly beside me, has spoken to me like a messenger from heaven, so encouragingly and kindly, that he has left my heart gladdened, as he has gone forth on his mission to pour the bright waters of consolation on some other drooping head. He was an apostle, baptizing every heart with joy.

I had not known him long, when a dreadful sickness swept through our town. Many of the people fled in terror—many remained trembling every hour, lest death should enter their dwellings. Then might be seen at all times, this Man-Angel—"unhasting, unresting"—making his rounds amid sickness, and suffering, and death. The perverse patient who refused to take medicine from all others, received the bitter draught from his hand. "When the ear heard him, it blessed him; and when the eyes saw him, it gave witness unto him."

It seems but yesterday that he was here "with us, but not of us." At last, one sad morning, it was said, "He also is ill;" and every physician in the place was around his bed, and his lowly dwelling was crowded with those that loved him; and every one felt it a privilege to be permitted to hand him a drink of water, or to adjust his pillow, or to wipe the cold sweat from his brow. There the rich and the poor met together to do him honor, and they tried very hard to save him; but he said, "Nay, if it be God's will, I would *rather* die." And one would not wonder at this; for it was

natural that he should not wish to stay with *us*, because he was not like us; but he wanted to go where his Father was, and where his brother angels were, and where his fortune was, that he had "sent before him in the shape of alms." Was he not right?

I looked on the face of the dying saint; and my soul kept praying silently to God, that the mantle of this Elijah might fall upon me; but oh, I am not like him!

They dressed him in a suit of clothes which the ladies of the town had given him, and which he would not wear while he lived, because he would wear nothing he had not paid for himself, so independent was he; and then they spread a white sheet over him; and when the people were gone, and the house was hushed, I reverently turned down the sheet and gazed on the face of death. Oh, I have seen most beautiful things! beautiful painting, and beautiful sculpture! I have gazed upon the face of a lovely woman, until my heart has "reeled with its fullness." In nature and in art I have seen much that is a delight to look upon. But never, *never*, have I seen anything more solemnly beautiful than the dead face of that "Man-Angel."

SYRINGA.

"Oh! who is there among us in whom childhood is not a thousand times awakened by music? And she speaks to him, and asks him, 'Have not the rose-buds yet opened that I gave thee?'—'Ah, yes, indeed, they have opened, but they were white roses.'"—*Jean Paul.*

Once when it was early morning, in a meadow broad and green,
Sat I by a singing streamlet, sat I gazing on its sheen—

Gazing, too, upon the shadows of the broad leaved sycamore,
While they danced upon the waters, as upon a crystal floor.

Fleecy clouds above me floated, floated slowly on the air:
Soft, subduing strains of music chased away the bosom's care.

O'er the meadow came a maiden tripping through the pearly dew,
And the drops were thickly glittering on her foot without a shoe:

O'er her shoulders hung her tresses, long, and fair, and golden hung—
Then she oped her lips, and sweetly spoke the little maiden's tongue:

"Here my apron full of blossoms—blossoms in the bud I bring,
Take, and keep them, till they open wide and blushing in the spring."

I have kept the buds, fair maiden, water'd them at morn and night;
And the buds have open'd, maiden, *but the roses all are white.*"

THE RILL.

Adown a sunny mountain side,
A streamlet rippled gay and proud;
And, fast and faster as it hied,
It smiled, and sang, and laugh'd aloud.

For 'mid the rocks and woods, its home
Was in that mountain hid from sight;
And it had come abroad to roam,
And revel in the golden light.

"Now, Ocean, ho! now, Ocean, ho!"
It sang with many a merry wink:
"Dark home, unloved, from thee, I go,
Into the ocean's lap to sink!"

But, lo! a precipice so deep,
It makes the little wavelets whirl!
It pauses—now it takes the leap,
And falls below in showers of pearl!

Then on it goes, o'er many a mile,
Nor seeks the sun, nor fears the cloud;
And "Ocean, ho!" it cries the while,
"Old Ocean, ho!" and laughs aloud.

Nor valleys green, nor smiling meads,
Can turn it from its steady way;
Nor flowrets fair, nor flaunting weeds,
Can tempt it in its course to stay.

And now it rolls a river wide,
  While forests rear themselves around;
And goodly cities stand beside
  The ever-smiling, ocean-bound.

Nor rolling car, nor rattling dray,
  Nor puffing boat, the current heeds;
But onward still it wends its way,
  Still onward on the ocean speeds.

As thus unheeding flows the rill,
  To mingle with the boundless sea,
The earnest spirit upward still
  Directs its course, O God, to thee!

SONNET.

(WITH A WITHERED LEAF.)

This that I send—this simple withered leaf,
  Might float unnoted on the wind or tide,
  Or by the careless foot be thrust aside,
Nor to the heart bring aught of joy or grief.
  It knew no brighter birth than other plants,
To no more verdant coloring was born;
Indeed, it might, perchance, have been the scorn
  Of some gay flower that on the light breeze flaunts.
Wherefore is then the offering? Where the charm,
  That makes this trifling leaf a treasured thing?
  The atmosphere that nursed it heard *him* sing,
Whose tuneful notes the world were loth to lose:
In Petrarch's haunts it grew—shield it from harm!
A sad and sweet memento, plucked beside Vaucluse!

MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Music is a fine immortalizer of poetry. A song that comes to us, pulsing not only with faultless rhythm and true sentiment, but with "concord of sweet sounds," we never forget. All through life the worded strain sings on in our hearts; we doubt, indeed, if it be lost when the new life begins. Witness to this the dear old melodies, "Sweet Home," "I would not Live Alway," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Woodman Spare that Tree," and a whole host of simple ballads, which our hearts could not unlearn if they would. It seems very easy to make songs, and so, doubtless, it is for those naturally gifted in that delicate department of art; but the poet is not always, nor necessarily, a song-writer. His production may lack no one of the elements of a true poem—may flow in pure and perfect cadences, yet be wanting in the subtle adaptation to methodical music, which belongs to the song proper.

In this line of poetic inspiration, Mrs. Dana—now Mrs. Shindler—has been eminently successful. Her "Northern" and "Southern Harp" have become a household institution. Acting upon the *brusque* suggestion of some one—we cannot now recall whom—that our sweetest music had belonged to the devil long enough, she selected some of our most popular and delicious airs, and wedded to them the flowing words of her own sainted and sorrowing Muse. As a Sunday evening resource alone, these collections are priceless.

Mary Stanly Bunce Palmer was born in Beaufort, South

Carolina, in 1810. She was the daughter of Rev. Benjamin M. Palmer, D.D., who was, at that time, pastor of the Congregational Church in Beaufort. In 1814, the family removed to Charleston, Dr. Palmer having been called to the pastorate of the Independent church in that city. His congregation was principally made up of planters, who divided the year between the city and their large plantations. Reverting to this period of her life, Mrs. Shindler says:

"I well remember the delight with which we children used to anticipate our spring and Christmas holidays, which we were sure to spend upon some neighboring plantation, released from all our city trammels, running perfectly wild, as all city children were expected to do, contracting sudden and violent intimacies in all the negro houses, about Easter and Christmas times, that we might have a store of eggs for sundry purposes, for which we gave, in exchange, the most gaudy cotton handkerchiefs that could be bought in Charleston. It was during these delightful rural visits that what little poetry I have in my nature was fostered and developed; and at an early age I became sensible of something within me which often brought tears to my eyes when I could not, for the life of me, express my feelings. The darkness and loneliness of our vast forests filled me with indescribable emotions, and above all other sounds, the music of the thousand Æolian harps sighing and wailing through a forest of pines, was most affecting to my youthful heart."

Miss Palmer was not only reared in a fine social atmosphere, but enjoyed, in her own home, the most careful and judicious culture. She commenced her school-life under the charge of the Misses Ramsay, daughters of Daniel Ramsay, the historian, and grand-daughters of Mr. Laurens, who figured in the history of the Revolution. In 1825, she accompanied her parents to Hartford, Connecticut, and was then placed in the seminary of Rev. Mr. Emerson, at Wethersfield, Connecticut. In 1826, she

entered the Young Ladies' Seminary at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, intending to remain long enough at the North to reinstate her health, which was then very delicate; but she began to pine for her Southern home, and in six months was allowed to return to it. Several months were afterward spent by her in a seminary at New Haven, Connecticut.

At this time she was an occasional contributor to the "Rose Bud," a periodical then under the editorial charge of Mrs. Gilman.

On the 19th of June, 1835, she married Mr. Charles E. Dana, and accompanied him to New York, where they resided for three years. During these years she continued to write poetry, but published nothing until 1841. The mournful tone of her muse is best explained by the following extract from the introduction to the "Southern Harp:"

There was a time when all to me was light;
No shadows stole across my pathway bright.
I had a darling sister—but she died.
For many years we wandered side by side,
And oft these very songs she sung with me;
No wonder then, if they should plaintive be!
I had an only brother—and *he* died—
Away from home, and from his lovely bride;
And not long after, those I loved too well,
Pale—cold—and still—in death's embraces fell;
In two short days on me no more they smiled,
My noble husband, and my only child!
'Twas sorrow made me write these plaintive lays;
And yet, if sad they are, they end in praise.
Oh, God! I thank thee for my mother's breast,
Where I can lay my head, and sweetly rest!
I thank thee for my father's fostering arms,
On which I lean, and fear no rude alarms!

Oh ye who've reached the lofty heights of fame,
Remember mine is but a youthful name.
I pray yon with benignant eyes look down,
Nor from your intellectual eyries frown
On one, whose trembling steps have just begun
To *climb* th' ascent your eagle flights have won.
No laurel wreath, to decorate my brow,
Held out by fame's bright goddess, lures me now.
May I but know I've done my humble part,
By poetry and song, to cheer the heart,
Or wake in any breast one thrilling chord,
'Tis all I ask—'twill be a rich reward!

After the death of her husband and son, in 1839, to wile her mind from sorrowful memories, Mrs. Dana turned to literary pursuits, and at last conceived the happy idea of adapting sacred words to popular secular music, which resulted in the "Southern Harp." This collection was published early in the year 1841, at New York.

From that time she wrote constantly, and soon produced another volume, similar in design to the first, which was published under the title of the "Northern Harp," and proved equally successful. About this time she also published a volume of poems, entitled "The Parted Family and other Poems," which had a large sale.

In 1843, she produced a prose work called "Charles Morton, or the Young Patriot," a tale of the Revolution, which was soon followed by "The Young Sailor," and "Forecastle Tom." These works were all well received.

Mrs. Dana had been bred strictly in the Calvinistic school, but in the year 1844 she began to question the grounds of Trinitarian doctrine, and early in the year 1845, to the regretful surprise of her parents and friends, embraced the Unitarian faith. To define and defend her position, she then published a volume

entitled "Letters to Relatives and Friends." This work, the largest of her prose volumes, appeared in 1845, and was at once republished in London.

In 1847, she was severely afflicted in the death of both parents: and on the 18th of May, 1848, became the wife of Rev. Robert D. Shindler, of the Episcopal Church. Having returned to her early faith, they are in full communion.

In April, 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Shindler removed to Maryland, and subsequently to Shelbyville, Kentucky, where Mr. Shindler accepted a professorship in Shelby College.

THE MORNING STAR OF THE SPIRIT.

When evening steals o'er me with silence and gloom,
And night-flowers are breathing their fragrant perfume,
Then, softly retiring, and kneeling alone,
I may ask Heaven's mercy for the hours that are gone.

The bright stars may spangle the blue vaulted sky,
And dearly I love them, gay dwellers on high;
But the night of my soul would be starless and drear,
If the bright "morning-star" did not shine on me there.

O star of my spirit! thy soft polar ray
Can warm me, and cheer me, and brighten my way;
For earth's dearest pleasures seem changeful to me,
Like the gay-dancing sunbeams that shine on the sea.

THE FADED FLOWER AND THE CRUSHED HEART.

I have seen a fragrant flower
  All impearled with morning dew;
I have plucked it from the bower,
  Where in loveliness it grew.

O, 'twas sweet, when gayly vying
With the garden's richest bloom;
But when faded, withered, dying,
Sweeter far its choice perfume.

So the heart, when crushed by sorrow,
Sends its richest streams abroad,
While it learns sweet balm to borrow
From th' uplifted hand of God.
Not in its sunny days of gladness
Will the heart be fixed on Heaven;
When 'tis wounded, clothed in sadness,
Oft its richest love is given.

THE BLEST, ETERNAL HOME.

There's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world of smiles and love,
And sorrow dwells not there.

I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of my eternal home
Within my bosom swell.
There, when we meet with holy joy,
No thoughts of parting come,
But never-ending ages still
Shall find us *all at home.*

SHED NOT A TEAR.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone.

Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray,
Come, and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

LIKE A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH.

Like a dream when one awaketh,
Vanished away,
Earthly joy the heart forsaketh,
Doomed to decay;
But when flesh and spirit faileth,
Heaven grows more dear,
And when grief the heart assaileth,
O, shed no tear.

Dearest hopes and joys may perish,
Lost in an hour;
All the love the heart can cherish
May lose its power.

When the storm is gathering o'er thee,
Do not despair;
Heaven can every joy restore thee,
More pure and fair.

Mid thy gloom and desolation,
Whene'er they come,
For thy peace and consolation,
Think of thy home.
There thy joys shall last forever,
Changeless and bright;
Clouds shall dim, O, never, never,
That world of light.

ANN ELIZA DUPUY.

The works of this writer, like those of Mrs. Southworth, have a strong hold upon the popular mind. They abound in the same vivid portraiture and sharp situations, while her imagination, taking a wide, idiosyncratic range, gives to all her productions the stamp of personality.

Miss Dupuy is a native of Petersburg, Va., but removed in early life to Norfolk. Her father, a merchant and ship-owner of that city, was a lineal descendant of the Huguenots. Soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, her distinguished ancestor—an officer of noble blood in the army of Louis XIV. —set sail with a faithful band of Huguenots for America, and colonized upon the James River, upon a tract of land which had been granted them by James II. of England. On the maternal side, she is descended from Joel Sturdevant, one of the heroes of the Revolution, who fitted up a privateer at his own expense, and performed such good service that he received the title of Commodore.

Before our author had reached womanhood, her father, impelled by pecuniary reverses, emigrated to Kentucky. It was in aid of his efforts to retrieve their fallen fortunes, that her first work—"Merton; a Tale of the Revolution"—was written.

After the death of her father, she commenced a strict course of study, and adopted the profession of teacher, jotting down, in every ray of leisure, the thoughts and fancies with which her

brain teemed. In this way, while in her twenty-second year, she completed "The Conspirator," a work which, for historic interest and graceful diction, ranks among her best efforts. It appeared first in the "New World," and was, several years after, republished by the Appletons. The story winds skillfully with the details of Aaron Burr's conspiracy, and is lighted by many pleasing pictures of Southern life and scenery.

In proof of Miss Dupuy's steady application, executive power, and mental resource, we have only to say that, during the years in which her freshest hours and energies were given to teaching, she wrote and published the following works: "Celeste, or the Pirate's Daughter," "The Separation," "The Divorce," "The Coquette's Punishment," "Florence, or the Fatal Vow," "The Concealed Treasure," and "Ashleigh; a Tale of the Revolution."

Since she has been able to devote her time more exclusively to literary pursuits, she has written "Emma Walton, or Trials and Triumphs," and "The Country Neighborhood." These stories are based upon actual life, and the delineations of the latter, especially, are strong and spirited; but it is in the work which follows these—"The Huguenot Exiles"—that we get the truest conception of Miss Dupuy's artistic skill. A lady of intellect and culture,* who is well known to the literary circles of New Orleans as a critic, says of this book:

"It is full of scenes of most absorbing interest, while it exhibits the elegance of style and purity of diction which are among Miss Dupuy's characteristics as a writer. It embodies the history of the persecution which immediately preceded and followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by which so many brave and noble subjects of Louis XIV. were driven from France, to seek in our western world 'freedom to

* An adopted daughter of Prof. Espy.

worship God.' In this tale the author has gracefully interwoven the romantic history of her own immediate ancestor. As a historical novel, it may class with the best in our language."

This work was followed by "The Planter's Daughter," a story of southern life, full of faithful sketches in landscape and portraiture, and strongly marked with the sharp contrasts which may, we think, be called a specialty of this writer.

Miss Dupuy has been also an occasional contributor to several leading journals of New York. Some of her most characteristic stories have appeared in the "Ledger," under the name of "Anna Young." Among these, "The Lost Deeds," attracted much attention. Although founded upon a baseless theory, the plot is well conceived, and might have been wrought, with equal power, into a tale of much greater length. It loses, indeed, somewhat in effect by its abrupt termination.

Though circumstances have made Kentucky the nominal home of our author, she has passed the greater part of her life in Louisiana and Mississippi, where, with one or two exceptions, her works have been written.

It is said that she is singularly free from affectations, and that to rare conversational powers and fine culture she unites sound judgment, and that inbred fineness which is the crowning grace of true womanhood.

The accomplished writer and critic before mentioned has kindly favored us with a *résumé* of "The Planter's Daughter," from which, as bearing directly upon the specimen chapter which follows, we give this extract:

"Victor, a self-indulgent young man, madly in love with one whom wealth alone can win, and driven to desperation by reverses of fortune, determined to rob a corpse of diamonds of immense value, which had been buried with their possessor, a French *émigré* of the old regime. He succeeds, and in exulta-

tion seeks Louise to claim her promise, to be his when he has wealth to offer. This scene is drawn with great skill and vividness, and is founded upon an event which actually occurred in the vicinity of New Orleans."

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

He placed the pistol on the table within reach of his hand, and drew forth the last communication she had sent him.

"Tell me, Louise, what this production means? Have you indeed given up all intention of fulfilling the troth so often and so solemnly sworn? What do you mean by the words, '*I know how it was obtained*,' referring to the independence I offered to share with you?"

There was a violent effort to preserve his calmness, but his voice quivered with the intensity of his emotion, and his eyes seemed to her like a devouring flame, as he fixed them on her whitening features.

How Louise wished some one would come in; but no footsteps approached. She feared to cry out, lest the excited being before her should destroy her before assistance could reach her; and she read that in his face which assured her that he was desperate enough for any crime.

She did not reply, and he held the lines so close to her face as almost to touch it, as he again demanded—"Your meaning, your meaning? I must know if you really are aware of all I have dared for your sake; or is it a pitiable *ruse* to afford you excuse for your most heartless and unwomanly conduct toward me."

"I did not wish to break with you, Victor," she pleaded. "Your own acts have placed a barrier between us, as I have there stated."

"My acts? What are they? How did you know them? Speak—tell me, what *could* I do that would render me unworthy of *you*, false and hollow piece of deceit that I now know you to be. My conscience! I have none, I tell you. It was buried long since in the grave of principle. I have become a terror and a loathing to myself, and all through you. And now do you fancy for one moment that I will ever permit Nevin to snatch you from me? Tell me what you know, or my pistol shall at once do its predestined work; its fellow is ready to release me from the consequences, and I have no compunction in using them."

Again he placed his hand upon the weapon, and Louise felt that boldness alone could now save her. She pressed her hand upon her heart to still its rapid beating, and said:

"Listen to me, Victor, and do not endeavor to frighten me thus, for I cannot believe that your threats are made in earnest. You have committed a fearful crime for my sake. I pity you; I forgive you; and oh, Victor, I love you still. Do not be so harsh—so cruel; you break my heart by acting thus."

At the allusion to his crime, Victor shuddered, and cast a fearful glance around. He spoke in a whisper, every tone of which seemed to vibrate with horror.

"The dead gibbered around me; the vaults seemed lighted with flames from the Inferno; but I would not be balked. Ha! look here; see what I won by my perseverance."

He drew forth a casket from his pocket, and, opening it, the flash of diamonds of singular lustre and purity, was seen. A necklace of rose diamonds, of large size, he drew forth, and said, with a ghastly smile:

"See how I can afford to deck you, Louise."

Before she was aware of his intention, he threw it over her bare neck. The touch of the gems, which had so lately lain in contact with the dead, overpowered the little fortitude Louise retained, and she sunk back insensible on the crimson velvet fauteuil in which she was seated.

Without heeding this, Victor proceeded in his task. He next drew forth an ornament for the head, in the shape of a coronet; this he carefully placed, then clasped the rings in the ears, the bracelets on her arms, and then lifting the nerveless hand, he placed in it the miniature sceptre, of which Nevin had spoken.

When all was done, he stood off and viewed the effect. The delicate and colorless features of the insensible girl, contrasted with the crimson background against which she reclined, looked pure as marble. Her evening dress, of a pale rose tint, was cut so as to leave the fair neck and rounded arms partially bared; and the blaze of the jewels in the lamp-light might, at a first glance, have induced one to believe that she was in grand toilette for some gay assemblage; but a second look at the fixed features and closed eyes would have startled the beholder with the conviction that death was only masked with this semblance of splendor.

Victor contemplated her in silence several moments, then he kneeled before her, and said:

"My queen of love and beauty, once—now my queen of death—most royally art thou decked for the sacrifice! Ha! ha! will not Nevin learn that his gems are well bestowed?—even on her to whom he would have given them himself. But I am beforehand with him. I have the advantage this time, and I mean to keep it."

He kissed the hand of the insensible girl, her lifeless lips, her brow, again and again. Then he drew from his pocket a second pistol, and lifting the one on the table he pointed it toward the heart of Louise. The other he placed where his hand could grasp it the instant he dropped the first.

Then the madman paused; and fixing his eyes adoringly upon the face he had so worshipped, he said, in a tone of entreaty:

"Forgive me, darling, best loved one. I take you from a world that can only bring sorrow to your heart, and a blight upon your loveliness. I will not mar your beauty, my flower of Paradise; through your heart the messenger of release shall go, and you will not even feel the pain of death."

He raised himself on one knee and deliberately took aim at the left side of the defenceless girl, who had not yet exhibited the slightest sign of returning consciousness. Not a muscle trembled, as he slowly raised his finger to touch the deadly tigger.

In another instant Louise would have been beyond help, when a swift step came noiselessly over the carpet, and a firm hand dashed up the weapon, with the exclamation:

"Madman! What would you do?"

Victor struggled violently, for he recognized the voice of his rival, and he endeavored to turn the weapon against him. Nevin wrenched his arm with a grasp of iron; as the pistol came in contact with the body of the hapless young man, it exploded, and the meditated assassin received the load in his own heart.

HUGUENOT EXILES.

M. de Montour prided himself on the beauty of his horses; and the pair in the carriage were spirited bays, which had not long been subjected to the constraint of harness. He was about to open the door to alight with his daughter, and walk over this dangerous place, when the horses took fright at some object in the road, and reared and plunged so violently that the driver lost all control over them. The man jumped from his seat in time to

save himself, as the unwieldy vehicle made a violent lurch toward the precipice.

The traveller, whose sudden appearance on the road had frightened them, threw himself from his mule, and seizing the bridle, made violent efforts to restrain their downward career; but the impulse already given them was too great. To save himself, he was compelled to release his grasp and throw himself violently backward, while the unruly steeds and the heavy coach, with its helpless occupants, went crashing down the precipice.

A few moments of breathless horror followed; no cry came from below; and the two men gazed on each other with pallid cheeks. The driver at length said:

"I'm afeared they are killed, but the devil himself could not a' held them horses."

"Come with me," said the stranger, a respectable-looking citizen; "there is a pathway down the ravine, let us look after these unhappy people."

With some difficulty they descended the precipitous path, and stood beside the shattered carriage. The horses had been too severely injured by the fall to move; and M. de Montour had extricated himself from the ruins in a stunned and bewildered condition, which rendered him oblivious even of the state of his daughter.

Bertha, pale, and apparently dying, lay with her head in contact with the rock against which it had been dashed with such violence as to produce concussion of the brain; there was no external wound, save that her right hand, which she seemed instinctively to have raised to protect her face, was completely crushed.

The stranger lifted her in his arms, and as the fading twilight fell upon her features, he recognized her. Taking the bleeding hand in his own, he solemnly said:

"Behold the retributive justice of God. This hand, so lately raised in sacrilegious outrage, will never again know its own cunning."

By this time the unhappy father began to recover sufficiently to understand what passed around him. With a cry of anguish he threw himself toward the nerveless form the stranger sustained, and took her in his own arms. For the first time, for years, human feeling was aroused in the breast of this man who had so hardly dealt with others, and he comprehended what it was to suffer. In his prosperity he had forgotten that the arrows of misfortune could be launched at himself; and in his egotistic love for his daugh-

ter, he had almost ceased to remember that she was of mortal mold, and subject, like others, to accident or death.

"She is not dead," he sternly said. "The Virgin will not permit death to be sent to one who this day so signally served her cause. Oh! holy mother of God, listen to the supplications of thy faithful follower: let thy saints plead for mercy to be shown to me. Save my child—save her, I pray thee, and I promise a votive offering worthy of thy acceptance."

"Poor miserable fanatic!" exclaimed the stranger compassionately. "One prayer to God were worth a lifetime of such supplications. Praying to all the saints in the calendar cannot save your daughter, unless measures are taken to gain speedy assistance for her."

"Why is not something done, then?" asked the bewildered father. "She must be taken to the chateau without loss of time. Oh, what can be done?"

"The driver can take my mule and ride to Nismes for such assistance as we need. I will remain with you until it arrives."

The Sieur de Montour acquiesced in this arrangement, and with alacrity the driver obeyed the command. The energetic stranger then sought among the ruins of the carriage, from which he drew the cushions, and arranged them in such a manner as to afford a resting-place for the insensible girl. Life still palpitated in her frame, and lent a feeble motion to her heart, but no sign of returning consciousness was yet visible, and the compassionate eye that scanned her features in the gathering twilight, saw that intelligence would never again beam from those orbs, over whose closed lids a faint purple hue was already spreading. At length M. de Montour looked up at the earnest face of his companion, and asked:

"Who are you? How did you come hither so opportunely?"

The stranger sternly replied:

"I am one of those who stood tamely by to-day and saw the holy temple of God defiled and destroyed, while I said in my heart, 'In his own good time he will avenge this sacrilegious impiety;' but I little expected that one of the prominent actors in the scene would so soon meet the retribution her unwomanly act merited. God forgive me for speaking thus; for she lies there, stricken and dying, and I, a miserable fellow worm, should not judge her harshly."

All the old haughtiness of M. de Montour returned as he listened, and he said:

"She is not dying—she shall not die; and you were on our path—you

caused this calamity of which you dare to speak as a judgment from heaven."

"I as sincerely believe it to be such, as I believe in the mercy of God. I was proceeding quietly on my way, when your horses overtook me; and why they should have reared at the sight of a peaceful traveller, I know not, unless it was for the special purpose of bringing to pass the punishment that surely finds its victim. Look at that hand, and then ask yourself if chance alone produced this catastrophe."

There was a stern grandeur in the manner of the speaker, and in him the Sieur de Montour recognized one of the many strong souls who, in those days, struggled against the persecutions they were compelled to bear, with a fanaticism equal to that which oppressed them. He replied, with asperity:

"Know that if death be sent to my child, I have faith to believe that the service performed by her this day merited being taken into heaven itself to receive her reward."

* * * * * * * * * *

Then the anguish of the unhappy father took another phase. He had summoned the priests to perform the last rites of the church, and with frantic eagerness he implored the surgeon to restore consciousness to her for a brief space, that she might join in them. To him it was an inexpressible horror that she should die before extreme unction had been administered. When convinced that it was impossible, he made a sign to the priests to perform their office without delay, and the ceremony was at once commenced.

The father knelt on a cushion at the foot of the couch, with his eyes immovably fastened on the features on which the seal of death was rapidly stamping itself. He prayed for a sign that all was well with the departing spirit; miracles were of common occurrence in the church—why should not one be performed in his favor?

The officiating priest, imbued with all the craft of his calling, was quite willing to lend his aid to produce such a delusion. As he leaned over the couch to anoint the dying girl with the holy chrism, he dexterously lifted the crushed hand, and held it an instant before her father. Starting back with an appearance of reverential awe, he said:

"Behold, my son! A miracle has been vouchsafed by the blessed Mother of God! See! that hand, which so lately was lifted in holy service to the

church, is permitted to give you the assurance for which you so earnestly supplicate. Your daughter will receive her glorious reward."

Again the maimed hand sunk heavily on the coverlet, and at the same instant the last breath of Bertha de Montour passed from her lips. Calmed by this assurance, the father arose, and in the sternness of his fanatical faith, felt enabled to bear the sudden calamity which had overtaken him.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

Amelia B. Coppuck was born on the 3d of February, 1819, in the small village of St. Michael's, in Maryland, whence she was removed, when an infant, to Baltimore. In or near this city she continued to reside until 1834, and then sought a home in Louisville, Kentucky, where she remained until her death.

At the age of eighteen, she contributed her first poem to the "Louisville Journal," under the name of "Amelia." She is, doubtless, much indebted to George D. Prentice, the perennial poet and wit, as well as editor, for a careful development of her poetic faculty, and a fair presentation to the public; yet the sweet flowing resonance of her verse, instinct with natural emotion and true womanly delicacy, caught the popular ear, and won its way to warm hearts, by a charm all its own.

There was never, perhaps, a more marked instance of purely native poetic facility, than we find in this writer. She had passed through no regular course of education or study, and her range of reading was neither wide nor carefully indicated; yet her rhythm is faultless, her construction graceful, her style finished, and her imagery as fresh and varied as the grand natural scenery which surrounded her in childhood.

She seems to have impressed the critics variously. A southern writer *—to whose discriminating sketch, originally published in a Methodist magazine at Cincinnati, we are indebted for our fullest knowledge of Mrs. Welby—says of her:

* Ben Casseday.

"She did not reach the higher forms of art, nor did she attempt them. Her song was a simple measure, learned of the trill of the brooklet, of the rustle of the leaves, or of the deep, solemn murmur of the ocean." It was Mr. Griswold's opinion that her poems showed "few indications of creative power." "She walks the temple of the muses," he writes, "with no children of the imagination; but her fancy is lively, discriminating, and informed by a minute and intelligent observation of nature. Her sentiment has the relation to passion which her fancy sustains to the imagination. We are sure of the presence of a womanly spirit, reverencing the sanctities and immunities of life, and sympathizing with whatever addresses the sense of beauty." While Poe, the usually clear-sighted, uncompromising analyst, warms into unwonted enthusiasm, declaring that "She has nearly all the imagination of Maria del Occidente, with more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and, what is surprising, equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her, in the true poetic sense."

In 1838, our author married Mr. George B. Welby, a merchant of Louisville, and a gentleman every way worthy of her. The only offspring of this union was a son, born two months before the death of Mrs. Welby, in 1852.

The first edition of poems by this writer was published at Boston, in 1845—a small octavo volume, whose popularity was so great, that in a few months the modest young poet was astonished with overtures from some of the leading publishers of the country, for a new edition. The Appletons, proving successful competitors, have since issued fifteen editions, and the demand still continues.

It is only in the easy, rippling current of Mrs. Welby's correspondence, that we get any clue to her style as a prose writer. The sketch to which we have already referred, furnishes us with

the following specimen, which is thus introduced: "She had been visited at her residence by a party of gay masqueraders, among whom was an intimate friend, costumed as a Turk, and bearing the euphonious sobriquet of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassan. On the day after this visit, Mrs. Welby received from this pseudo pacha a note of farewell, written in the redundant style of the Orientals, to which she thus replied:

Although a stranger to the graceful style of Oriental greeting, Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, would send to Hamet Ali Ben Khorassan, ere he departs from the midst of her people, a few words in token of farewell, and also in acknowledgment of the flowery epistle sent by the gallant Ben Khorassan to the "Bulbul of this Giaour Land," as he is pleased, in the polite language of his country, to designate the humblest of his admirers! Like the sudden splendor of a dazzling meteor was the brief sojourn of the noble Ben Khorassan, in the presence of the "Bulbul." He came before her uniting in his aspect the majesty of a god of old with the mien of a mortal—graceful in his step, winning in his mood, and terrible as an army with banners. The song of the "Bulbul" was hushed; the words of greeting died on her lip; but now that the mightiest of the mighty has withdrawn from her dazzled gaze the glory of his presence, the trembling "Bulbul" lifts her head once more, like a drooping flower oppressed by the rays of the noon-tide sun, and in the midst of the gloom that overshadows her, recalls to mind every word and look of the gallant Ben Khorassan, till her thoughts of him arise like stars upon the horizon of her memory, lighting up the gloom of his absence, and glittering upon the waters of the fountain of her heart, whose every murmur is attuned to the music of his memory. But the bark of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassan floats upon the waters with her white wings spread for the clime of the Crescent. Her brilliant pennon streams from the strand, and the words of the "Bulbul" must falter into a farewell. May the favoring gales of Paradise, fragrant as the breath of Houris, fill the silken sails of Ben Khorassan, and waft him onward to his native groves of citron and of myrtle, waking thoughts in his bosom fresh and fragrant as the flowers that cluster in his clime! Thus prays Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, and the "Bulbul of the Giaour Land." Farewell!

It is a singular and interesting fact, that during the last four

years of Mrs. Welby's life, she ceased almost entirely to write in verse. As her womanhood and soulhood deepened, she perhaps chafed, like Mrs. Warfield, in the silken harness of rhythm, and was casting about for a broader outlet of utterance. Had she lived to define the

> ————"Sea-change
> Into something new and strange,"

that seemed to be foreshadowed in these years of abeyance, we might have had her gushing, poetic nature merged, not in a "Household of Bouverie"—only the author of the "Legend of the Indian Chamber" could have created that—but in some romance alive with luminous revealings of herself.

A change came; a change not only of utterance and of being, but a transition to a sphere, where being is full utterance, and utterance is always harmony.

A poem, written by herself, in tender tribute to the memory of a sister poet, is her most fitting requiem:

> She has passed, like a bird from the minstrel throng,
> She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!
> Her place is hush'd by her lover's side,
> Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride;
> The hopes of his spirit are crush'd and bowed
> As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud;
> For the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath
> Were kissed from her lips by his rival—Death.
>
> Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms
> All mutely crossed o'er its icy charms,
> As she lies like a statue of Grecian art,
> With a marble brow and a cold, hushed heart;
> Her locks are bright, but their gloss is hid;
> Her eye is sunk 'neath its waxen lid;
> And thus she lies in her narrow hall—
> Our fair young minstrel—the loved of all.

Light as a bird's were her springing feet,
Her heart as joyous, her song as sweet;
Yet never again shall that heart be stirred
With its glad wild songs like a singing bird:
Ne'er again shall the strains be sung,
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;
The music is o'er, and Death's cold dart
Hath broken the spell of that free, glad heart.

Often at eve, when the breeze is still,
And the moon floats up by the distant hill,
As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers,
And wreathe my locks with the sweet wild flowers;
I will think of the time when she lingered there,
With her mild blue eyes, and her long, fair hair;
I will treasure her name in my bosom-core;
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANK WHERE THE BUTTER-CUPS GREW.

Oh, my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy bank where the butter-cups grew,
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade;
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops of the light-falling spray,
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew,
As I played on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipped in the wave.
And then each pale lily, that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the wave, as if stirred by a dream!
While my home 'mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my view,
As I played on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

The beautiful things! how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold!
Oh, never a spot since those days have I seen
With leaves of such freshness and flowers of such sheen!
How glad was my spirit! for then there was naught
To burden its wing, save some beautiful thought
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that blew
O'er the green mossy bank where the butter-cups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the gladness, that looked from my face
As I cooled my warm lip in that fountain, I love
With a spirit as pure as the wing of a dove—
Could I wander again where my forehead was starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unmarr'd.
And, calm as a child in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

MUSINGS.

I wandered out one summer-night,
'Twas when my years were few,
The wind was singing in the light,
And I was singing too;
The sunshine lay upon the hill,
The shadow in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies:
I clapped my hands and warbled wild,
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child
And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea
In bright and glittering bands;
Like little children wild with glee,
They linked their dimpled hands—
They linked their hands, but, ere I caught
Their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kissed my feet, and quick as thought,
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

The young moon too, with upturned sides,
Her mirrored beauty gave,
And as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave;
The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love
As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,
Made murmurs on the air,
Low murmurs that my spirit heard
And answered with a prayer;
For 'twas upon that dewy sod,
Beside the moaning seas,
I learned at first to worship God
And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
Where bowed in slumber free
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,
Where'er they chanced to be;
No guilty tears had they to weep,
No sins to be forgiven;
They closed their leaves and went to sleep
'Neath the blue eye of heaven.

No costly robes upon them shone,
No jewels from the seas,
Yet Solomon, upon his throne,
Was ne'er arrayed like these;
And just as free from guilt and art,
Were lovely human flowers,
Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart
On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair;
The breezy fingers of the wind—
How cool and moist they were!
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft enchanting strain;
I never heard such sounds before,
And never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay!
I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine—
I'd give the world to melt one heart
As they have melted mine.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

Thou little bird, thou lov'st to dwell
  Beneath the summer leaves!
The sunlight round thy mossy cell
  A golden halo weaves;
And the sweet dews, where'er we pass,
Like living diamonds gem the grass,
  And round the mossy eaves
The twittering swallow circling flies,
As happy as the laughing skies.

Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn
  From dewy sleep doth rise,
And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn
  The mantle from her eyes;
And, with her orbs dissolved in dew,
Bends like an angel softly through
  The blue-pavilioned skies.
Then up, and pour thy mellow lay,
To greet the young and radiant day!

Hark! now with low and fluttering start,
  The sky-lark soars above,
And from her full melodious heart
  She pours her strains of love;
And now her quivering wings fling back
The golden light that floods her track,
  Now scarcely seems to move,
But floats awhile on waveless wings,
Then soars away, and, soaring, sings.

Bird of the pure and dewy morn!
  How soft thy heavenward lay
Floats up, where light and life are born
  Around the rosy day!

And, as the balm that fills the hour
Lies soft upon each waving flower,
  The happy wind at play
Tells, as its voice goes laughing by,
The lark is singing in the sky.

When shall thy fearless wing find rest,
  Bird of the dewy hours?
When wilt thou seek thy little nest,
  Close hid among the flowers?
Not till the bright clouds, one by one,
Are marshalled round the setting sun,
  In heaven's celestial bowers,
Shall the old forest round thee fling
Its mournful shades, O lonely thing!

Lonely! and did I call thee lone?
  'Twas but a careless word:
The round blue heaven is all thine own,
  O free and happy bird!
Wherever laughs a singing rill,
Or points to heaven a verdant hill,
  Thy waving wing hath stirred;
For all sweet things, where'er they be,
Are like familiar friends to thee.

Could I, O living lute of heaven!
  But learn to act thy part,
And use the gift so freely given,
  That floods my inmost heart;
Each morn, my melting strains of love
Should rise like thine to Him above,
  Who made thee what thou art,
And spread abroad each waving tree,
For thee, O little bird! for thee.

And shall the poet envy thee,
  Bird of the quivering wing,
Whose soul immortal, swift, and free,
  Should ever soar and sing?
Predestined for a loftier flight,
The spirit, filled with heavenly light,
  From this cold earth shall spring,
And soar where thou canst never roam,
Bird of the blue and breezy dome.

Oh! if our hearts were never stirred,
  By harsher sounds than these—
The low, sweet singing of a bird,
  The murmur of the breeze—
How soft would glide our fleeting hours,
Blessed as the sunshine and the flowers,
  And calm as summer seas!
Linked hand in hand with Love and Hope,
We'd wander down life's flowery slope.

THE FREED BIRD.

Thy cage is opened, bird! too well I love thee
  To bar the sunny things of earth from thee;
A whole broad heaven of blue lies calm above thee,
  The green-wood waves beneath, and thou art free;
These slender wires shall prison thee no more—
Up, bird! and 'mid the clouds thy thrilling music pour.

Away! away! the laughing waters, playing,
  Break on the fragrant shore in ripples blue,
And the green leaves unto the breeze are laying
  Their shining edges, fringed with drops of dew;
And, here and there, a wild flower lifts its head
Refreshed with sudden life from many a sunbeam shed.

How sweet thy voice will sound! for o'er yon river
The wing of silence, like a dream, is laid,
And naught is heard save where the wood-boughs quiver,
Making rich spots of trembling light and shade.
And a new rapture thy wild spirit fills,
For joy is on the breeze, and morn upon the hills.

Now, like the aspen, plays each quivering feather
Of thy swift pinion, bearing thee along,
Up, where the morning stars once sang together,
To pour the fullness of thine own rich song;
And now thou'rt mirrored to my dazzled view,
A little dusky speck amid a world of blue.

Yet I will shade mine eye and still pursue thee,
As thou dost melt in soft ethereal air,
Till angel-ones, sweet bird, will bend to view thee,
And cease their hymns awhile thine own to share;
And there thou art, with light clouds round thee furled,
Just poised beneath you vault, that arches o'er the world.

A free wild spirit unto thee is given,
Bright minstrel of the blue celestial dome!
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeam's home;
And soaring upward from thy dizzy height
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight.

Lute of the summer clouds! whilst thou art singing
Unto thy Maker thy soft matin hymn,
My own mild spirit, from its temple springing,
Would freely join thee in the distance dim;
But I can only gaze on thee and sigh
With heart upon my lip, bright minstrel of the sky!

And yet, sweet bird! bright thoughts to me are given
As many as the clustering leaves of June;
And my young heart is like a harp of heaven,
Forever strung unto some pleasant tune;
And my soul burns with wild poetic fire,
Though simple are my strains, and simpler still my lyre.

And now, farewell! the wild wind of the mountain
And the blue streams alone my strains have heard;
And it is well, for from my heart's deep fountain
They flow, uncultured, as thine own, sweet bird!
For my free thoughts have ever spurned control,
Since this heart held a wish, and this frail form a soul!

WHEN SOFT STARS.

When soft stars are peeping
Through the pure azure sky
And southern gales sweeping
Their warm breathing by,
Like sweet music pealing
Far o'er the blue sea,
There come o'er me stealing
Sweet memories of thee.

The bright rose when faded,
Flings forth o'er its tomb
Its velvet leaves laded
With silent perfume:
Thus round me will hover
In grief or in glee,
Till life's dream be over,
Sweet memories of thee.

As a sweet lute, that lingers
In silence alone,
Unswept by light fingers,
Scarce murmurs a tone,

My young heart resembled
That lute, light and free,
Till o'er its chords trembled,
Those memories of thee.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O Thou, who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe,
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O God!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their trembling folds are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou, the God of love, art there.

The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Upspringing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet,
At every step, Thy smiles, O God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot—
Give me, O Lord! a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot!
Within their pure ambrosial bells,
In odors sweet Thy Spirit dwells;
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis Thine, O God! for thou art there.

List! from yon casement low and dim
What sounds are these, that fill the breeze?
It is the peasant's evening hymn
Arrests the fisher on the seas—

The old man leans his silver hairs
  Upon his light suspended oar,
Until those soft delicious airs
  Have died like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is filled with peace and prayer,
For Thou, O God! art with him there.

The birds among the summer-blooms
  Pour forth to Thee their strains of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
  They leave the earth and soar above;
We hear their sweet familiar airs
  Where'er a sunny spot is found;
How lovely is a life like theirs,
  Diffusing sweetness all around!
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll,
Till, melting on the realms of air,
Thy still small voice seems whispering there.

The stars, those floating isles of light,
  Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
Pure as a woman's robe of white
  That trembles round the form it veils,
They touch the heart as with a spell,
  Yet set the soaring fancy free,
And O how sweet the tales they tell!
  They tell of peace, of love, and Thee!
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy gale that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair,
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit oft oppressed with doubt,
  May strive to cast Thee from its thought,
But who can shut thy presence out,
  Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsought!

In spite of all our cold resolves,
  Whate'er our thoughts, where'er we be,
Still magnet-like the heart revolves,
  And points, all trembling, up to Thee:
We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blessed,
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou the living God art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
  Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where Thou hast said
  The pure of heart shall enter in;
In those far realms, so calmly bright,
  How many a loved and gentle one
Bathes its soft plumes in living light
  That sparkles from Thy radiant throne!
There souls, once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers—
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

THOU CANST NOT FORGET ME.

Thou canst not forget me, for memory will fling
  Her light o'er oblivion's dark sea;
And wherever thou roamest, a something will cling
  To thy bosom that whispers of me;
Though the chords of thy spirit I now may not sweep,
  Of my touch they'll retain a soft thrill,
Like the low, under-tone of the mournful-voiced deep,
  When the wind that has swept it is still.

The love that is kept in the beauty of trust,
  Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,
Or a mark that the finger hath traced in the dust,
  When 'tis swept by the breath of the breeze;

They tell me, my love, thou wilt calmly resign,
  Yet I know, e'en while listening to them,
Thou wilt sigh for the heart that was linked unto thine
  As a rose-bud is linked to its stem.

Thou canst not forget me, too long thou hast flung
  Thy spirit's soft pinion o'er mine;
Too deep was the promise, that round *my* lips clung,
  As they softly responded to *thine:*
In the hush of the twilight, beneath the blue skies,
  My presence will mantle thy soul,
And a feeling of softness will rush to thine eyes,
  Too deep for thy manhood's control.

Thou mayst roam to thine own isle of beauty and fame,
  Far, far from the land of the free;
Yet, each wind that floats round thee will murmur the name
  That is softer than music to thee;
And when round thee darkly misfortunes shall crowd,
  Thou'lt think, like the beautiful form
Of the rainbow, that arches the thick tempest-cloud,
  My love would have brightened the storm,

Thou canst not forget me—the passion, that dwelt
  In the depth of thy soul, could not die,
With the memory of all thou hast murmured and felt,
  In thy bosom 'twill slumbering lie;
Thou mayst turn to another, and wish to forget,
  But the wish will not bring thee repose,
For ah! thou wilt find that the thorn of regret
  Will be linked with the sweets of the rose.

ON ENTERING THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Hush! for my heart-blood curdles as we enter
  To glide in gloom these shadowy realms about;
Oh! what a scene!—the round globe to its centre,
  To form this awful cave, seems hollowed out!

Yet pause—no mystic word hath yet been spoken
To win us entrance to this awful sphere—
A whispered prayer must be our watchword token,
And peace—like that around us—peace unbroken,
The passport here.

And now farewell, ye birds and blossoms tender,
Ye glistening leaves by morning dews impearled,
And you, ye beams that light with softened splendor
The glimmering glories of you outer world!
While thus we paused these silent arches under,
To you and yours a wild farewell we wave,
For oh! perhaps this awful spot may sunder
Our hearts from all we love—this world of wonder
May be our grave.

And yet farewell! the faintly flickering torches
Light our lone footsteps o'er the silent sod;
And now all hail, ye everlasting arches,
Ye dark dominions of an unseen God!
Who would not for this sight the bliss surrender
Of all the beauties of you sunny sphere,
And break the sweetest ties, however tender,
To be the witness of the silent splendor
That greets us here!

Ye glittering caves, ye high o'erhanging arches,
A pilgrim-band we glide amid your gloom,
With breathless lips and high uplifted torches,
All fancifully decked in cave-costume;
Far from the day's glad beams, and songs and flowers,
We've come with spell-touched hearts, ye countless caves,
To glide enchanted, for a few brief hours,
Through the calm beauty of your awful bowers
And o'er your waves!

Beautiful cave! that all my soul entrances,
Known as the Wonder of the West so long,
Oh 'twere a fate beyond my wildest fancies,
Could I but shrine you now, as such, in song!

But 'tis in vain—the untaught child of Nature,
I cannot vent the thoughts that through me flow,
Yet none the less is graved thine every feature
Upon the wild imaginative creature
That hails you now!

Palace of Nature! with a poet's fancies
I've ofttimes pictured thee in dreams of bliss,
And glorious scenes were given to my glances,
But never gazed I on a scene like this!
Compared with thine, what are the awful wonders
Of the deep, fathomless, unbounded sea?
Or the storm-cloud, whose lance of lightning sunders
The solid oak?—or even thine awful thunders,
Niagara!

Hark! hear ye not those echoes ringing after
Our gliding steps—my spirit faints with fear—
Those mocking tones, like subterranean laughter—
Or does the brain grow wild with wandering here?
There may be spectres wild, and forms appalling,
Our wandering eyes, where'er we rove, to greet—
Methinks I hear their low sad voices calling
Upon us now, and far away the falling
Of phantom feet.

The glittering dome, the arch, the towering column,
Are sights that greet us now on every hand;
And all so wild—so strange—so sweetly solemn—
So like one's fancies formed of fairy-land!
And these then are your works, mysterious powers!
Your spells are o'er, around us, and beneath,
These opening aisles, these crystal fruits and flowers,
And glittering grots, and high-arched beauteous bowers,
As still as death.

But yet lead on! perhaps than this fair vision,
Some lovelier yet in darkling distance lies—
Some cave of beauty, like those realms elysian
That ofttimes open on poetic eyes!

Some spot, where led by fancy's sweet assistance,
  Our wandering feet o'er silvery sands may stray,
Where prattling waters urge with soft resistance
Their wavelets on, till lost in airy distance,
    And far away!

Oft the lone Indian o'er these low-toned waters
  Has bent perhaps his swarthy brow to lave!
It seems the requiem of their dark-eyed daughters—
  Those sweet wild notes that wander o'er the wave!
Hast thou no relic of their ancient glory,
  No legend, lonely cavern! linked with thine?
No tale of love—no wild romantic story
Of some warm heart whose dreams were transitory
    And sweet as mine?

It must be so! the thought your spell enhances—
  Yet why pursue this wild, romantic dream?
The heart, afloat upon its fluttering fancies,
  Would lose itself in the bewildering theme!
And yet, ye waters! still I list your surging,
  And ever and anon I seem to view,
In fancy's eye, some Indian maid emerging
Through the deep gloom, and o'er your waters urging
    Her light canoe.

Oh silent cave! amid the elevation
  Of lofty thought could I abide with thee,
My soul's sad shrine, my heart's lone habitation,
  Forever and forever thou shouldst be!
Here into song my every thought I'd render,
  And thou—and thou alone—shouldst be my theme,
Far from the weary world's delusive splendor,
Would not my lonely life be all one tender
    Delicious dream?

Yes, though no other form save mine might hover
  In these lone halls, no other whisper roll
Along those airy domes that arch me over,
  Save gentle Echo's, sister of my soul!

Yet, 'neath these domes, whose spell of beauty weighs me,
My heart would evermore in bliss abide—
No sorrow to depress, no hope to raise me,
Here would I ever dwell, with none to praise me
And none to chide!

Region of caves and streams! and must I sever
My spirit from your spell? 'Twere bliss to stray
The happy rover of your realms forever,
And yet, farewell forever and for aye!
I leave you now, yet many a sparkling token
Within your cool recesses I have sought
To treasure up with fancies still unspoken—
Till from these quivering heart-strings, Death hath broken
The thread of thought!

KATE A. DU BOSE.

Mrs. Du Bose is the eldest daughter of Rev. William Richards, of Beaufort District, S. C. She was born in the year 1828, in a village in Oxfordshire, England. Soon after her birth, the family came to this country and settled in Georgia, removing thence in a few years to their present home, in South Carolina.

In 1848, she married Mr. Charles W. Du Bose, an accomplished gentleman, and leading lawyer, of Sparta, Georgia, where, in the midst of a refined and cultivated people, they at once set up their household gods. In their "Willow Cottage"—the coziest of homes, embowered in the rich flowering trees of that region—their family of brave boys is growing daily, under a discipline which promises the manliest and worthiest life.

Mrs. Du Bose's education, received in our northern cities, was made most successfully available in several years' experience as teacher in the home of her adoption.

Her love of letters was indicated at a very early age, and had circumstances thrown her into the field as a professional contestant for literary honors, she must have achieved distinction. As it is, her productions have come to us, for the most part, in journals and magazines, only as they have been suggested or solicited, and generally under the name of "Leila Cameron." Many of her best poems were contributed to the "Southern Literary Gazette," formerly published in Charles-

ton, and edited by her brother, Rev. Wm. C. Richards, who has since removed to Providence, R. I. She was also a favorite correspondent of the "Orion Magazine," of Georgia, and it was for this paper that she wrote the popular prize poem, "Wachulla" a fine spirited description of a famous fountain in Florida.

In 1858, her first published volume was issued from the press of Sheldon & Co., New York. This is an interesting prose story for the young, entitled "The Pastor's Household." It displays a narrative and dramatic power, indicative of skill and resource in this difficult department of literary composition. It is to be hoped that our "little people" may be made happy by many other genial and wholesome books from this writer's pen.

As the child of a gifted and highly educated parentage, and a member of a large family circle, all remarkable for æsthetic proclivities, Mrs. Du Bose has enjoyed unusual facilities for early and thorough cultivation. One of her brothers—to whom we have already referred—is not only known as the editor of a popular southern journal, but as the author of a happily designed work, called "The Shakspeare Calendar;" while another brother, T. Addison Richards, of New York, has won distinction, not only as an artist and poet, but as the efficient principal of the "School of Design for Women," which is doing a noble work within the walls of the Cooper Institute.

Combining, as Mrs. Du Bose does, the most delicate tastes with equal earnestness of character, and a large religious element, she could not fail to exert in any community the healthful influence, which is so essentially felt and confessed throughout the little village in which her lot is cast. We see here—as we see nowhere so truly as in southern households—the rare union of unpretending domestic love with artistic capacity and achievement.

THE PASTOR'S HOUSEHOLD.

At the desk in front of our hero, sat a boy, whose pale, sickly countenance, and melancholy air, had from the first excited his warmest sympathies. Many acts of kindness had endeared him to the poor lad, whose threadbare apparel stamped him as the child of poverty, and whose constitutional weakness, to which was added a crippled limb, put it out of the question for him to join in the more active sports of the boys, and sometimes even to walk without great pain and difficulty. At such times, Claude's arm was ever ready to assist, and often would he leave a fine game of ball, or an entertaining book, to enliven a dull hour for the poor crippled lad.

"Lame Jimmy," as everybody called him, was an orphan, thrown helpless and friendless upon the charity of Dr. Carlisle, who, having furnished him a place at his table, and in his school-room, gave himself no further trouble about the child, whose scanty wardrobe bore evidence to the neglect with which he was treated. This was eked out by various trifling services performed for the elder boys—copying exercises, and the like—which, to their credit, were frequently liberally rewarded. Sometimes, a bundle of shoes and clothing was given to him by some lad who had outgrown them; and in various ways poor Lame Jimmy contrived to appear always neat, though his wardrobe was very seldom amply supplied.

He was a meek, silent boy, evidently feeling deeply the slights of his companions—but never complaining—and always grateful for kindness, and truthful and upright in every act. A look of patient suffering ever dwelt upon his pale features, giving them an expression unfitted to his years.

But this boy, with all his physical and worldly disadvantages, possessed a mind of no ordinary cast. Without any apparent effort, he mastered the most difficult studies; and other boys, who mocked at his poverty and treated him with disdain, hesitated not to apply to Lame Jimmy whenever there was a hard sentence to construe, or a knotty problem to solve.

But, after awhile, Jimmy flagged in his progress—his head often dropped wearily on his desk, and his hollow cough broke more frequently the stillness of the school-room. The boys were so accustomed to his limping step and painful cough, that it elicited no attention; but Claude, whose heart was ever open to the distress or suffering of others, remarked the increased

illness of the boy with much concern. He mentioned it to Percy, who had also been kind to the poor fellow, but he said, "Oh, Lame Jimmy is often so; but he will be better after awhile."

Claude had been now nearly a year at Dr. Carlisle's school, and only once during that time had he visited Lynn for a few days; but now the annual examination was approaching, to be followed by a vacation of several weeks. Every year a number of students passed from the institution, either to enter upon the business of the great world, or to be admitted to college halls; and a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen met to listen to the original addresses prepared for the occasion.

This was a great day with all, and Claude looked forward to it with a beating heart and a kindling cheek; for with the other guests would come his uncle and little Nell, now entering her tenth year. Added to his own eager desire to see them, was the wish that Percy should know the friends he so dearly loved.

Ambitious of distingnishing himself in their eyes, the ardent boy pored over his books, early and late. Indeed, Percy had fairly to drag him away for necessary recreation. A short time before the closing day, he threw down book and pencil one evening, and, wearied with study, his brow pale and his cheek burning, he passed hastily through the common hall to join the boys, whose merry voices resounded from the playground. Bounding lightly down the steps, exhilarated by the cool breeze that played so gratefully on his throbbing temples, he caught the plaintive tones of Lame Jimmy, and turning suddenly, saw him standing at the back entrance, struggling to release a small volume which he held from the rude grasp of Andrews.

"Don't—please don't," said the meek tones; "it was my mother's, and she is dead."

"Give it up, boy—confound you!—give it up, I say, or by Jupiter I'll show you stars in the day-time!"

"Oh, please don't, Andrews; it's everything I've got in the world, and you said you would throw it into the duck-pond, to spite Claude Villars; you may kill me, but you shan't have it."

"And so I will spite him, a canting hypocrite. Don't you resist me, you pitiful puppy! By George! I'll teach you better manners;" and uttering a dreadful oath, he snatched the volume from the fragile grasp, and threw it into a trough of dirty water that stood near. Then, flushed with passion, he turned to the lad, who stood aghast and trembling at his violence, and dealt him a blow which felled him to the ground.

In an instant Claude confronted him, his noble face flaming with indignation.

"Mean, cowardly tyrant!" he cried, "how dare you to strike one whom God has singled out for pity? Take *that* to teach you how to treat the weak and helpless!" and summoning all his strength, he struck him full in the face with his clenched fist.

"Hurrah for Claude! Don't his eyes flash;" "Bravo! Villars, give it to him again;" "He's roused the tiger at last," shouted half a dozen voices, as little knot of boys gathered around; but Claude, his sudden passion expended, folded his arms, and calmly waited the approach of his antagonist, who, almost blind with passion, came rushing toward him. Agile as a cat, Claude sprang lightly aside and escaped the blow. Before the bully could collect himself for a new assault, the form of Dr. Carlisle appeared, and his stern voice silenced the clamor of tongues.

"How now, young gentlemen! is my house a fit place for disgraceful broils? Claude Villars, do I see you engaged in an affair like this?"

Claude raised his clear eyes undauntedly, but made no reply. For an instant the doctor eyed the group in stern silence. Jimmy had by this time risen to his feet, and stood at Claude's side, the tears running down his pale cheeks, and his large, mournful eyes (the only feature that redeemed his positive ugliness of face), fixed appealingly on the wrathful countenance before them. At length the doctor spoke.

"Villars, what is the meaning of this, and where did Andrews get that black eye? I demand an explanation."

"I have none to make, sir," replied Claude quietly, yet respectfully.

"He gave it to me," muttered Andrews.

"Shame! shame!" passed whisperingly through the crowd of boys.

Again the doctor regarded them silently, and seeing the words quivering on Jimmy's pale lips, nodded kindly, saying:

"Speak on, my boy; I see you have something to say."

Thus encouraged, he poured forth warmly the story of his wrongs, and Claude's retaliation; treating lightly his own sufferings, but eloquently defending his young protector. But alas for the poor boy! as he thus plaintively told his tale, his face turned deadly pale, and a small stream of blood trickled from his thin lips on his old worn jacket; fainting, he would again have fallen, but for the supporting arms of Claude, who leaned anxiously over his drooping burden.

"Carry him to bed at once," said the doctor, much shocked. "Young

gentlemen, I will see you in my study," and in a few minutes the playground exhibited its usual quiet appearance.

For many days poor Jimmy was extremely ill; at length he began slowly to recover, and a day or two before the close of the term, walked feebly downstairs. Andrews had been expelled from school, but, through the earnest intercession of Claude, his punishment was mitigated, and he was spared the public disgrace attendant upon expulsion. After two weeks, he was again seated at his desk, humbled and quiet, if not repentant.

"You've done for Andrews, Claude," said Percy, laughing, as they passed him in the playground the day before examination. "I don't think he will ever molest you again; you 'heaped coals of fire on his head,' by saving him from public disgrace, and then capped the climax by correcting his theme when you were so desperately busy yourself."

"Pho! that was nothing; but I do think Andrews will be a better fellow; he seems heartily ashamed of his cowardly treatment of poor Jim. What do you think? he came upstairs yesterday with a beautiful new Bible, and begged Jimmy to accept of it in token of forgiveness for his conduct."

"And how was it received?"

"Oh, you know Jimmy is meekness itself; I do believe he will merit the reward of the third beatitude—'For they shall inherit the earth'—if any one does. He put out his poor thin hand, and took the Bible with a patient smile; but when we were alone again, he said to me, with tears swelling in his large eyes, 'This can never be to me what the other was—my own dear mother's Bible!'"

WACHULLA.

Chief among the attractions of Tallahassee are the many beautiful springs found in the vicinity. Ten miles from the city is a famous fountain, called *Wachulla*. It is an immense limestone basin, as yet unfathomed in the centre, with waters as transparent as crystal.

Fountain of beauty! on my vision breaking,
How springs my heart thy varied charms to greet,
While thoughts of loveliness within me waking,
Fill all my being with their influence sweet.
Gazing on thee, my spirit's wild commotion
Is hushed beneath some mighty magic spell—
Till thrilling with each new and strange emotion,
No feelings but of high and pure devotion
Within me dwell.

Wachulla, beauteous spring! thy crystal waters
  Reflect the loveliness of southern skies;
And oft methinks the dark-haired Indian daughters
  Bend o'er thy silver depths with wondering eyes;
From forest glade the swarthy chief emerging,
  Delighted paused, thy matchless charms to view;
Then to thy flower-gemmed border slowly verging,
I see him o'er thy placid bosom urging
    His light canoe!

Break not the spell that wraps this beauteous vision,
  In the enchantment of some fairy dream;
Methinks I wander in these realms elysian,
  Which on poetic fancies sometimes gleam.
Round me the dim-arched forest proudly towers,
  Seeming those light and floating clouds to kiss;
Oh, let me linger for a few brief hours
By this enchanted fount—these wild-wood bowers,
    To dream of bliss.

With the bright crimson of the maple twining,
  The fragrant bay its peerless chaplet weaves;
And where magnolias in their pride are shining,
  The broad palmetto spreads its fan-like leaves:
Far down the forest aisles, where sunbeams quiver
  The fairest flowers their rainbow hues combine;
And pendent o'er the swiftly-flowing river,
The shadows of the graceful willow shiver,
    In glad sunshine.

Bright-plumaged birds their gorgeous hues enwreathing
  Their amorous tunes to listening flowers repeat;
Which, in reply, their sweetest incense breathing,
  Pour on the silent air their perfume sweet;
From tree to tree the golden jasmine creeping,
  Hangs its light bells on every slender spray;
And in each fragrant chalice slily peeping,
The humming-bird its odorous store is reaping,
    The livelong day.

Nature has here no willful mood unfolded,
Her choicest stores the wilderness to deck;
And forms of rare and perfect beauty molded,
Where no rude hand her beauty dares to check.
How could I sit, and watch the waters glancing
In the calm beauty of these cloudless skies;
My vivid fancy every charm enhancing,
And sight and sound my senses all entrancing,
Till daylight dies.

How o'er the misty past my thoughts would ponder,
When sad and lone beside Wachulla's spring,
The red man, flying from his foes, would wander,
And to the wave his heart-wrung murmurs fling.
Oppression stern his free-born soul enthralling,
He flies for shelter to those wild-wood haunts—
And on the spirit of his loved ones calling,
While murmuring voices on his ear are falling,
This descant chaunts.

"Great Spirit of our race! hast thou forsaken
Thy favored children in their hour of need?
Their wailing voice Wachulla's echoes waken—
Will not the spirit of their Father heed?
Sunshine and joy our own loved dells are flushing,
But 'mid their charms the red man wanders lone;
He hears the free winds through the forest rushing,
He sees Wachulla's gladsome waters gushing,
Yet hears no tone!"

Alas, sad warrior! by these silver waters
No more shall gather thy ill-fated band;
Thy hunters bold, thy dark-eyed lovely daughters,
Long since have sought their own loved spirit land.
Yet still methinks I hear their voices sighing
In the soft breeze that blows from yonder shore;
And wild-wood echoes to the stream replying,
Mourn that the voices on the water dying
Return no more!

But now the soft south wind all gently wooeth
Our little bark to leave the flower-gemmed shore;
And the light breeze that perfume round us streweth,
This fairy basin soon will waft us o'er;
Then while soft zephyrs round us faintly blowing,
Bear wordless voices from the forest deep,
We'll listen to the water's ceaseless flowing,
And watch the wavelets dancing on—unknowing
What course they keep.

With rapid oar, the water-lilies parting,
Whose snowy petals form the Naïad's wreath,
Soon o'er the crystal fountain swiftly darting,
We cast our gaze a hundred feet beneath!
Between two heavens of purest blue suspended,
Above these fairy realms we float at will—
Where crystal grottoes lift their columns splendid,
Formed of rare gems of pearl and emerald, blended
With magic skill.

Now in the west the gold and crimson blending,
Tell that soft twilight falleth o'er the world;
And on the breeze all noiselessly descending,
The dew-drops lie in lily-cups impearled,
All thought is lost in sweet bewildering fancies,
While from the forest dies the light of day;
And witching silence every spell enhances,
As o'er the wave the last glad sunbeam glances,
Then fades away!

Farewell, Waehulla! sadly must I sever
My spirit from thy sweet bewildering spell;
I leave thee, fairy fount, perhaps forever,
And mournfully I bid thee now—farewell!
Yet still thy loveliness my soul o'erpowers,
While dreamy shadows on the forest fall—
And long shall memories of thy beauteous bowers
Fall on my heart like dew on summer flowers,
Refreshing all!

A. R. BLOUNT AND C. B. SINCLAIR.

Miss Blount is a native of Georgia, born June 22d, 1839. Her family, for many years resident in Richmond County, removed but recently to Augusta, Georgia, where our young writer was deprived of her estimable mother.

Until her thirteenth year, she was educated entirely at the country schools in her neighborhood, but after that time entered the junior class of the Methodist Female College at Madison, Georgia, where she graduated at the age of seventeen. A satirical poem on "The Follies of the Age," which she delivered on commencement day, was extensively circulated through the South, and received many encomiums.

Forced by pecuniary reverses in the family to make her own way in the world, she resolved to devote her time to literary pursuits; and, soon after her collegiate course ended, assumed the editorial responsibility of a paper published at Bainbridge, Georgia. For two years she continued the arduous duties of this position, upheld by the appreciation of the public, and the blessings of those nearest and dearest at her own fireside.

Miss Blount has been several times the successful competitor for prizes offered for poems and novelettes; on one occasion receiving a gold medal valued at a hundred dollars, for a short prose sketch, entitled "The Sisters." A volume of her poems has just been issued by H. D. Norrell, Augusta, Ga.

Miss Sinclair was born in Milledgeville, Ga., May 22, 1839. Her father, the Rev. Elijah Sinclair, at the time of her birth

was a travelling preacher and a member of the Georgia Conference. A few years after, his health failing, he retired from professional service, and removed to Macon, Ga., where he became engaged in extensive mercantile business. From thence he afterward removed to Savannah, then to North Carolina, and finally to Georgetown, S. C., where he passed the last years of his life. His family then removed to Augusta, Ga., and there Miss Sinclair began her career as a writer.

Disavowing all desire for fame, as well as any great degree of confidence in her own abilities, Miss Sinclair has just given to the world a book of poems, impelled chiefly, she says, by the hope of being enabled thereby to secure a home for her mother and sisters.

As we have received both of these volumes too late for a careful reading, we subjoin a spicy notice from the pen of the gifted poet and editor, John R. Thompson, of Richmond, Va.

POEMS. By Miss Annie R. Blount. Augusta, Ga.: Published by H. D. Norrell, No. 226 Broad street. 1860.

POEMS. By Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair. Same publisher.

"With compliments of the author" in each volume! In the name of all the nine Muses at once, we would ask what courage, what capacity has the editor to sit in judgment on the merits of poems thus brought to his notice? A pair of little birds come out of the forest and sing their melodies in concert for us, for all a June morning, with irrepressible gladness and as if their hearts were full to bursting—can we fail to feel grateful for the singing, and shall we say that the nightingale and the mocking-bird thrill a sweeter note than the linnet and the finch? Shall we complain of the crocus that it is not a rose or a camellia? Shall we try the poems by the standard of highest excellence and compare our sister poets (for such they seem in quality and in affection) with Mrs. Browning? Thank you, no. Nor will we seek to point out imperfections; but as something we *must* say of Misses Blount and Sinclair, let us own that their volumes indicate poetic impressibility and much facility of versification, but also betray exceeding haste in the writers, as if they imagined that poetry must be composed with the greatest speed, dashed

off at the precious, golden "moment of inspiration," and forthwith placed in print before an expectant and sympathizing public. This is a sad mistake. The truest poets have always *painfully* elaborated their verses, as if, according to the inexorable law of human compensations which decrees that all pleasure must be bought of suffering, these verses would afford the reader no enjoyment had they cost the writer no trouble. The most tripping and graceful of all the "Irish Melodies," which would seem to have gushed from the fountain of Mr. Thomas Moore as freely as a spring pours its cool, sparkling tribute into Killarney, were, in point of fact, not in the least gushing; they just trickled, as it were, drop by drop, and it was not until four or five weeks had elapsed, in several instances, from the time of its commencement, that the perfect ballad was ready for the piano and the printer. Byron, we know, wrote rapidly, but "Childe Harold" itself has some errors in grammar, and whoever gets a sight of the original MS., in the little Byron parlor over the book wareroom of Mr. John Murray, in Albemarle street, will see that it was fairly written over and over half a dozen times. Poe was weeks at "The Raven," but we need not multiply instances to prove the truth of Sheridan's remark, that "easy writing's *dashed* hard reading." It is this truth that we would impress upon Misses Blount and Sinclair. Do we say their verses are "hard reading?" We do not. But we confidently declare that they must work more patiently at their verses, they must read more and reflect more, or they will never win the guerdon of the highest success. We have promised that we would not seek for defects in these volumes, but candor compels us to say that many of Miss Blount's and Miss Sinclair's pieces appear to have been wrought as rapidly as garments are now made by the sewing-machine—let us say Singer's, as the name favors the illustration—and one or two expressions, which have struck our eye in turning over the leaves, must be referred to, in the way of enforcing our lesson. Miss Blount is very fond of the phrase "a bird of plumaged wing." It seems to be a pet phrase, for she uses it in connection with her darling "Carrie Bell" (probably Sinclair), and it occurs more than once again in her volume. Now, it appears to us that a little reflection would have assured her that a more unhappy expression she could hardly have hit upon. There is no such participle in the language as "plumaged," and if there were, "a bird of plumaged wing" would mean only a bird whose wings were feathered, and as all birds are winged and their wings are always of feathers (the bat furnishes the sole exception, and the bat is hardly a bird), the phrase "a bird of plumaged wing" is tautological, and means no more than a bird after all. As a bird, it *must*

have wings, and these wings *must* be "plumaged." If she had said a "bird of snowy wing," or "a bird of ebon wing," here a distinct idea would have been presented to the mind. Again we think a *very* little reflection would have convinced Miss Sinclair of the bad taste of wishing to be her lover's cigar (see page 37); either she would have omitted the poem, or wished to be his meerschaum cigar-holder. But we must forbear. It would have been a far more pleasant and easy thing for us to have bestowed unqualified praise upon these poems, but this would have been uncandid in us and an injustice to the authors, since they should be told of their deficiencies. We should be exceedingly glad to receive from each of them, some months hence, a second volume of half the size of these respectively, containing such better verse in less quantity, as we think they could write, with greater care and severe self-criticism.

WHAT THE MOON SHINES ON.

BY ANNIE R. BLOUNT.

A PRIZE POEM.

Faces of beauty in festive throngs,
Lit up with music, and mirth, and songs;
Eyes of bewildering, varying hue—
Seldom on spirits sincere and true—
Jewelled bosoms and Parian brow,
Jesting salute and courtly bow
There, but alas! not there alone,
Are some of the scenes that the moon shines on.

Soft falling veil, and a bridal wreath
Hiding a struggling heart beneath;
Altar prepared, and a victim-bride,
Sacrificed for some kinsman's pride;
Falsely vowing to love and obey,
While her truant heart is away, away;
Her jewelled hand clasped in one more warm,
While close to her side stands an *unseen form!*

Hark! 'tis a spirit-voice she hears,
While her lashes conceal the coming tears;

Is it the one which blessed her youth,
Ere gold had purchased her woman's truth?
Nay! 'twas only a moonbeam spoke
Words to a heart that was well-nigh broke:
Sad are the scenes I'm doomed to see,
Maiden, I weep while I gaze on thee.

A bower of roses—a youthful pair
Learning their first love-lesson there;
Soft hands clasped, and eyes cast down
To hide a blush, not a gathering frown.
Ah! the moon would smile if she did not know
That human love so oft brings woe;
That those who listen and most believe,
Must learn that the fondest ones deceive.

A coffin black—and a young bride there,
With the white flowers still in her shining hair;
Her hands clasped over a bosom chill,
Where the diamond glitters proudly still.
Smiles on the lips, where the kiss of love
Is lingering yet, though they ne'er may move—
O God! how they pray for a tone, a breath,
From the pale lips closed with the seal of death.

A pallet of rags in a corner lying,
Catching the breath of the faint and dying;
No pillow to ease the aching head—
A pitcher of water—a crust of bread.
Curtains of rags of various hue,
Where the keen north wind comes whistling through:
No watcher to tell when life's sands run out—
Only the moon on her midnight route.

No sound of music, no tone of mirth;
A cold, bare room, and a clean, bare hearth;
A handful of ashes, and children's despair,
Crying because no warmth is there;

Uncombed hair, and small naked feet
That have paced all day the snow-clad street;
Nursed by hunger, and want, and pain—
Asking for alms, but alas! in vain.

A sickly light—an uncarpeted room,
Shrouded in poverty's darkening gloom;
No picture to brighten the naked wall,
Or gladden when tears unheeded fall.
A weary woman in want and dirt,
Singing again the "song of the shirt;"
Wearily toiling for life—for bread,
While the cold night lamps die out overhead.

A single candle of sickly beam—
Dreary abode for a poet's dream!
A fair young maiden with struggling soul,
Breathing her life in a glowing scroll;
Fashioning thoughts that have filled her brain
With beauty that made her forget life's pain,
Imparting to paper a music sweet,
While her hands glide over the snowy sheet;

Dreaming that *he* may read her song,
And sigh because of her early wrong;
Catching in momentary pause,
A far, faint sound of the world's applause.
But the hectic spot blooms on her cheek,
And the hacking cough is low and weak;—
Yes; fame will come—*when the willows wave*
Their graceful boughs o'er a nameless grave.

Hush! 'tis the dice-box—oh! no not there,
See the ghastly face and the wild despair!
The greedy clutch of the winning one,
The maniac glance of the wretch undone:

Think of the weeping sister and mother,
Mourning the crimes of a son and a brother;
Fortune, and truth, and *honor* gone,
Are some of the scenes the moon shines on.

Hark! 'tis the sound of wild revelry,
The wine-cup sparkles and floweth free,
Wreathed with roses, but bearing beneath
A hideous serpent whose name is—Death!
Hear the ribald jest, and the laughter loud,
And the boisterous mirth of a reckless crowd;—
The moon smiles never on such a spot:
Nor Virtue—her very name 's forgot.

Not there!—not there!—'tis the gilded hall,
Where Satan gloats over our race's fall;
Sin hides under that polished floor,
And faces are there that blush no more:
The painted cheek and lip are there,
Striving to hide the soul's despair.—
Oh! the laugh which rings on the listening ear,
Is mirth from the whited sepulchre!

Stars of heaven! I would not be ye,
Too dark are the scenes that you often see;
Moon! I envy you not your light,
It falleth too often on woe and blight.
Perjured soul and a broken vow,
Crushed heart hid by a smiling brow;
Sin-cursed soul, and an oily tongue,
Gloating o'er tears from beauty wrung—
Virtue crushed down by iron heel,
Fortune with ever turning wheel,

Raising proud vice to an earthly throne,
While the honest poor weep and die alone.

Secret crimes reached not by law,
Hearts where the canker-worms always gnaw—
Bridal favors—and funeral pall—
Watched by the God who loves us all:
These—and the tale is not yet done—
Are some of the scenes that the moon shines on.

DREAMING.

BY CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

Dreaming a dream of long ago,
Of a brow as cold as the winter snow;
Dreaming of lips that pressed my own;
Dreaming of joys that all have flown;
Dreaming of hands that lie at rest,
Over a cold and pulseless breast;
  Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are these idle dreams to me?

Dreaming of eyes that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days;
Dreaming of words that filled my ear
When the form of a lover lingered near;
Dreaming of what he said to me,
As he clasped my hand on bended knee;
Dreaming of vows that then were spoken;
Dreaming of vows that now are broken;
  Oh! what are these dreams to me?

Dreaming of music half forgot,
That lingered one eve in a shady spot;
Dreaming a dream of an olden time,
Filling my soul with its merry chime.
Dreaming again of by-gone years;
Dreaming of smiles; dreaming of tears;
  Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are all these dreams to me?

Dreaming now of the homestead dear,
Of the father who sat in the old arm-chair;
Dreaming of soft blue skies that smiled
So lovingly there when I was a child;
Dreaming of things that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days.
  Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are these dreams to me?

Dreaming of shady sunny bowers!
Dreaming of music, song, and flowers;
Dreaming o'er tales of love I told
Ere my brow grew sad, and my heart grew old;
Dreaming a dream by the moon to-night;
Dreaming a dream, oh! wondrous bright;
Dreaming a dream as fair as truth,
Too sweet to fade with the hopes of youth.

Dreaming again of the homestead dear,
Of the pale, cold forms that slumber there;
Dreaming of things that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days;
Dreaming to-night of other years;
Dreaming of smiles; dreaming of tears;
  Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming on—
When will these weary dreamings end?

LIZZIE PETIT.

Miss Petit was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in the once flourishing little hamlet of Milton. She had just entered upon her second year, when the family removed to an old homestead, some miles distant, which they called "The Retreat." In a reminiscence of her girlhood, she says:

"'The Retreat' was a wild, gloomy and romantic spot, which had the reputation of being haunted, and my first recollections are of the childish curiosity and terror with which I used to roam through the long corridors, empty rooms, and large, dark closets, which the legends of my nurse had peopled with phantoms. Both Milton and 'The Retreat' are in ruins now. The graveyard of the former place is the only *inhabited* portion of the town; and of all the family who dwelt beneath the roof-tree of the latter, not one save myself is left on earth. Over my early life was cast the shadow of these influences, and the brooding wings of memory too soon folded themselves around a heart whose dearest pulse-beats were the requiems of the loved and lost."

At the age of four years, Miss Petit was left an orphan. After the death of her best friend—the mother, whose tender care had ensphered her from infancy—she and her grandmother abandoned the gloomy "Retreat," and went to reside with her only surviving maternal aunt, who had been recently left a widow. But her grandmother, burdened with the supervision of a large plantation, and her aunt, rich, young

and beautiful, were too much absorbed in their own pursuits to give to the rapidly developing child that wise watch and culture which her peculiar temperament demanded. At five years she was sent to school, and soon became the "pet prodigy" of her young teacher, whose loving discipline she will ever gratefully remember.

Naturally delicate, however, and the regime of the school-room beginning to affect her health, she was soon removed, and then commenced the free, wild, random life of her childhood.

"Brook Farm," the residence of her aunt, was situated in the heart of the most beautiful scenery of Virginia. Deeply imbued by nature with romance, our author spent her time in rambling, like a young deer, over hill and dale, and devouring the miscellaneous contents of the old family library. Between the years of six and twelve, she became familiar with writers far beyond her range, floating sometimes on dangerous deeps of impassioned poetry and romance, living in a world of her own emotions, haunted by visions of ideal beauty, devoured with longings for the brilliant future which her imagination pictured.

At twelve, precocious in mind, heart, and *physique*, she was transferred to the care of an elderly relative—a widow and childless, but quite remarkable for the tact and judgment which she had displayed in the rearing of several adopted children. "My venerable monitress," says Miss Petit, "evidently thought there had been some serious errors in the training of her new charge, and set herself to work to correct them with a vigor and severity which, I fear, had quite the contrary effect."

She was then placed for a year or two under the excellent guidance of Dr. White, a well known southern divine, then the head of a flourishing young ladies' seminary in Charlottesville, Virginia. But the tameless spirit, which had been ripening in

a school of its own for so many years, continued to assert itself, and, at fourteen, Miss Petit *entered society.*

Merged in a sea of excitement, all systematic study was, of course, suspended; but as seasons wore away, and with them the first glamour of a social career—as our youthful belle found her springs of pleasure yielding sometimes bitter waters—her fair flowers withering as she plucked them—she addressed herself with a new zest to the culture of her intellect.

Under the influence of this mood, at the age of nineteen, she produced her first book, "Light and Darkness," which was published by the Appletons, had a large sale in this country, was republished successfully in London, and translated into French.

In this book the author goes over the social ground she has traversed, delineating fashionable life with the sharp and clear-cut lines of one who has proved its follies and its perils. As we read, the wonder grows that a girl of nineteen could be so thoroughly the woman of the world—so perfectly *au fait* of the artificialities and hollowness, the by-play and intrigue of the *beau monde.* We cannot help feeling sorrowful for the veil so early torn away—for the beautiful dreams prematurely dispelled—for the fair young face and the old young heart. The same regret is clearly an underlying current of the book. Our author misses the sweet time of *waiting and watching*, which, by a delicate provision, reveals life step by step to the neophyte. At the close of a lively chapter in this, her first volume, she thus wearily moralizes:

"How the inner life mocks the outer! Even as I write these careless lines, I feel as if the spell of death was upon me; I seem to hear his stealthy footsteps in the dark distance, slowly but surely coming. It struggles in my veins with the warm bounding life-blood of youth. Which shall triumph? Is this death-shadow a dream or a reality? I gaze on the autumn

leaves as on a scroll which memory lays open before me: telling of bright flowers dead in the pathway of life, as of Nature; of bright hopes, dying even as these leaves, in a heart too early doomed to taste the fruits of destiny. The breeze wailing through the forest oaks, whispers, 'Passing away—all earthly things are passing away;' and I, loneliest of all earth's lonely children, why should I stay? A stray waif on life's wild waters—a single blossom on a leafless tree, clinging dependent, with naught to rest upon.

"The world courts our society—it woos our smiles, while we minister to its pleasures; while the gay laugh is on our lip, the light word on our tongue, it is willing to share our gaiety, for gaiety ever throws an atmosphere of warmth and sunshine around it; but the bitter tear, the moan bursting from a surcharged heart, these must be indulged alone."

One year after the appearance of "Light and Darkness," Miss Petit gave to the world another work, entitled "Household Mysteries." This volume, prepared very hastily, upon the impulse of her first success, is not quite in the line of advance, but has been received with favor, and widely circulated.

Our author has now in preparation a "Society Novel," which she considers her *chef d'œuvre*. It is to be called "The Stars of the Crowd, or Men and Women of the Day," and will doubtless contain something of personal interest to every reader.

Miss Petit deserves great commendation for her untiring and energetic industry. Thrown very early upon her own resources, she has brought them all into action, and shown herself capable of a rigorous and self-denying application, of which neither the wild days of her girlhood nor the gay, fashionable, phase which succeeded, gave the remotest promise.

In consequence of an accident which imperilled her life, and confined her for months to her bed, she turned her attention for awhile to dramatic reading, and upon her recovery, by the

invitation of some of our leading literary men, appeared before a New York audience as a dramatic reader. The "New York Tribune" thus notices the occasion:

According to previous announcement, and, "in compliance with the invitation of many distinguished citizens," Miss Lizzie Petit gave a dramatic reading on Thursday evening, at Dodworth's Hall. The dollar admission weeded the parterre of all seedy plants; and the audience was an elegant one. A pleasing feature in the programme was the introduction of various selections of light music, performed by Dodworth's band. The entertainment consisted of two readings from Shakspeare, Bulwer's poem "The Wife's Tragedy," a translation from the Spanish, and one of Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures. As a general truth, truism indeed, dramatic readings do sadly bore the listener; especially if the reader be a woman. For if she has not a great and exceptional degree of dramatic genius, she will be tame; if she is fired by the genius, she will be hampered by the restraint of the lecture-room, and the beauty of fitness will be wanting in the performance. Decidedly the most agreeable of the female readers are they who have a quiet, drawing-room style of delivery, added to an attractive face and form. All enjoy the sight of beauty of any species, but of feminine beauty most. And when one can have an excellent excuse for sitting through an entire evening, gazing in a lady's eyes, particularly if the eyes are brilliant, he will put severe criticism behind him, and will be apt to go again. In this remark may be found a hint of Miss Lizzie Petit's success. It will not be considered extravagant praise to say, that she is superior to the countless majority of Shakspearean readers below Mrs. Kemble. Whereas in them we so often have noise without anything more, in Miss Pettit we have no noise and much beside. Agreeable in voice, winning in manners, charming in personal appearance, and with the governing taste of an intelligent woman, she will make a successful tour about the country as a public reader. She will attract by her beauty, and will never repel by the coarse and corrupt elocution with which a suffering public has been too much tormented.

BENEDICK THE MARRIED MAN.

It was one of those fair, bright days, which sometimes smile upon us in that month of "cloud and storm," November. Over the ordinarily busy city of Gotham, reigned that solemn air of decorous quiet, which is peculiar to the very atmosphere of the Sabbath. The lofty spire of Trinity seemed to hide its head amid the fleecy clouds which hung suspended from the clear blue sky; as if it sought to bear aloft the rich full notes of music, which swelled through the stately dome below. In one of the richly furnished pews of the church, sat Florence Fulton and Judge Woodward. The head of the latter was bent reverently, for he was a man of prayer, a man whose religious sentiments were lofty, sincere, and open. Not so with his companion; her eyes wandered over rich velvets and waving plumes, over pious saint and decorous sinner, and at last rested in a dreamy gaze on the stained glass windows, while her ear drank in passionately the rich tide of swelling music, which rolled in waves of melody through the dim arches and proud old dome of Trinity.

She was aroused from her reverie by a slight stir in the aisle; and the next moment she saw Claude St. Julian enter a pew nearly opposite her own —a lady of small, slight figure leaning on his arm.

Her features were concealed by the thick veil she wore, but when she removed it after taking her seat, Florence saw that her face was fair, but pale, almost to a sickly wanness; her features delicate, but wearing an expression of listless despondency, painful to look on in one young, and otherwise pretty. She held by the hand a little girl of some five summers, so fair, so bewitchingly beautiful, and yet so fragile, so *spirituelle* in appearance, that the eyes of Florence wandered involuntarily from the mother, to gaze with delight, mingled with painful interest, on the child. It was the face of an angel rather than a human being, and in that face were mingled all the fairy tints of summer heaven; the soft, serene blue of the sky in the eyes; the fleecy white, and the rose-tinged hues of the evening clouds in the exquisite complexion; and the golden tints of sunset in the shining hair. It was a feast to the artist soul of Florence, to gaze on the unconscious little being, as she sat there with calm, reverential look, her tiny hands clasping her prayer-book; her childish accents lisping the prayer, a halo of innocence and loveliness encircling her. "Who could they be, that mother and child?" for such was the position they seemed to occupy toward each

other. Perhaps the lady was a relative of Claude? perhaps she was a widow? and a pang of jealousy shot through her frame; for everybody knows widows are proverbially dangerous. She glanced at her dress; though grave, almost sombre in hue, it was not mourning; and the next moment she smiled at her own folly, in supposing for a moment that the possessor of that face—with its cold, marble-like features, and listlessly mournful expression—could fascinate the gay, *dégagé* St. Julian. Still she felt aroused within her all the latent power of that feeling, whose fatal indulgence in our first mother, lost Paradise to her unhappy children; and we fear the services of that day were of little profit to Florence. Nor was she the only one in that still, decorous crowd of beauty, wealth, and fashion, by whom the solemn services they had nominally assembled to hear, were unheeded. Many a velvet-robed bosom throbbed with feelings far different from those of devotion—to heaven at least; many a fair head beneath its waving plumes was filled with far different thoughts from those which the place and the occasion should have inspired. Immediately behind that of Florence was the Moreton pew. It was in vain that Eva endeavored to compose her thoughts into their usual serene, devotional frame—in vain that she tried to listen with attentive earnestness to those sublime truths, those divine doctrines of life and love, which generally awoke so deep an echo in her grateful heart; with pain she felt her thoughts revert to other and earthly objects—to objects, too, upon which she, alas! had no right to fix them. Before her was the man who had awakened every feeling of love her young heart had ever known; and by his side was her rival, her regal charms set off to the greatest advantage by the most tasteful and exquisite toilet.

> "That adornment, rich and rare,
> Which makes the mighty magnet set
> In woman's form more mighty yet."

She had often heard Judge Woodward express his admiration for a pretty hand. She saw the fair hand of Florence, whose delicate beauty, and soft, creamy whiteness, seemed to woo the beholder to touch its velvety softness; she saw that little hand—upon which glittered a single diamond of intense lustre—resting coquettishly on the crimson velvet cushion, which enhanced its whiteness; and she saw the eyes of Judge Woodward riveted admiringly upon it. What wonder that the scene swam before her, and a painful sickening sensation thrilled through her frame?

And had she known how little Florence cared for being beside her, aside from the gratification she felt at the open homage of so distinguished a man; had she known how few thoughts she gave him in return for the devotion he lavished upon her, would it have afforded her any consolation? No, she would but have felt more deeply pained, to see that noble heart sacrifice its dearest feelings—those feelings so lofty, so deep, so true, on an ungrateful shrine. She hoped that Florence loved him—how could she help loving him? was he not the very man to call forth the feelings of her proud ambitious nature; to awaken the love of her warm, enthusiastic heart? And with one sigh for her own lonely life, Eva bent her head on her cushion, and prayed fervently for his—for their happiness.

The stranger lady noticed the eager, though not impertinent gaze, which Florence fixed upon her; and as she read the manifest interest expressed in that look, particularly for the child, her pale features assumed more an expression of life. Claude, too, saw that gaze; as he marked it, a shade, half of haughty impatience, half of melancholy, swept over his features. As they passed out, after the conclusion of the services, Florence, who was on the *qui vive*, distinctly heard the stranger lady say, in soft, low tones: "Claude, who is that beautiful woman who has just passed us?" His reply was lost as the crowd moved between them.

Scarcely able to repress her impatience until they reached the carriage, the first question of Florence then was:

"Who was that lady with Mr. St. Julian, at church?"

"His wife. Have you never seen her before? However, it is not strange, she goes out so little."

"His wife!" almost screamed poor Florence. "Is Claude—is Mr. St. Julian a married man?"

"Certainly! Is it possible you did not know it? He has been— but pardon me, you are ill?"

"No, only a passing spasm at the heart, to which I am at times subject; it will be over in a moment," and she made a violent effort to recover herself; though when she spoke, her voice was changed, and she was pale as death.

"How long has Mr. St. Julian been married?" she summoned up nerve to say.

"Oh! some years. It was a boy and girl match, I believe. I am glad to see Mrs. St. Julian out; it is the first time I have seen her at church since

their return from Europe; or rather since his return, for she did not accompany him."

"Did not accompany him!" echoed Florence, almost betraying by her eager questions the interest she felt. "Was he not absent several years?"

"About three years, I think. Mr. St. Julian has not the reputation of being the most devoted of husbands; so I suppose the separation was not a grievous one, to him, at least."

"And she—his wife—remained in New York?"

"No, with her mother, at New Haven, I believe. My dear Miss Fulton, you seem interested in Mrs. St. Julian."

("Mrs. St. Julian!" what a name that was to her.)

"No! oh, no! nothing but woman's curiosity," she replied, with an effort at equivocation that caused her cheek to burn; and pulling the check-string, she desired the coachman to drive faster, though he was then going at almost furious speed.

What was the agony she endured in the effort to suppress her feelings during that short ride home! When the carriage stopped at her own door, Judge Woodward assisted her to alight, and was about to follow her into the house, but she could endure his presence no longer.

"You will excuse me, I am sure!" she said, hurriedly. "I am quite indisposed. Any other time I shall be happy"——

"Of course. Judge Woodward regretted very much that Miss Fulton found herself so unwell;" a stately bow, and he was gone; and Florence breathed freer, and walked with a hurried step to her own room, locked herself in it, and hastily throwing aside her bonnet and mantle, as if their weight was suffocating—so hastily, that in removing the former, she pulled down the whole mass of her beautiful hair, which fell dishevelled, but unheeded, around her—she paced wildly to and fro the room for half an hour, without pausing for an instant; her hands clasped tightly over her throbbing bosom, her lips and cheeks scarlet with agitation. How wildly the waves of disappointment and despair rolled through her storm-tossed soul in that wretched half hour can only be imagined by those impassioned beings, who, like her, have staked the heart's most cherished feelings on the throw of a single die—and, like her, lost. After the first torrent of emotion had subsided, bitter regrets for the manner in which she had acted with Claude tormented her already distracted brain. Had she not almost wooed him to her side? Had she not evidently in her manner showed the greatest preference for his society—neglected, nay, almost shunned others, when he was near?

had he not, during the short period of his acquaintance with her, been ever by her side, and, though never breathing a word of love, lavishing a thousand lover-like attentions on her? And what would the world say to this marked flirtation with a married man? But after all, with her usual haughty scorn for the opinions of society, she felt that the "world's dread sneer" was nothing, compared with this sudden crushing of her deepest feelings; this total destruction of the bright hopes which one short hour before were blooming so brightly and freshly around her. Bitter indeed to her was the awakening from love's sweet dream of madness. The lightning blight had fallen on the enchanted garden of the heart's paradise, blasting every bud and blossom there; and now, what was left? Her heart refused to answer the question. Had he not already read her secret? Though lip had not answered to lip, had not her eyes, her tell-tale eyes, returned full often the lava flood-tide which had poured from his own into her inmost soul? Could she but forget it; but sink into a deep, dreamless sleep, to wake utterly oblivious of the past; of all bygone hopes, of all present feelings, fears, despair!

Such wild, incoherent thoughts as these, dashed madly and tumultuously through her soul. There was but one resource on earth for her; the sparkling cup of pleasure yet wooed her fevered lip; vanity still whispered, "Drink, drink deeper still, of the magic draught; it will bring forgetfulness; it must not be said that the proud Florence, the triumphant, worshipped belle, mourns over a broken heart-dream." No, she must be gay, proud, triumphant still; yea, she must learn to look on him, and tremble not beneath his gaze, thrill not at his touch; and this was the hardest task of all; could she ever accomplish it? Pride, prudence, all that was best and loftiest in woman's soul, must come to her aid. She would avoid him; she would school her look and tone, to be unto him as unto others. And *then*, when she had untaught her heart its passion-dream, what then? She could not tell. All she knew was, that love for *him* was guilt; all she felt, was the horror of that word.

SALLIE ADA REEDY.

Among the promising young poet-women of the South, whose writings are eminently southern in manner and spirit, Miss Reedy takes creditable rank. She began very early to write verse in a tender and musical vein, but with far too much earnestness for her years. Her recent productions are the utterances of a more clear, and calm, and self-contained womanhood.

A southern editor,* himself a poet and—his words would seem to imply—a *mystic*, writes thus of her:

"There breathes in all her writings an impassioned devotion, intense and pure, with a simplicity tender and graceful. This is the true region of emotional poet-life—the human in its warmest aspiration for the supra-human *ideal*. Her genius is vigorous, and at the same time exquisitely feminine—looking down upon life's struggling waters from woman's headland of catholic charity. Mystery—the nameless and never told—often lends a spell, dreary yet delicious, to her muse. But this characteristic is always subordinate to the wealth of her creative faculty."

Miss Reedy is possessed of fine natural gifts, and, having enjoyed the advantages of generous and careful culture, devotes her future advisedly to the pursuits of literature. Her versification is easy and musical, and such of her works as we have seen, bear full seeds of promise.

Her poems have been published in the various periodical issues of the South, and are now collected into a volume, which will appear simultaneously with our own.

* J. Wood Davidson.

THE BRIDAL.

They sat within the moonlight—in the moonlight, side by side,
Young Ferdinand, the princely, and his newly promised bride;
You would have thought them lovers, for the dark waves of his hair
Were mingled with the golden ones that made her brow so fair,
And in those floating tresses, like bright angels in repose,
Were the flowers that he had gathered when the evening star arose;
It was a place and season fit for fairy, god, or elf,
And you would have thought them lovers had you never loved yourself,—
Never stood with one most precious 'neath the quiet evening skies,
And thought the angels envied you the love-light in her eyes;
By all the mem'ries clinging round that unforgotten one,
Without a vain interpreter your heart had quickly known
That woman never laid a hand, as cold and calm as hers,
Within the hand that Love had made its guide through coming years.
Oh, Ferdinand! some angel should have told thee to beware,
Of the lips that speak so calmly when the soul is in despair;
Thou may'st tell thy heart's devotion with a look and tone divine,
With her ringlets on thy bosom, and her small hand pressed in thine:
But by that quick convulsion—by the pallor on her brow,
She has heard that language spoken by a dearer one than thou!
You may woo her to your mansion—you may win her for your bride,
And yet between her soul and thine there is a burning tide,
And down within the darkened depths of that unholy stream,
Is lying, cold and beautiful, the wreck of one bright dream.

She sat within the moonlight—in the moonlight there alone,
Without a tremor on her lip, though Ferdinand was gone,
Gone with a bright love in his heart that could no warning speak
Of one who scarcely felt his kiss upon her pallid cheek.
Oh Woman! when thy lover goes and leaves no throb of pain,
Be careful of thy promises when ye have met again!
She raised her small hand to her brow—a hand so soft and fair,
And gently took the roses from her long and dewy hair;
She smiled—a smile not all of hate, nor yet of hope and trust,
It came again when those bright things were trampled in the dust.

Hast ever seen a jewel into glittering fragments crushed?
Hast seen a harp-string broken, and its silvery music hushed?
So looked the lovely lady when that fearful mood was past,
And those sweet tears were blessed things, although they were the last;
So looked the lovely lady then, for pride a recreant proves,
Whene'er despair unto the heart speaks of the thing it loves.

"My beautiful wild dream!—my Claude!
How can I see thee thus depart,
And let a cruel world defraud
Of all but this poor breaking heart!
Can sterner duty's proud command
Restrain a soul that will be free,
Or can I live for Ferdinand
When I would rather die for thee!

"That voice since childhood had been sweet,
Until he knelt one summer day—
I would have spurned him from my feet,
But that his head was turning grey.
I cannot tell thee of his theme—
I would not think it over now,
It seemed so like a troubled dream
That only left a troubled brow.

"They tell me I will love thee less
In the dull future that must be—
That time will teach forgetfulness
Of all that I have lost in thee!
The lip is false that tells me so,
False as my own has dared to be,
When giving Ferdinand a vow
My heart can only keep for thee.

"Yon star that thou hast made so dear,
Is going down, and it must see
The last fond look—the last wild tear
That I will give to love and thee.

My beautiful wild dream—depart!
I may not hear the tale you tell—
They've chosen out a dull, hard part,
And I must learn to act it well.

"When Ferdinand's bright jewels glow
Amid the tresses of my hair,
If this heart trembles can he know
A faded rose is nestling there?
And if, perchance, I hear thy name
From lips more careless than my own,
He'll see my pallid cheek, and blame
The wind that has unkindly blown.

"Thus, hour by hour and day by day
Will come that slow and steady change,
And when they mark a sure decay,
The'll weep, yet scarcely think it strange.
It is a common thing to see
A woman with a careworn brow,
And they will never think of thee,
Or of my poor heart's broken vow."

"My beautiful, wild dream!"—she pressed her lips to silence then,
For suddenly the vesper star went down upon that scene,
All silently and radiantly as if its parting beam
Had caught the farewell lustre of that lady's dying dream.
And when that signal star was bright once more on sea and land
She stood beneath a chandelier, the bride of Ferdinand.
Bring pity for that fair young thing—in all her after years,
She will not know a joy so sweet as last night's holy tears.
Bring pity for the fair-haired Claude!—he will not soon forget
His love for one whom it were well if he had never met,
But oh! for him whose loving heart will beg for love in vain,
Pray that his faith in human truth may lovingly remain;
Poor Ferdinand!—ten thousand joys can never once relieve
The heart that doubts the only one 'twas blissful to believe.

L. Virginia French

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

Mrs. French is descended from leading families of Virginia and Pennsylvania. She was born on the eastern shore of the "Old Dominion," at the fine old country seat of her maternal grandfather, Captain Thomas Parker, an officer in the army of the Revolution.

Deprived, at a very early age, of her mother, a gentlewoman of rare beauty and excellence, she and her sister were sent to Washington, Pennsylvania, to be educated under the care of their grandmother. Guided and guarded by this truly estimable woman—to whom our author confesses herself indebted for her best points of character—they completed a course of study at the female seminary of that place, and graduated with the first honors.

In proof of Mrs. French's early success as a writer, we remember an incident related of her school-days. During the exercises which completed her seminary course, as she rounded, in clear, musical tones, the last sentence of her "graduating composition," a *brusque* gentleman from Connecticut exclaimed, "Who's that?" Upon being told the name and birthplace of the youthful graduate, he responded, bluntly, "Well, they say 'no good can come out of Nazareth,' but here's *something* good out of Wise's district." As Mr. Wise and the mother of the now blushing young Virginian were connected by some family ties, this spontaneous tribute was received with much merriment.

In 1848, Virginia and her sister returned to their father's house. But a new spirit was rife in the old home; its Lares and Penates had been displaced, and the two sisters, ever united by the tenderest ties of sympathy, felt the bond tighten and strengthen, as, hand in hand, they determined to go forth into the world and shape their own destinies. Before the close of the year, they were established in Memphis, Tennessee, as teachers.

Strangers in a strange city, they put themselves bravely to their self-appointed work, and by their energetic perseverance, no less than their personal and intellectual charms, soon won the confidence of all.

Having achieved a social and tutorial position, the elder sister began to turn her attention to literary pursuits, contributing occasional articles to the journals and magazines of that region, under the name of "*L'Inconnue*." This signature soon attaining a good degree of distinction, her compositions were solicited by northern as well as southern periodicals, and the way to literary advancement lay open before her.

In 1852, she became associated with some gentlemen of New Orleans in the publication of the "Southern Ladies' Book."

On the 12th of January, 1853, she was married to Mr. John H. French, of McMinnville, Tennessee, a gentleman of fortune and irreproachable life, whose qualities of mind and heart are in fine sympathy with her own. The train of incidents which led to their acquaintance, reads very much like a romance.

A poem by "*L'Inconnue*"—called "The Lost Louisiana"—appeared one morning in a New Orleans journal, and a newsboy, making his daily round past the St. Charles, came upon a stranger, whose air of "elegant leisure" and intelligence betokened, to the boy's keen eye, a gentleman of taste. He commended the poem at once by name, caught the stranger's attention, and secured a customer.

There was more potency in the words, "The Lost Louisiana," than the boy imagined. Not long before the catastrophe which the poem commemorates, the stranger had lost all his worldly possessions by a collision between the "Louisiana" and the "Belle of Clarksville." He was a passenger on the latter boat, with a valuable stud of horses, a large amount of money, and a number of servant men, when the crash came, and only escaped with his life. With this sad cause of interest in the afterward ill-fated "Louisiana," he clipped the poem—after reading it many times over and noting, curiously, the signature, "*L'Inconnue*"—and bestowed it carefully in his pocket-book.

Not long after, he took passage on a steamer bound up the Mississippi, and during a short detention at Memphis, went into a book-store in search of something to relieve the tedium of the voyage. While there, his attention was arrested by the familiar name of "*L'Inconnue*," and an intimation that the fair *incognita* was just then passing. He turned—gave one look into the blue eyes that met his like the eyes of a Fate, and the steamer continued her course up the Mississippi without the stranger in whose pocket was *burning* "The Lost Louisiana." An introduction was soon after effected; *L'Inconnue* was merged in Mrs. L. Virginia French, and removed with her husband to McMinnville, Tenn., where she now resides.

Her home is described as a most fitting haunt for the Muses. The Nashville "Home Circle" says of it: "Situated on a graceful eminence, to the right of the main thoroughfare leading to the village, it is surrounded by a grove of stately oaks, through which may be had a glimpse of the house and tastefully cultivated grounds environing it. On the east, the waters of a winding river approach within a stone's throw; while beyond, at a distance of three or four miles, runs the main chain of the Cumberland mountains. Taste, comfort, and picturesque scenery, conspire to make her residence what she calls it—a

'Forest Home.' Here our author is leading a retired, studious, and happy life."

In 1856, Mrs. French published a collection of her poems under the title of "Wind Whispers." Her poetry, like that of Mrs. Vertner Johnson, would seem to be the natural outflow of her exuberant and harmonious being. We sit down to analyze it, and find ourself floating away on a tide of rippling rhyme—forgetful of all but the delicious motion, and the silvery "tintinnabulation." Yet many of the poems of this writer reveal under-currents which require only the hissing bolt of circumstance to stir them into crested billows of feeling and expression.

Since the publication of the volume "Wind Whispers," Mrs. French has written a series of metrical "Legends of the South," some of which are finely imaginative and graphic. She has also published a tragedy in five acts, under the title of "Iztalilxo, the Lady of Tala." Some touches in this drama are slightly suggestive of "Ion," and "The Lady of Lyons," but there are passages of great beauty and dramatic force, which are alive with the author's own spirit, and prove her sufficient unto herself. We clip a little notice of this tragedy from a Southern paper:

The scene of "Iztalilxo," is laid in the "Land of the Sun," the country of Mexico, when the strange people, the Tezcucons, ruled over its wealth-teeming mountains and plains, and the daring foot of Cortez had not yet printed its strand. The little volume is full of impassioned poetry, and some of the scenes are highly dramatic. The third one in the fourth act is finely sustained, but the meeting in the cypress grove between the two lovers, victims to the "love that fate forbids," is replete with tenderness and beauty. We can hardly choose between so many beautiful passages, any particular one to quote; but there is one that only a woman could have written. Iztalilxo has said, "I wish" and then hesitated and paused, and the adoring prince exclaims:

"Thy 'wish?'—oh tell me, love!
Hadst thou thy dearest wish, what would it be?
A throne—an empire—nations at thy feet—
Gold like the sands upon the beaten shore—
Honors—or Fame to sound thy gentle name
Down ages yet to come—which should it be?
IZTA. Not one of all these! I *would be best loved*
Of all that have been, or shall ever be!
PRINCE. Why, that's a woman's wish, and well fulfilled
Long ere 'twas uttered, when I show the world
Its ruling empress—
IZTA. Stay! I crave not that:
The empire I would have is one sweet home
With two hearts dwelling in it: I'd not seek
To sway but one, for that is all the world!"

And we cannot help thinking that this "wish" is the dearest one in the heart of her, who makes a paradise of "Forest Home."

Mrs. French has sufficient material, prose and poetry, for two other volumes. Her prose is instinct with the poetry of her nature—spirited, pointed, and rhetorical. She has sent us but one specimen, and that a brief review of Le Vert's "Souvenirs of Travel," which has been copied and re-copied, deservedly, into the best papers of this country and England.

She is not only a large contributor to the current literature both of the North and the South, but has succeeded Mrs. Bryan in the editorial charge of "The Crusader," of Atlanta, Ga., while we hear her everywhere cited as one faithful to all the responsibilities of the woman, the wife, and the mother.

Among the poems which afford fine glimpses of our author's imaginative power and range, we subjoin "The Legend of the Infernal Pass," "The Lost Soul," "Alone," "The Ghouls."

"The Miserere of the Pines," and "Unwritten Music," are full of soft, soughing melodies and meanings. "One or Two,"

"The Long Ago," and "The Little Brothers," reveal the true woman.

THE LEGEND OF THE INFERNAL PASS.

"About sixty miles south of Santa Fe, in the mighty range of the Sierra Blanca, there is a famous gorge, some fifteen miles through, called 'El Cañon Inferno,' or the Infernal Pass, where rise stupendous masses of rock piled upon rock, until the traveller sees at the top but a narrow strip of sky, while around him all is involved in chaotic gloom." The white steed alluded to in the tradition, is still said to be seen at intervals by the warriors of the Camanches. He is represented as of exceeding beauty and vigor, but of such swiftness that, notwithstanding the daring efforts of those most renowned in the capture of the wild horse, he has never yet been brought within range of the lariat.

In the white man's tent, on the far frontier,
At the fall of the faded leaf,
'Mid the pale-faced followers of the deer,
Sat an old Camanche chief;
And the sigh of the wailing wind swept by,
Through the troubled autumn sky.

They had passed thro' the "Cañon" wild that day,
And they noted a solemn spell,
As they entered the toilsome, darkling way,
O'er the red man's features fell,
For a sound came up through the ravines grey,
Like a wild steed's shrilly neigh.

The men leaped up at the thrilling sound,
For their toiling mules moved slow;
But the chief cast a wary glance around,
And his guarded tone was low,
As he bade them haste, while the kindly sun,
Looked down in the gorges dun.

And then, when the evening camp was set,
And the hunters rest had found—
When all in the deer-skin lodge had met.
They asked of this mystic sound;
And the chief, while his bronzèd cheek grew pale,
Thus told them the fearful tale:

" Pale sons of the eastern ocean's foam,
'Twas before your fathers came,
To take for their own the red man's home,
And to give his hills their name,
That the bold Camanche held this land
With a high and mighty hand.

" My nation dwelt on the prairie-plain—
Their wigwam fires shone bright;
Their children played in the waving cane,
And the mother's heart was light,
And the father's soul like the bended bow
On the hills of long ago.

" In those old days, by the snake-like pass
That down through the mountain creeps,
Where grows the spotted and sunless grass,
That a dew of poison weeps—
In a huge cave-cleft of the rifted stone,
A stranger dwelt alone.

" None knew the name of his father's race,
Or from what far land he came;
He went not forth on the hunter's chase,
Or the warrior's path of fame.
But often the cavern rocked and rang
To a hammer's sounding clang.

" He roamed through the savage glens that lie,
'Mid the giant rocks up-piled,
Where a shining ore from the sun-god's eye,
Lies hid in the ravines wild;
And the towering, misty shadows form
The midnight's bellowing storm.

" Like some tall tree on the waste alone,
Was his stern and lofty mien;
It told of a power not yet o'erthrown,
And it suited that desert scene.

And his voice, like a trumpet, seemed to roll,
From fathomless gulfs of soul.

"He loved a maid of my kingly race,
And he sought her for his bride,
But the Red-bird shrank from his dark embrace,
And his den on the mountain side.
From his offered love she turned and fled,
For her heart grew sick with dread.

"Her sire looked on with knitted brow,
Full scornfully he smiled,
And said, 'Shall the cawing, carrion crow,
Be mate for the eagle's child?
In our eyrie fallen, we know not whence—
Let the children drive him hence!'

"But a vengeance-vow on the wind had passed—
A flame on the night had shone,
And the hoofs of a snow-white steed struck fast
On the mountain pathway lone,
And they say that steed from the cavern won
Was the Machinito's son!

"His neigh to the wind rose wild and high
(Thou rider bold, take heed),
With the stag's fleet foot he bounded by,
That beautiful demon-steed!
But the glare of his eye the soul had shook,
With its terrible *human* look!

"The camp was roused at the break of day,
By a frantic shriek upborne
On the passing wings of the dawning grey,
Through the silent hush of morn,
And the warriors armed them for the fight
By the morning-star's pale light.

"Away! away! 'tis the demon steed,
And his trampling shakes the grove—

Afar! afar! at a fearful speed
The night-hawk bears the dove!
But the eagle brood are on his route,
With a fierce, triumphant shout.

"O'er hill, o'er vale, for many a mile,
By a hundred braves pursued,
The steed and rider fled the while,
With a courage unsubdued;
The maiden's friends may toil and strain,
But the dark-mouthed pass they gain.

"The rider here at his utmost need,
When the goal was almost won,
Half-checked, in mid career, his steed,
Still steadily bounding on,
And shook his spear at his gathering foes,
That over the summit rose.

"An arrowy flight on the darkened air!
A shriek, and a fearful bound,
The dart thrilled deep in her bosom fair,
And the Red-bird fell! Around
Her lover the fire-darts fall like rain,
The prize he may not regain.

"For the steed dashed on as that flinty floor
Had been soft strewn with flowers,
His nostrils smoke, and the red flames pour
Around in burning showers;
Away! away! from his stifling breath,
Away! for he speeds to Death!

"'Tis o'er, bold rider! and didst thou shrink
From his neighing wild and loud,
When thy snow-white steed on the horrid brink,
Dissolved in a snow-white cloud?
From the black corse rose a mad'ning yell
As down through the gulf it fell!

"They found the sweet Red-bird pale and cold,
And softly her maiden grace
They laid to rest in the flower-crowned mold,
By the graves of her ancient race.
Where bright o'er her bosom the wild rose springs,
And the wood-dove sits and sings.

"Yet often I, in that dreary glen,
Where the sunbeams dare not play,
Have heard the shouts of pursuing men,
And a wild steed's startling neigh;
And hasted on with a nameless fear,
From the danger prowling near.

"Some bold Camanche who skims the plain
On the prairie-courser's track,
In his camp may ne'er be seen again—
From the chase he comes not back.
Woe! woe! to him whom the spirits lead
To follow the path of the phantom-steed!"

LEGEND OF "THE LOST SOUL."

After midnight I was lulled to sleep by the melancholy notes of a bird, called "El Alma Perdida," or the Lost Soul. Its wild and wailing cry from the depths of the forest seemed, indeed, as sad and despairing as that of one without hope. The story in the Inca language runs somewhat thus: An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their chacra, taking their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their repeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of the little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination "syllabled" into *pa-pa*, *ma-ma* (the present Quichua name of the bird). I suppose the Spanish heard this story, and with that religious poetic turn of thought, which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird "The Lost Soul."

HERNDON.

Ha! what a frenzied cry
Up the lone forest isles comes sadly wailing,
Now quick and sharp—now choked with agony,
As sight and sense were failing.

The far stars coldly smiled,
Down through the arches of the twilight wood,
Where sire and mother sought their child,
In the dark solitude.

And low the phantom wind
Came stealing o'er the hills with ghostly feet
But paused not in its flight to bear one kind,
Soft echo—shrill and sweet.

O'er them the giant trees
All proudly waving tossed their arms on high,
Yet no loved baby-voice from 'midst of these,
Answered their broken cry.

But one sad piping note,
That strangely syllabled a blended name,
As seemed its cadences to fall or float,
From boughs above them came.

The mother started wild,
As that strange sound the forest foliage stirred,
Then hastened to the sire—she knew her child,
In that lone spirit-bird.

No word the father spake:
His face was ghastly, and its haggard lines
Lay stern and rigid like some frozen lake
O'ershadowed by its pines.

Shuddering, she strove to speak,
Once more in nature's strong appealing tones
To supplicate her child—there came a shriek
That died in heavy moans.

The night came down, afar
Was heard the hoarse, deep baying of the storm,
And thunder clouds around each captive star
In black battalions form.

Now, all the mighty wood
Has voices like the sullen sounding sea,
While onward rolls the deep, majestic flood
His surges solemnly.

The massy foliage rocks
Slow swaying to the wind; and, failing fast,
Embattled oaks that braved a thousand shocks
Are bending to the blast.

And crimson tropic bloom
Lies heaped upon the sward, as though a wave
Of Summer sunset streams within the gloom
Had found a verdant grave.

Down came the rushing rain,
But far, perchance, where thunders never roll,
The bird hath flown, the parents called in vain,
Upon the wandering soul.

Then feebly 'mid the maze,
Of 'wildering storm, their feet the cabin sought,
Oft turning back to search with blinded gaze,
For that which now was not.

True, true—the tale is old,
And full of sorrow the tradition hoary,
Yet daily life's unwritten annals hold
A sterner, sadder story.

Oh! hear ye not the cry,
That every hour sends up where thick life presses,
That shrieks from lowest depths to God on high
From life's great wildernesses?

It is the cry of Woman,
And hers the *really* lost and wandering soul,
Seeking amid the god-like, yet the human,
To find her destined goal.

Like glacier of the North,
Her pure and shining spirit braves the sea
Of Life and Action—drifting, drifting forth,
On waves of Destiny.

"Deep calling unto deep,"
How raves the ocean by the tempest tossed!
Perchance her onward course the soul may keep,
Perchance 'tis wrecked, or lost.

Perchance some other heart
In pride of Being standing firm and free,
May call, "Oh! seeker of the 'better part,'
Come, wanderer, to me!"

Alas! that dulcet tone
Is but the hollow music of a shell
That mocks the Ocean; yet, the pilgrim lone
It wins as by a spell.

The dream, the dream is past—
Perchance some careless word, some fancied wrong,
The soul is driven forth—oh! woe the last,
The weaker by the strong.

From her closed lips a moan
Goes up—yet seems it her unspoken prayer
Falls back again upon her heart—alone
To sink and perish there.

And then her spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day,
Still struggling on amid the vulture wants
That make her heart their prey.

Still, in its source of pain
Clinging most fondly; and in her holy trust
Pouring its worship in a worse than vain
Idolatry on dust:

Like the great organ rocks
That rise on Orinoco's distant shore,
She sends rich music o'er the wave that mocks,
Yet answers her no more!

From the still firmament
A star drops—sparkles—and almost before
The eye can note, is gone—with Chaos blent
Its brilliancy is o'er.

And thus with thee—unknown,
Unrecognized, and lost in earthly clime,
Thy 'wildered soul may wander, and alone
from the shores of Time.

Yet far in yon blue dome,
Where dwell the spirits of the dear departed,
There thou art known; and they will welcome home
An angel—broken hearted.

Then courage, weary one!
Work while thou may'st—for though thy spirit, riven,
Is fading like a fountain in the sun,
Exhaled, it reaches Heaven!

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

Dost thou not hear it? 'Tis upon the breeze,
And by the brookside, in the forest aisles,
And far away where cloud and sunshine meet
In the deep azure sky. The symphonies
Of Spring are gushing fervently and free,
As early orisons from the pure hearts
And lips of childhood. From the valley green,
Where wave the slender willows, upward steals
The low, clear tinkling of the rivulet,
As though it mocked the roving zephyr's search

For its sweet hiding-place. The bird and bee
Sing to the blossoms, and their minstrelsy
Calls forth the queenly rose, as erst the lay
Of bard was wont to herald the approach
Of beauty to the tournament. On high
The sky-lark bathes his bosom in the cloud,
And every tiny drop within it thrills
To his glad melody, as thrills the hearts
Of some vast multitude of listeners
When Sweden's song-bird sings.

Around the eaves
Flits the young blue-bird, and the little wren,
With its low, piping note; the humming-bird,
Bright as a flying rainbow; while afar,
From the deep everglade, comes up the call
Of sweet-voiced dwellers in the solitude.
Where the dark cedar flings its mossy boughs
O'er the white-crested dogwood trees, is heard
The winding of the locust's tiny horn;
While from the beechen grove the katydid
Sends forth her merry challenge. At the morn
The gay grasshopper, with his fairy fife,
Sounds a shrill *réveillé;* and swift at eve
The elves come trooping to the beetle's drum:
Then, when the thunder, with its organ-swell,
Peals through the dome of heaven, how softly fall
The footsteps of the rain, like to a band
Of gentle worshippers, slow entering
The temple of the Lord.

Oh! what a world
Of heaven-descended music lies around
Our daily pathway! in the morning air,
The noontide glory, and the dewy fall
Of dusky twilight—in the carollings
Of bird and breeze, the murmur of the leaves,
And the low-gliding streamlet! Can we note

Their many-braided melodies? or give again
Their spells of song to thousands? None, not one;
And yet the poorest slave may revel in
This music, written by the hand of God.

ALONE!

List! my soul, as the night-wind drear
Wails for the dead leaves, pale and sere,
On the bleak earth strown;
Sighing and shuddering, faint and cold,
As the maniac-miser's cry for gold,
It shrieks and sobs o'er the midnight wold—
Alone! alone!

Look! where the vagrant wild-fire's light,
Flitting away through the shadowy night,
O'er the grave is thrown;
A lurid gloom in the dismal haze,
Now light, now lost to the dreamer's gaze,
It fades—it dies in the 'wildered maze—
Alone! alone!

Hist! from the depths of the haunted well
Rises a signal dread and fell:
At the sullen moan,
The crumbling walls o'er the waters shake;
And the spotted toad, and the slimy snake,
In their beds of lichen quail and quake—
Alone! alone!

Far to the verge of a lonely glen,
By the fox's lair, and the ban-wolf's den,
Sweeps the wizard tone:
It summons the ghoul from his charnel-bed,
Withered, and gibbering, and demon-fed,
To the path of doom—(and away he's sped,)
Alone! alone!

Tu-whit! tu-whoo! 'Twas the mousing owl,
Keeping his watch by an altar foul,
On the Druid-stone:
He hides from the prowling vampire-brood,
Deep in the gloom of the mystic wood,
And cowers down in the solitude—
Alone! alone!

Croak! croak! 'Twas the raven's cry:
'Mid the bough of hemlock dank and high,
His fiend-eye shone.
To the night-hag hid in the blasted tree,
As lone, as weird, and as fierce as he,
Came the chant of his mocking prophecy—
Alone! alone!

Hark! what a writhing, stifling sound
Slowly creeps from the murderers' mound,
Like a victim's groan:
Too dread to rise on the wind's wild swell,
Deep through the cypress-shadowed dell
Echoes the murmur hoarse and fell—
Alone! alone!

Up! my soul, from this charnel gloom,
Which binds thee down to a living tomb
With an iron zone:
Up! my soul, on the homeless tide
Of a dark existence, wild and wide,
To doom and destiny proudly ride
Alone! alone!

MISERERE OF THE PINES.

There's a voice upon the hill-top, and a song within the vale;
Fairy carols in the woodland, spirit-whispers on the gale;
A merry mermaid chorus in the ocean's sparry caves,
And a bold, triumphant pæan from the ever-tossing waves;

But sweeter to my spirit, when the autumn day declines,
Comes the stately, solemn, swelling miserere of the Pines.

There is music in the morning, there is harmony at eve,
In the rich, fantastic overtures the boughs and breezes weave;
Dreamy melody at noontide from the willow-hidden rills,
Or the hunter's bugle sounding on the far-off, breezy hills;
But when round the brow of midnight red the starry Serpent shines,
I love the stately, solemn miserere of the Pines.

When the firefly beacon glitters thro' the twilight everglades,
And the birds have sunk to slumber in the woodland colonnades,
Comes a murmur like the wild-bee, in the meadow-lily's bell,
That deepens to the thunders of an organ's rolling swell,
As the night-wind, creeping slowly thro' ten thousand leafy tines,
Wakes the stately, solemn, swelling miserere of the Pines.

The Palm, in sensuous beauty, and the Oak's defiant pride,
Bow, as the banded tempest sweeps the forest-phalanx wide;
But the keen mid-winter wind, upon the ocean's rocky shore,
Calls forth from out the dark pine-grove a mimic surge's roar;
And, as the serried waters pass their storm-embattled lines,
Seem marching to the stately miserere of the Pines.

Funeral anthems float far down the dim cathedral nave,
Where crested Valor's marble form lies shrouded for the grave;
But not so proud a dirge is his, as that which echoes wide
Above the pilgrim lone who perished on the mountain-side,
As thro' the wild witch-hazel tree that o'er his rest reclines,
Steals on the solemn, swelling miserere of the Pines.

Oh! many a thrilling melody at midnight revels free,
And music at the day-spring sounds her hymn of jubilee;
But like the thousand echoes that awake within the heart—
Strong in their very gentleness, a blessing to impart
By bringing buried jewels from the spirit's secret mines—
Is the stately, solemn, swelling miserere of the Pines.

THE GHOULS.

"Two terrible spectres called the 'Searchers of the Grave,' in the creed of the orthodox Mohammedans."

Tramp! tramp! to a ghostly tramp
Echoed the churchyard dark and damp:
Slowly swung as the hinges grate,
Shrieking folded the iron gate:
Sullen sounds from the belfry fell,
Muffled moans from its brazen bell;
And spectres twain have crouched beside
The new-made grave of a murdered bride.
Tramp! tramp! on the marble meet
The hollow clank of their skeleton feet:
A rattling clasp of their bony hands,
And each of the other his health demands.
"Whence and whither?" 'Twas Moukir spoke,
His voice of fear on the midnight broke;
But no reply, save a sidelong sneer,
Cast askance with a hideous leer,
The other deigned him. Then suddenly,
In a gibbering spasm of fiendish glee,
He sang:—his feet on the turf kept time,
To the hollow chant of a weird old rhyme:

"Whence cometh Nakir?—where slaves in their glee
With shouts rend the air round a tall gallows-tree,
Where the corpse of a murderer swings to the night!
And whither goes Nakir?—his hurrying flight
Seeks out the fair victim who perished in woe
At her blood-ended bridal! She slumbers below.

"They have given us two: the dark minion of pride
And the blossom he trampled—the beautiful bride.
That night to his chamber, all senseless and wan,
They bore her young lover, a palsied old man

He woke in the morning: the days will be few
Ere the arrow has sped, and he slumbers here too.

"From a region of dread, from a realm of despair,
We journey afar on the highways of air;
And we come with a sullen, dull-echoing tread,
To lead a wild measure—the dance of the dead,
Where the prince and the peasant, the guilty and gay,
Are gathered at last to their dwellings of clay.

"They brought from the palace with anthem and prayer,
The icy remains of the new-christened heir:
The sire was dejected, the mother grew wild,
As the clods clattered over her beautiful child:
The grass scarcely over the low grave had crept
When again it was opened—the pale mother slept.

"They brought the proud maiden, despoiled of her bloom,
They laid her to slumber in silence and gloom;
Her snow-sculptured bosom, so pulseless and cold,
All quietly pillows the gathering mold:
No gesture of loathing, nor shudder, nor start,
As the worm nestles down in her passionless heart.

"They brought the grim despot, bereft of his throne;
In tyranny, terror, and triumph he shone:
Alas! for the reptile assuming to sway
A sceptre of dust over creatures of clay!
They bore out his ashes with riotous glee,
And his knell was their pæan of wild jubilee.

"They brought the dead miser, so haggard and cold,
Whose life was a libel, whose god was his gold:
All careless they gossiped, as over the stones
In the rumbling old death-cart they jostled his bones;
And e'en the dull blind-worm, it loathed him when dead,
And turned from a banquet so meagrely spread!

"They brought the pale scholar: for glory in vain
His wrung spirit tortured a feverish brain:
He shrank from the rich, he avoided the proud,
He stood all alone in the revelling crowd:
He struggled for honors—no honors for him;
And the gaunt eye grew glassy, the life-star grew dim.

"The warrior-chieftain went forth in his pride:
His love was dominion, his sword was his bride:
'Twas a wild battle midnight—the foray was vain—
A festering corse he was left on the plain,
And famishing vultures, they ate out the eye
That flashed with defiance when summoned to die.

"The brow where ambition has planted a crown,
Pale Luxury pressing his pillow of down,
The image of Beauty, the idol of Fame,
Will shudder and shriek at our terrible name:
Yet ho! for the banquet! the king and the slave
Alike are the prey of the 'Lords of the Grave!'"

MADAME LE VERT'S "SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL."

It has been said that the "very word *genius* comprehends all the loveliness of woman. It signifies but the power to feel deeply, combined with an intellect capable of embodying those feelings into language, and of conveying its images of truth and beauty, from the heart of the writer to the heart of the reader." If this be so, then is Madame Le Vert eminently a woman of genius; and to be convinced of this fact, one has only to read her delightful "Souvenirs." Her book is like herself, and she is a "*veni, vidi, vici,*" woman. She disarms all criticism, and to know her is to love her. Her fair open brow, like her warm heart, is the abode of sunshine, and the glance of her eye is calm, and kindly, and pure as that of the freshly gathered violets that oft-times sleep upon her bosom. Her voice comes welling up in a rich "clouded contralto"—tones that are the very music of the heart. Soft as the dreamy lull of chiming waters—low, like the singing of the summer winds, steals upon our spirits the sweet music of her words. In her manner,

cordial, simple, natural, and self-possessed, she is equally above the parvenu's pretensions, and beyond the necessity of art. She possesses, too, in an eminent degree, that "philosopher's stone" of pleasing—*variety*. And, indeed, so fresh, so deep, so full of mystical witchery is that "infinite variety," that in any degree to illustrate it, we must borrow the language of a modern writer, who, when he would describe a sentiment, which he felt to be *indescribable*, said, "It is like the eye of the woman first loved to the soul of the poet!" The world has, for the most part, been bright to her, and for this her soul bows in child-like reverence, and pours forth its rapturous gratitude to Him who has cast her "lines in pleasant places," and given to her the "goodly heritage" of happiness. Beauty always wins its way; it needs neither introduction nor apology, and so everywhere admirers have gathered around her "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," till her warm, impulsive spirit, feeling the blessedness of being loved, carols forth like a bird amid the dawning, its love, its ecstasy, and its gratitude.

As is the woman, so is the volume before us. It is a work that proves how the highest cultivation of the intellect may be ennobled by the warm sympathies and tender affections of our nature. She writes as the bird sings, because its heart is gushing over with melody; she writes as the flower blooms, because it is bathed in dew, fanned by the breeze, and kindled up by the sunshine, till it bursts its inclosing petals, and lavishes its fragrance and sweet life upon the air. She receives, as it were by intuition, the idea of the ancient Greeks, that the whole universe is a "Cosmos" of beauty and order, and this she presents to the reader not as a pleasant theory, but a sublime truth. And yet, at times, as if to prove how truly she is *woman*, a faint shadow lies upon her heart, and is reflected upon the page—telling that she has entered the temple of memory, and passing by little graves at the threshold, still guarded by love and sorrow, her spirit treads silently the hallowed chamber of tears.

Prejudiced by no sectarian dogmas, influenced by no sectional jealousy, she opens wide the portals of her heart, and folds the whole world of humanity in her loving and kindly embrace. With her a humane electicism has taken the place of a partial creed—she looks upon all her race with an "infinite pity and infinite love," and, therefore, the arts, literature, society and systems of all countries, through which she has journeyed, are kindly viewed and liberally interpreted. Beneath her mental wealth the affections exist in proportionate strength, and they come gush-

ing up at every call of sympathy, and tinge all her creations with hues of beauty, as the sun flushes the rainbow into life, by waving his light through the soft-dropping shower. That reverence and devotion to her mother, which shines so beautifully through her daily life, is here as tenderly portrayed, and forms an illustrious example to the young of our land, for in general they are but too prone to neglect to pay that homage and duty to the aged which is only their just and rightful due. The woman who has given to America such a daughter as Madame Le Vert, should never be forgotten.

As to the literary claims of the work before us, it is just what it purports to be. While it exhibits the strength of the author's mind, the wonderfully retentive power of her memory, and the extent of her acquirements, it is not overcrowded with the embellishments of standard pens, and has nothing of the tinsel of the pedant, or the trickery of the rhetorician. The style is easy, unostentatious, and natural. It is rich in incident, the descriptions are vivid, and the anecdotes charmingly told, and yet there is no laboring for effect, and a delightful air of sincerity pervades the whole, tinged with the *couleur de rose* of enthusiasm. She speaks from a full heart of the beautiful in Nature and Art, of old and stirring associations, of social traits, and of the welcome of friends; and in all kindness and honesty, endeavors to share with others the delightful impressions which she has enjoyed. All that history has chronicled, and poetry consecrated, come from her pen flushed with the rose-glow of her enthusiastic nature.

It is interesting to compare this work with those of other modern *voyageurs:* with Taylor and Headley, for instance, or with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the piquant "Bell Smith," or rich, rare, and racy Grace Greenwood. Especially do I love to contrast the "Souvenirs" with "Haps and Mishaps." The one is a saucy, dashing brunette, who provokes you into admiration; the other a gentle, graceful blonde, who, ere you are aware, steals your whole heart away. There is a wild, *almost* wicked little sprite of northern antagonism which peers out upon you from behind the "thick-coming" beauties of Grace Greenwood's book, and which reminds one forcibly of that elfish little "Pearl" who comes peeping at you through the tangled mysteries of the "Scarlet Letter." This is a charm in our gifted northern countrywoman, for it is characteristic—it would not be natural to our southern queen, and consequently you see nothing like it. In no one instance is this contrast better illustrated than the manner in which each speaks of "His

Holiness," the Pope. Grace has "white spirits and grey," and some of them of an elfish origin, half imp, half angel. But M'me Le Vert's angels are all angelic, her fairies are all "good fairies," even the humblest are merry-hearted, kind little "Brownies," who delight to hear forth blessings from the "kind woman who gave bread to the hungry," in the streets of *Igualada.*

Many extracts have been made from the "Souvenirs," yet strange to me it seems, that the most glowing and eloquent portions of the work have not been quoted. The limits of this article will not permit me to make extended extracts, yet I cannot forbear mentioning a description of Vesuvius, rich and glowing as its own lava, and another of the Coliseum as beautifully sad as is that noble ruin itself. Speaking of the latter she says, "The Coliseum is fast crumbling away; Rome has fallen from her early grandeur; but the world progresses more proudly than ever, for that fair and glorious land beyond the broad Atlantic has been added to the treasures of time—that unrivalled land, the birth-place of Washington and of freedom, which seems, 'Pallas-like, to have sprung from the head of Jove,' with all the knowledge of departed centuries, and the experience of long buried nations." Then there is a morning on the Pincian Hill, and an evening with the Brownings, the glorious portraiture of Moonlight in Venice, and the sweet and sad farewell to Italy, while over the pictures of little Raffaello, the Lazzaroni boy, and Matilda, the humble *protégée* of Miss Bremer, no one can restrain their tears. But the sweetest sentence in the entire work, because revealing so fully the whole "inner life" of the author, is found among her parting words, when at Havana she bids adieu to her loved ones in the new world. "Should this," she writes, "be the last line my hand ever traces, may the memory of me never awaken a pang in a human heart, but linger around it like the aroma of precious flowers." In this, and the sentences following, are embodied her whole creed—*love to God, and good will toward men.* Surely do I believe that the "Golden Rule" of her life is this, so to live as never to awaken a pang in any human heart. Oh, that the whole world would adopt her blessed creed, then would earth indeed become a paradise!

Some one has said that "to be a good traveller, argues one no ordinary philosopher." Then is Madame Le Vert a philosopher indeed—the "world-pencilling" Pfeiffer is not a greater. A south wind seems to be always passing over her spirit. Her serenity seems proof against all petty vexations, she smiles at occasional imposition, and good-naturedly abides by all the "ills" that voyagers "are heir to." Ever ready, in her urbanity of soul, to

recognize the "good in everything," she passes over the ill, dwells upon the agreeable, and unfolds for us the "silver lining" of every cloud that floats athwart her sky. She is the true traveller, one who has learned to reverence Nature, to appreciate genius, and to love humanity. And more—she has nothing of the self-sufficiency and prejudice which distinguish too many of our modern *voyageurs;* such as are so finely satirized in "As You Like It." Says Rosalind, "farewell, monsieur traveller—look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola." On the contrary, travel has only made Madame Le Vert *more* in love with her "nativity,"—it has but deepened her sense and pride of nationality. She has found the name of an American everywhere an honorable passport. It is a fresh and hopeful name—its associations are of freedom and progression. And so, surrounded by the bold magnificence of Alpine heights, amid the solemn ruins of old Imperial Rome, mingling in the royal pageantries of England, and of France, she looks back upon her native land, consecrated to liberty by the genius of Washington, and exclaims with an exultant joy, "I, too, am an American!"

And it was this deep sense of nationality, as well as the generosity of her nature, which prompted her to bestow so liberally from the sales of her work to the noble purpose of the Mount Vernon Association. Like the tolling bell of every vessel that passes by Mount Vernon, her heart-throbs give out a mournful music to the memory of him who slumbers there. And thus it will be always with her. She will ever be giving utterance by word or action to the beautiful and generous impulses of her nature. The clay of which we are made will never be able to check the sweet, gushing fountains of her soul. She gathers around her here all that the world can give of purity and brightness, and we know that when she passes through the portals of the far-away spirit-land, she will bear with her no remembrance of earth save those of its beauty and its bloom.

MARY E. BRYAN.

It was no part of our plan to give *prominence* to writers who are not, in the accepted sense, authors; but Mrs. Bryan has contributed so essentially to the tone and stamina of southern literature, and her productions are so vital with the quality, generally considered indigenous to the colder clime and rougher soil of our "Northland," we feel that it would be defrauding the South to withhold a full recognition.

Mrs. Bryan, the daughter of Major J. D. Edwards, a respectable and influential planter, is a native of Florida. Her childhood was much given to out-door sports and exercise, to horseback rides through the wild woods that surrounded her home, and dreamy roamings from one favorite haunt to another —face to face and heart to heart always with Nature. To this free life and these healthful habits, she may trace, in a great measure, the sturdy vitality which marks her writings.

Until the age of twelve, she was educated entirely by her mother, whose fine endowments eminently fitted her for the work. Hoping, then, to secure for her still greater advantages, the family removed to the place afterward so well known as "Woodland," near Thomasville, Georgia. With the additional facilities afforded by this change, our writer made rapid progress in her studies, and, during four years of close application, advanced steadily in culture and discipline.

While yet a mere school-girl, she met her "destiny," in the son of a wealthy planter of Louisiana, whom at sixteen she

married, and accompanied to his large plantation on the Red River, La.

One year after, under the pressure of painful circumstances, she returned to her father's house, where, in a long interval of comparatively aimless life, she began to write for the press.

Her vigorous articles at once challenged attention, and she was soon secured as a regular contributor to the "Literary and Temperance Crusader," a weekly journal then published in Penfield, Ga. From three to five columns of this paper were filled every week with her strong prose and richly imaginative poetry. Curiosity was piqued and admiration excited. Many were the queries concerning the young writer who, in her secluded home, remained quite unconscious of the distinction she was winning.

In 1859, the "Crusader," enlarged and improved, was removed to the city of Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Bryan accepting the charge of the literary department, left her home, to find in the arduous duties of editorial life full outlet for her energies. The vigor and originality which she brought to the work at once gave a distinctive character to the "Crusader." Her versatility enabled her to cater successfully to the diverse tastes of the public, and to meet all the contingencies of her position with promptness.

Each issue contained a strong leader, one or more spicy articles, and a sprinkling of *bonmots*—all her own—while not unfrequently she would add to these a story and a poem. The amount of mental labor which she performed during this year is almost incredible. Yet she sustained herself unflaggingly, reaping her reward in the success of her efforts and the consciousness that she was doing what she could, through this medium, to speed the right and ban the wrong. Many of her poems and pithy essays found their way into northern and western periodicals, and were spoken of in terms of high commendation.

At the close of the year 1859, Mrs. Bryan was called home by the delicate health of her mother, and finding herself in need of rest, determined to resign her position as editor, and accept the less responsible one of contributor to the "Southern Field and Fireside." She had been engaged in this capacity, with her usual success, for four months, when the cloud, which had so long brooded over her, was lifted, and a way opened for her return to her western home.

While we rejoice in this more cheerful view of the life of the woman, we trust that the intellect, which has shown itself, thus early, so strong and comprehensive, will continue to demonstrate these characteristics in the old way. Already Mrs. Bryan has written enough—in her best vein—to fill more than one volume; and now that she has retired for a time from "regular service," we at least hope that she will collect these waifs, and give them "a local habitation and a name" in literature.

The specimens* which follow show the remarkable versatility of this writer, and may be considered a fair presentation of her various styles, if we except the dramatic power revealed in her novelettes, no one of which chances to be in our possession.

In the essays, "Hunger is Power," "How Shall Women Write," and "Give us Men," we find a masculine grasp and vigor, which it is difficult to reconcile with Mrs. Bryan's youth, and the exquisitely womanly feeling apparent in the sketch, "Cutting Robbie's Hair," or the tender poem, "My Missing Flower;" while in "The Hour when we shall Meet Again," and "Lost in the Clouds," is revealed a lofty and sustained imaginative power which belongs only to the true poet.

Most excellent gifts has Mrs. Bryan in her keeping. To cut and burnish them to their possible perfection, making every

* The preface will explain why several of these were omitted.

point to refract and reflect light, is a work of years, which we are sure she will not neglect.

Confirming our own estimate of this youthful genius, we give below the opinion of a distinguished writer in the extreme South (Florida), and an extract from the eclectic columns of the "Boston Transcript."

Says the southern writer:

Mrs. Bryan's versatility of genius is the result of a rare combination of perceptive and reflective faculties. The surface of life, with all its varying phases, is apparent to her ready perception, while her penetrative intellect is busy with the pearls that lie beneath. Through all her prose, occur flashes of poetic thought, while her poetry is alive with true inspiration. In this her idealistic faculty is plainly apparent, as well as her love of nature and her power of perceiving in objects termed inanimate, that indwelling spirit of conscious life, constituting their higher beauty. As an illustration of this, "The Naiad's Gift," though it has no pretensions to the loftiness of conception that distinguishes her more important poems, impresses one like a pure and clearly-cut crystal.

We clip the following from the "Boston Transcript:"

Though very youthful, below twenty still, Mrs. Bryan is already widely known through the South as editress and writer, being in fact one of the favorite authors in that portion of our country, the productions of her pen ever winning a hearty reception from a large circle of readers. But she has scarcely been heard of among us as yet. When we consider her youth, the great disadvantages she must have labored under, on an isolated plantation, far from public libraries, and far from social groups of professed literary laborers and artists, it seems to us that her poems reveal the aspirations of a richly-endowed and earnest genius, and the marks of a good range of culture.

If with the best models of literary art constantly in view as guides and inspirers, she will strive with that heroic patience of toil which is the price of all greatness, to store and perfect her faculties, to extend and deepen the grasp of her experience, and to master the plastic secrets of style, we predict for her a brilliant and permanent place among the gifted and victorious of her sex and land. But our prophecy falters with

heavy misgivings when we remember how *very few* out of the multitude of wealthy poetic natures, with happily organized brains and delicately attuned sensibilities, possess that indomitable tenacity of will, that persevering, assimilative, self-fired and self-criticising application to study and practice, required to conquer the disheartening obstacles in the way of literary art and experience, and to win the prize of enduring fame. Thousands aspire; hundreds fitfully struggle; scores meritoriously work; one or two here and there, through all consecrating devotedness of toil, succeed.

Nevertheless, genius, as it naturally rallies a noble courage within, should always be generously recognized and cheered from without. That the fair young authoress of Florida, who sings from amidst the myrtles and magnolias of her father's plantation on the banks of the lovely Ocklosknee, deserves such recognition and encouragement, we think every one who reads "My Missing Flowers" will admit.

CUTTING ROBBIE'S HAIR.

And so this little household flower of ours must be shorn of some of its superfluous beauties. Even roses and geraniums must be pruned sometimes, and these uncut, silken rings, with the golden sunshine of three summers entangled in their meshes, must make the acquaintance of scissors at last. Grandpapa says so, and adds that if it is not done shortly, the low plum boughs will make another Absalom of Robbie, sometime, when the blue-eyed gander is in hot pursuit.

There is no denying that the curls need trimming; they are too many and too thick, and they make the little head droop uneasily to one side, like a half blown moss rose-bud under the weight of its own moss, and straggle sometimes into the mouth and eyes. Yes, they must be cut; but it seems such a pity! Little curls that we have twined around our fingers when all wet from the morning bath; little curls that we have played with while singing the evening lullaby; little curls that our tears have fallen upon when the baby eyes were shut in sleep! Ah! only mothers know how dear such curls are to mother's hearts.

Here are the scissors. Robbie must sit very still now while his hair is being cut. Why, sir, why do you smile and look at me so beamingly with your blue eyes? How do you know that I am not going to cut off that saucy head of yours with these great, sharp, cruel scissors! Oh, holy faith of childhood! If we could only trust our God as implicitly as babes do their

mothers! "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdow of heaven."

Be very still, now, while I comb out these threads of shining floss. The mother is the first barber to her boy; no other fingers can perform the sweet office so gently; but when fifteen or twenty years have flown, rougher hands will comb and cut these locks, all bronzed by suns and winds, and clustering above the brow of manhood. The white-aproned, clean-handed barber will then arrange them in the latest style of trimming; pomading, perfu——, no; my boy will not be a dandy! by these strong limbs and the sturdy look in those eyes—no.

But to think the down of manhood will gather on this cherry upper-lip and on chin and cheek, dimpled as though by the touch of an angel's finger! To think that this round neck of alabaster will be choked up with a man's necktie, and these lily-bud feet will wear high-heeled boots and——. Faugh! I will not think of it. I cannot realize that this fair baby of mine—but three summers out of Paradise, and still smiling in his sleep, remembering what the angels said there—shall ever be so metamorphosed.

And yet the boy's babyhood is rapidly fleeting, and the severing of these ringlets seems like cutting the golden thread that links his infancy to his childhood. Oh! Robbie, I can call you "baby" but little longer. You blue-eyed elf! you are already rebelling at being treated as one. You had rather run, now, after your painted wagon, than lie in your rose-curtained crib and hear me sing of the baby whose cradle was the tree-top, and whose nurse was the wind. You will not wear your corals, because grandpa says they are for babies, not for *men;* you had rather hunt hen's nests than play bo-peep; and when I hold out my arms to you, as you stand in the doorway twirling your hat, you turn your head on one side, like a half-tamed bird a-perch on one's finger, while your dancing eyes seem to say, "You'll see—you'll see. I'll soon take flight!" Pretty soon you will not believe in the wolf that talked to Red-Riding-Hood, and lose faith in Santa Claus.

I cannot keep the bud in its sheath; I cannot stay the little bark that slips so rapidly down the hurrying stream of life. Soon, the rill will broaden into a river, and the realm of roses and sunny skies be passed. And the gold of these ringlets shall be dimmed by time, and the roses, perchance, drop from these pretty cheeks, and sorrow and sin, it may be, cloud the clear, blue heaven of these innocent eyes!

There! I am crying. How grandpapa would laugh if he caught me, and say it was because I wanted the curls to stay and make a girl of his boy.

See! There are tears glistening in these sunny clusters of hair, like dew among the golden-blossomed jasmin vines, and your eyes are looking at me with wide-opened wonder, and your red lip beginning to quiver with ready sympathy. Oh, Robbie! even if the worst should come, and I should have to lay this bright head, with its locks of undimmed lustre, under a coffin-lid, and see the grass grow between my darling and the bosom he once slept upon, I should still thank God for having given him, for having crowned my life with the holy blessing of motherhood; for it is such little arms as these around our necks, Robbie, that make us feel strong to do and to suffer; it is drawing such little heads as these close, *close* to our breasts, that keeps the hearts of some of us mothers from breaking

There! that is grandpapa's step upon the stair—and the task is just completed—the little lamb is shorn. Look at this bright heap of glistening silk, such as Persian looms never wove into richest fabric. Here is "golden fleece" for you, such as never the lover of Medea sought. You did not know that such a glittering wealth grew on your little head—did you, blue-eyed baby?

No, you must not clutch it with those destructive fingers. Go—grandpapa is calling you—let him see his little man; but leave me these—the first curls cut from my baby's head. I will put them away to remind me, in other days, of his sweet, lost infancy.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

"When shall it be?" I see thy red lip now
Tremble with the low spoken question, and thine eyes
Search mine, until I feel the hot tears flow
To the repressing lids. I answered then with sighs,
But I am stronger now—the hour is past,
And the blue billows of a tropic main
Break between thee and me. Look up!—at last
I'll answer thee. Aye, we *shall* meet again.

Not in an hour which any tongue of Time—
Brazen or silver—may ring on the air,
Not when the voice of streams in joyful chime
Summons young April—shaking from her hair

Clusters of scented hyacinths, moist and blue
As thine own dewy eyes; nor when the shade
Of whispering elms, of summer ripened hue,
Bathes my hot brow in some sequestered glade;
Nor when the autumn clusters of the vine
Hang purple in the sun, and the faint breath
Of brookside asters, and the moaning pine
Alike—and sadly—prophesy of death;
Nor when I droop my weary head, as now,
Upon my hand, beside the winter hearth—
Shall thy quick step, thy kiss upon my brow
Make me forget that ever grief had birth.
No, never more shall sunlight's golden sheen,
Nor the pale stars—a weird and watchful train—
Nor yet the moonlight—chilly and serene,
Look on the hour when we shall meet again.

Yet we shall meet. Listen! One winter day,
Standing where late the gentians were a-bloom,
You said when life's red current ebbed away,
That we should, like the flowers, sink to a tomb
Of dust and nothingness upon the breast
Of earth, whence we had drawn our sustenance,
And that the sleep would be eternal rest;
And then you met my anxious, upward glance
And smiled, and said that the mysterious scheme,
Which in the world's dim ages priests had spun,
Of life beyond, was but a dotard's dream.
And I believed you, for you were the Sun
To my unbudding soul; but that is past.
I have talked with my soul in the still hours,
And, with bared brow, prayed in the temples vast
Which Nature rears, and when the dreaded power
Of Death had stamped pale foreheads, I have knelt
To catch the meaning in the dying eyes;
And so have solved the mystery; I have *felt*
Your teachings false; the *spirit* never dies.

There *is* a world beyond, and we shall meet—
  The thought falls like a dead flower on my heart—
Meet *only once*—at the dread Judgment Seat,
  Clasp hands, look in each other's eyes and—part,
And part forever! Oh! by all the years
  My soul has kept thy memory enshrined,
By all my burning prayers, and by my tears,
  And by the love to long despair resigned,
I charge thee let that single glance be kind—
  Full of unuttered love as dying breath
Breathed out in kisses—when the arms entwin'd
  Shall soon be severed by the grasp of death.
The gulf that then shall part us, is more deep
  And dark than death. Oh! let that last look be
One of immortal love, that I may keep
  Its sacred memory through eternity.

MY MISSING FLOWER.

The day has glided past us, like a bark—
A fairy bark on an enchanted sea;
And now its gold and crimson pennon fades
In the far West, and the pale stars look forth
To tell us that the day has sailed away
Into the mighty ocean of the Past,
And shall return no more.

How fair it was:
With all June's balminess in its soft breath,
And April's liquid azure in its skies—
Soft as the eyes of cradled babes that lie
And smile through transient tears. The earth has waked
From its long winter dream, and beckons now
For Spring to come and crown its sun-kissed brow
With rosy chaplets. She will come, I know;
Her herald, the swift swallow, has proclaimed
That she but lingers in the tropic's bowers

To weave a richer garland for her brow,
And ere long she will braid the leafless vines
With gem-like flowers, and write her magic name,
In golden daisies on the emerald turf,
And yonder skeleton oak shall gaily toss
Its green and fragrant tresses in the breeze,
And feathered misers, in the clustered leaves,
Will hide their jewelled baskets brimmed with pearls,
Each round, white pearl, filled with a little heart,
That shall awake to life, to joy and song,
When April sheds her last, sweet, childish tears
On May's maturer bosom.

'Twas a day
To call up olden memories, for the spell
Of its mild loveliness soothed the sick soul
To blissful dreams, and fancy wandered back
To childhood's fairy land, and strung again
Bright memories on the silken thread of thought,
As erst in youth, beneath the maple's shade,
We strung forget-me-nots on silvery grass—
Each sound that—like a pebble softly dropped
Into a full and tranquil lake—has broke
Upon the dreamy quiet of this day—
The chanticleer's shrill crowing, the light laugh
Of gleeful childhood and the western wind,
Playing a summer tune among the pines,
Has filled my soul with sadness, vague and sweet,
Like that which steals across the heart that lists
To faint, far music at the midnight hour.
Is it because Spring's first and halcyon days
Were childhood's carnival, that they thus wake
Such dreams and memories?

The young Spring marks
Her earliest footsteps in the violets, sweet
As her own nectared lip, and I, to-day,
Have marvelled if this balmy breeze has found

Any wild violets in its wanderings
By stream and field, hill-side and sheltered glen.
Their breath has mingled strangely with my dreams,
And their blue eyes have haunted me all day,
Minding me of this time one year ago,
And of the tiny hand that brought wild flowers
And laid them on my open page, and claimed,
As the reward, a kiss pressed on the lips
Of dewy crimson that were raised to mine,
While the small feet stood tip-toe, and the curls
Were thrown back from the baby-brow, and bright
Glowed the young cheek, fresh from the kisses sweet,
Of the spring breezes.

Ah! my little boy,
The Spring shall come with all her wealth of flowers,
Of singing birds, sunshine, and whispering leaves,
And the blue eyes of violets, 'neath the sky,
Shall open everywhere, but no dear hand,
Dimpled and soft as a half-budded flower,
Shall gather Spring's first offerings from the fields,
And lay them on the page o'er which I dream;
No wondering eyes shall shame my falling tears;
No red lips kiss them from my burning cheek.

My little one, I dream, in the long night,
That thy small fingers on my bosom lie,
Soothing as was their wont, my throbbing heart;
I stretch my arms to clasp thee, and I wake
To know that thou art far away, and weep
In utter loneliness, longing with all
A mother's passionate love, for the low voice,
In scarce articulate murmurs, to repeat
My name and say some tender, broken words,
Dying away, as sleep asserts her reign,
And lays her finger on the parted lips.
Ah! Spring may pour her vernal treasures forth
Upon the sunny hills, and fill the trees

With warbling birds; but mine sings far away—
I may not hear his song.

Flower of my life,
Sole blossom of its blighted spring—my boy
Whose sunny head a mother's gentle hand
Laid on my bosom, while I was almost
A child myself in years, may this young Spring
Whose coming quickens now the pulse of earth,
Kiss no fair roses into life, whose bloom
Shall vie with those that opened on thy lips,
And flushed thy dimpled cheeks; may thy pure eyes
Know but such gentle tears as violets weep,
And when each night thou kneelest, at this blest hour,
Beside *my* mother's knee, whom thou call'st *thine*,
May thy own absent Mary's name be breathed
In thy pure orisons, and when sleep shuts
Thy innocent eyes, may the kind spirit of dreams
Bring some sweet memory of her, who first
Cradled thy head upon her beating breast.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

Every successful writer is identified with some one production—book, essay, or poem—which either struck fitly upon an epoch, or, what is better, touched a chord in the great common heart. Hence we call one author, "Proserpine," another, "The Sinless Child," another, "Babie Bell," another, "Beulah," another, "Varana Vane," another, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. Of Mrs. Dinnies, it is always said: "*She* wrote '*I could have stemmed Misfortune's Tide.*'"

Anna Peyre Shackleford, the daughter of Judge Shackleford, of South Carolina, was born in Georgetown, in that State, but removed soon after, with her parents, to Charleston, where she was educated at the school of the Misses Ramsay. These gifted daughters of Dr. Ramsay, the historian, seem to have possessed either a very happy tact in developing the poetic faculty in their pupils, or to have been blessed with an unusual proportion of poet pupils.

In 1830, Miss Shackleford married John C. Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri, and there resided until their late removal to New Orleans.

Mrs. Dinnies' poems were first given to the world under the signature of "Moina." She writes with much force, fervor, and tenderness, and never fails to reach the heart of her readers.

In 1846, she published a work entitled "The Floral Year," an elegant, illustrated volume, embracing a hundred poems, assorted in groups as bouquets for the twelve months.

THE WIFE.

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slow, and meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel I'll be "alone."

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As filled with heavenward trust, they say,
Earth may not claim thee longer;
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

Ye little stars, that twinkle high
  In the dark vault of heaven,
Like spangles on the deep blue sky,
  Perhaps to you 'tis given
    To shed your lucid radiance now
    Upon my absent loved one's brow.

Ye fleecy clouds, that swiftly glide
  O'er earth's oft-darkened way,
Floating along in grace and pride,
  Perhaps your shadows stray
    E'en now across the starry light
    That guides my wanderer forth to-night.

Ye balmy breezes sweeping by,
  And shedding freshness round,
Ye too, may haply, as ye fly,
  With health and fragrance crowned,
    Linger a moment, soft and light,
    To sport amid his tresses bright.

Then stars, and clouds, and breezes bear
  My heart's best wish to him;
And say the feelings glowing there
  Nor time nor change can dim;
    That be success or grief his share,
    My love still brightening shall appear.

WEDDED LOVE.

Come, rouse thee, dearest, 'tis not well
  To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
  Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,

Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now: I know thy mind,
  And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
  Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
  Which warms thee into life—
Each spring which can its powers control.
  Familiar to thy wife;
For deemst thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame,
The shrine—then sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
  That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
  To gild each cloud that lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won;
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
In fond, undying wedded love.

LOUISA S. McCORD.

To combine the essential qualifications of a political writer, philosopher, and poet, would seem to require a mind of masculine calibre and resource: such a mind, certainly, as we have been accustomed to think incompatible with the temperaments and surroundings of southern women; yet Mrs. McCord, a native of Columbia, South Carolina, has presented to the world these several aspects, and won distinction in each.

Louisa S. Cheves, daughter of the Hon. Langdon Cheves, a leading lawyer and politician of South Carolina, was born in that State in 1810. With the advantages of a generous and careful culture, she began very early to develop native abilities of a high order, as well as aspirations far beyond her years.

In 1840, she married Col. David J. McCord, a genial, scholarly man, who had risen to eminence in his profession of the law. Allied thus nearly to men of strong political bias and influence, Mrs. McCord's enthusiastic nature became thoroughly imbued with southern patriotism. She carefully examined all questions of State policy, and wielded a vigorous pen in defence of what she conceived to be its vital principles.

In 1848, she published "Sophisms of the Protective Policy," a translation from the French of Basteat, and a volume of poems entitled "My Dreams." In 1851, her tragedy, "Cains Gracchus" was issued by a New York house. Since 1849 she has been a contributor to "The Southern Quarterly Review," "The Southern Literary Messenger," and "De Bow's Review."

These essays are characterized, not only by sharp logic and scintillating wit, but by a spirit of earnest, womanly conservation. Among the most prominent are "Justice and Fraternity," "The Right to Labor," "Diversity of the Races, its bearing upon Negro Slavery," "Negro and White Slavery," "Enfranchisement of Women," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Carey on the Slave-trade," "Negro Mania," "Woman and her Needs," "British Philanthropy and American Slavery," "Charity which does not Begin at Home," and "A Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland from a Lady of South Carolina."

In discussing the Woman's Rights movement, she thus replies to a proposition of an English review, that "a reason must be given why anything should be permitted to one person and interdicted to another." "A reason!—a reason why man cannot drink fire and breathe water! A scientific answer about hydrogen and oxygen will not answer the purpose. These are facts, not reasons. Why? Why? Why is anything on God's earth what it is? Can Miss Martineau tell? We cannot. God has made it so, and reason, instinct and experience teach us its uses. Woman, Nature teaches you yours."

Mrs. McCord illustrates her own theories. Residing during the winter upon her plantation of Fort Mott, a place of historic interest, she attends to the wants of the negroes in the most tender manner, and conducts a hospital upon her own grounds; at the same time bringing into play numerous accomplishments in the education of her children.

Mrs. McCord's poetry is the clear and unpretending utterance of her nature. Of her tragedy of "Caius Gracchus" it has been justly said:*

"It is a dramatic poem for the closet, balanced in its philosophy and argument, Cornelia wisely tempering the democratic fervor of her son. Many sound, pithy aphorisms of conduct

* Duyckinck's Cyclopædia.

may be extracted from this piece, all expressed with purity and precision."

CORNELIA AND GRACCHUS.

GRACCHUS.

Wolves breed not lambs, nor can the lioness
Rear fawns among her litter. You but chide
The spirit, mother, which is born from you.

CORNELIA.

Curb it, my son, and watch against ambition!
Half demon and half god, she oft misleads
With the bold face of virtue. I know well
The breath of discontent is loud in Rome;
And a hoarse murmuring vengeance smolders there
Against the tyrannous rule which, iron shod,
Doth trample out man's life. The crisis comes,
But oh! beware, my son, how you shall force it!

GRACCHUS.

Nay, let it come, that dreaded day of doom,
When by the audit of his cruel wrongs
Heaped by the rich oppressor on the crowd
Of struggling victims, he must stand condemned
To vomit forth the ill-got gains which gorge
His luxury to repletion. Let it come!
The world can sleep no longer. Reason wakes
To know man's rights, and forward progress points.

CORNELIA.

By reason led, and peaceful wisdom nursed,
All progress is for good. But the deep curse
Of bleeding nations follows in the track
Of mad ambition, which doth cheat itself
To find a glory in its lust for rule;
Which, piling private ill on public wrong,

Beneath the garb of patriotism hides
Its large-mawed cravings; and would thoughtless plunge
To every change, however riot waits,
With feud intestine, by mad uproar driven,
And red-eyed murder to reproach the deed.
Death in its direst forms doth wait on such.

GRACCHUS.

Man lives to die, and there's no better way
To let the shackled spirit find its freedom
Than in a glorious combat 'gainst oppression.
I would not grudge the breath lost in the struggle.

CORNELIA.

Nor I, when duty calls. I am content,
May but my son prove worthy of the crisis;
Not shrinking from the trial, nor yet leaping
Beyond the marked outline of licensed right;
Curbing his passions to his duty's rule;
Giving his country all—life, fortune, fame—
And only clutching back, with miser's care,
His all untainted honor. But take heed!
The world doth set itself on stilts, to wear
The countenance of some higher, better thing.
'Tis well to seek this wisely; but with haste
Grasping too high, like child beyond its reach,
It trips in the aspiring, and thus falls
To lowlier condition. Rashness drags
Remorse and darkest evil in her train.
Pause, ere the cry of suffering pleads to heaven
Against this fearful mockery of right;
This license wild, which smothers liberty
While feigning to embrace it.

GRACCHUS.

Thought fantastic
Doth drapery evil thus with unsketched ills.
No heart-sick maid nor dream-struck boy am I.

To scare myself with these. There's that in man
Doth long to rise by nature. Ever he,
Couching in lethargy, doth wrong himself.

CORNELIA.

Most true, and more. I reverence human mind;
And with a mingled love and pride I kneel
To nature's inborn majesty in man.
But as I reverence, therefore would I lend
My feeble aid this mighty power to lead
To its true aim and end. Most often 'tis
When crowds do wander wide of right, and fall
To foul misuse of highest purposes,
The madness of their leaders drags them on.
I would not check aspiring, justly poised;
But rather bid you "on," where light is clear,
And your track plainly marked. I scorn the slang
Of "greedy populace," and "dirty crowd,"
Nor slander thus the nature which I bear.
Men in the aggregate not therefore cease
Still to be men; and where untaught they fall,
It is a noble duty to awake
The heart of truth, that slumbers in them still.
It is a glorious sight to rouse the soul,
The reasoning heart that in a nation sleeps!
And wisdom is a laggard at her task,
When but in closet speculations toiling,
She doth forget to share her thought abroad
And make mankind her heir.

MARY ELIZABETH LEE.

Mary E. Lee was born at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 23d of March, 1813. She belonged to an old family of high social rank and intellectual culture. Her uncle, Judge Thomas Lee, may be remembered by all as a man of note and influence.

On account of an extremely delicate organization, and that fine sensibility which belongs to the poetical temperament, Miss Lee was carefully shielded from all rough contact with the world, not even being allowed to enter school until she was ten years of age. She was then placed in charge of Mr. A. Bolles, a successful teacher of young ladies, in Charleston. The advantages of the school-room seemed to unfold to her a new world of resource. Books became her passion. She made rapid progress in her studies, and gathered a store of varied knowledge for future use. About this time, she began to develop also great aptitude for the acquisition of languages; but her health gave way under the pressure of close application, and she was obliged to pursue a less systematic and rigorous course within the quiet precincts of her own home. But no obstacles could check her advance.

At the age of twenty she became a contributor to "The Rose Bud," a periodical edited by Mrs. Gilman, and gradually growing into marked favor with the public. Her compositions in prose and verse, were invoked by most of the popular journals of the day.

Among these contributions, "The Lone Star," "Correggio's

Holy Family," "The Hour of Death," "The Death Bed of Prince Henry," and the "Blind Negro Communicant," afford some of the best characteristics of her style.

About this time her first volume, entitled "Social Evenings, or Historical Tales for Youth," was published by the Massachusetts School Library Association, and proved to be one of the most attractive in the collection.

Determined to maintain herself in strict independence, she continued to write for northern and southern periodicals, until her health utterly failed. That she was possessed of an indefatigable and truly heroic spirit, may be learned from the fact that when her right hand became helpless from paralysis, she grasped the pen firmly with the left hand, acquired a new style of chirography, and abated not a jot of her labor.

After years of slow physical torture, Miss Lee died gently and hopefully in the midst of her family, at Charleston, September 23, 1849. In 1851, a volume of her poems was published, with an interesting and tender tribute from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Gilman.

THE POETS.

The poets—the poets—
Those giants of the earth:
In mighty strength they tower above
The men of common birth;
A noble race—they mingle not
Among the motley throng,
But move with slow and measured steps
To music-notes along.

The poets—the poets—
What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host;

Their stainless banner floats unharmed
From age to lengthened age;
And history records their deeds
Upon her proudest page.

The poets—the poets—
How endless is their fame!
Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won, in memory's depths,
An immortality.

The poets—the poets—
Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes that contain
Their bright and spotless lore?
They charm as in the saddest hours
Our richest joys they feed;
And love for them has grown to be
A universal creed.

The poets—the poets—
Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head:
No tribute is too high to give
Those crowned ones among men.
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

AN EASTERN LOVE SONG.

Awake, my silver lute;
String all thy plaintive wires,
And as the fountain gushes free,
So let thy memory chant for me
The theme that never tires.

Awake, my liquid voice;
Like yonder timorous bird,
Why dost thou sing in trembling fear
As if by some obtrusive ear
Thy secret should be heard?

Awake, my heart—yet no!
As Cedron's golden rill,
Whose changeless echo singeth o'er
Notes it had heard long years before,
So thou art never still.

My voice! my lute! my heart!
Spring joyously above
The feeble notes of lower earth
And let thy richest tones have birth
Beneath the touch of love.

THE LAST PLACE OF SLEEP.

Lay me not in greenwood lone
Where the sad wind maketh moan,
Where the sun hath never shone,
Save as if in sadness;
Nor, I pray thee, let me be
Buried 'neath the chill, cold sea
Where the waves, tumultuous, free,
Chafe themselves to madness.

But in yon inclosure small,
Near the churchyard's mossy wall,
Where the dew and sunlight fall,
  I would have my dwelling;
Sure there are some friends, I wot,
Who would make that narrow spot
Lovely as a garden plot
  With rich perfumes swelling.

GEORGIANA A. HULSE McLEOD.

Mrs. McLeod, daughter of Dr. Isaac Hulse, of the United States Navy, and grand-daughter of Rev. Dr. George Roberts, of Baltimore, was born near Pensacola, Florida, at the naval hospital, of which her father was then surgeon. While yet a mere infant, she was left an orphan. She very early evinced a taste for literature, and contributed to several periodicals under various *noms de plume*.

Soon after completing her school education, she produced "Sunbeams and Shadows," which was brought out by Messrs. Appleton of New York.

In 1853, she married the Rev. Dr. Alexander W. McLeod, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where for a time they resided. She then gave to the world her second volume, "Ivy-Leaves from the Old Homestead." This was soon followed by "Thine and Mine," which was published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson.

Mrs. McLeod's last book evidences steady growth and culture, and has been received with much favor. All the works of this writer are marked by fine sensibility and high-toned morality. Her second book, "Ivy-Leaves," is garnished with poems, some of which indicate a true poetic element.

It is said that Mrs. McLeod is widely known and loved for her pure womanliness and exalted piety, as well as her graces of mind and person. She is presiding, at present, over "The Southern Literary Institute," of Baltimore, Md. This institution is designed for young ladies exclusively, and is rapidly rising in popular favor.

LOU LYNDSAY'S BRIDAL.

Very lovely the young girl seemed to the loving eyes that looked upon her that Christmas eve. The solemn words, and the response given in clear, manly tones, seemed to have a subduing effect. The varying color upon her cheek satisfied even Nurse Grantham's ideas of propriety.

She was strangely quiet for a time, but back to her eye came the dancing, mirthful light of yore, and the smile and playful jest were her very own. There was snow lying deep upon the ground without, but the storm had ceased, and down upon the glittering covering the earth now wore, myriads of stars gleamed brightly, and soon the moon, in its clear, silvery light, shed abroad upon the earth a blessing.

As upon Judea's plains, in years long ago, it shone where the watching shepherds dwelt, heralding the light that was to dawn upon a waking world—the light for which God's Israel looked and prayed—a light not to them only, but to shine into the hearts of the great family of man, Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian. Light above, below, without, within, and joy that was to be not for a season only, dwelt in many a home and heart upon Lou Lyndsay's bridal eve.

SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS.

The fire hath gone out on my lonely hearth; its last embers faded as I watched! Without, the darkness reigns, and the snow lieth heavily on the earth, even as those sorrows which have fallen on my heart, and blanched my hair to whiteness.

The loved of my youth are gone to the far-off land, or in homes brighter than my own, they know not of my desolation. Their voices come around me, echoing from the past in the deep still night, and I turn to meet them, but the shadows mock me!

Here are the bright tresses which I severed, and from their jewelled cases look forth the joyous semblances of those missing from my side! My fairy darlings! ye who made sunlight in earth's darkest paths, why have ye fled from my idolizing love? My noble May! my little Rose! where are your young heads pillowed? Alas! curtained by the night, cradled in the storm, beneath the cold damp earth! and I, who yearn to shelter you, am left alone! No, not alone—God is still with me; and he to whom in girlhood I

gave my trusting faith, is left me still! May our Father forgive the weakness of a mother's stricken heart. May He help me to remember ever, that my treasures are safely housed, where no chill wind can reach them—where sorrow shall never find them, and where, in the day of his coming, the glorified spirits shall be joined again unto the earthly part now slumbering! I will hush my sighs, and oh, what need of tears has one who has added two bright angels to the choir that swell the anthems of triumph near the throne! I will lay me down to rest, trusting to Him, who doeth what is right, and who, ere long, will give us one bright home together.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Gently in my arms they laid him,
Like a lily pure, and fair,
Violets 'neath the dark fringed eyelids,
Silken rings of soft, brown hair;
Beautiful for artist's limning,
Fragile as a new-born flower,
Oh! how earnest was my prayer,
For my darling in that hour.

All earth's richest, and its rarest,
Buds of beauty, gems of light,
Treasures won by art, or science,
Were as nothing in my sight;
Not for all would I have bartered,
This most beauteous, precious gift;
Scarcely e'en to bless the giver,
Could my eyes to heaven I lift.

All that earthly love could lavish
On its dearest, and its best,
Did my heart already garner,
For the baby on my breast;
In an hour, I lived a life-time,
Oh, how bright a waking dream!
Passed from infancy to manhood,
In all hearts he reigned supreme.

Woe is me! How soon the darkness,
Hid the picture from my sight;
Little thought I that the morrow,
Would for me be as the night;
Thankless heart, forgetting blindly,
That no idols we must make—
Brief my dreaming, crushing sorrow,
Taught me from such dream to wake.

Paler drooped my pure white lily,
Far too pure for earthly stain,
In the land of living flowers,
In shall be raised up again;
Stricken heart, and lonely mother,
Look I to a far off shore,
I had prayed—"Bless him my father,"
So he blessed him evermore!

PASSERS BY.

How many changing faces
My wand'ring glances meet,
As sitting at the window
I look out upon the street.
The rain is falling coldly
As sorrow on the heart,
And all in shadow lieth
The busy, crowded mart.
But eager, hurried footfalls
Are on the pave below,
And care-worn, thoughtful faces
Pass ever to and fro.
A loitering happy school-boy,
Now from my sight is gone,
But I can hear him whistling
Of "The old folks at home."
Then, I begin to wonder
If his home is like to ours;

If so, he has a happy one,
A pathway full of flowers.
Now shouting joyously they come,
A merry thoughtless band
Just free (for it is mid-day),
From the school-house near at hand.
It does me good to see them
Untouched as yet by grief,
And so thinks one who seemeth
With me a watch to keep.

* * * * *

The tramp of steeds comes slowly,
I hear it nearer now,
Some heart I ween is stricken,
Some idol is laid low!
A little child they're bearing
Unto its dreamless rest,
Why weep they wildly, more than we?
The guileless spirit's blest.
Slowly, more slowly, pass ye,
And lay it gently down,
'Tis but the earthly part ye bear,
The glorious soul is flown.
Look up! as though a message
Is sent you from on high,
The sun that cloud is parting,
The blue is in the sky!

* * * * *

Gone, the mourners, and the gleam-light,
That for a moment given,
Seemed to win the sorrowing spirits,
To turn their eyes to heaven.
Friendly, smiling, well-known faces,
With answering smile I greet,
As many a lesson learning,
I look out on the street.

MARY J. WINDLE.

Mary Jane Windle, a native of Wilmington, Delaware, was born on the 16th February, 1825. Deprived soon after her birth of a father's care, she, together with a large family circle, became entirely dependent upon the exertions of her mother; but, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her position, Miss Windle applied herself assiduously to her studies, and was soon familiar with the most important elements of modern literature.

She then became an occasional contributor to the public press. Her compositions in prose and poetry bore the stamp of decided talent, and soon won for her a distinctive rank among the periodical writers of the day. Her graceful and delicate sketches, especially, became so widely popular, that she was at last prevailed upon to collect the best of them and reprint them in book form. This volume appeared in 1850, and reached a large circulation.

Miss Windle's most marked characteristics, as a writer, are affluence of expression, delineative power, and exceeding purity of taste. Though a sufferer from ill health, she is ever faithful to literary pursuits, and mindful as well of all social and domestic claims.

ALICE HEATH'S INTERVIEW WITH CROMWELL.

The apartment was an ante-room attached to the spacious bed-chamber formerly belonging to the king. It was luxuriously furnished with all the

appliances of ease and elegance suitable to a royal withdrawing-room. Tables and chairs of rose-wood, richly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, were arranged in order around the room; magnificent vases of porcelain decorated the mantel-piece; statues from the chisel of Michael Angelo stood in the niches; and pictures in gorgeous frames hung upon the walls.

There, near a table, on which burned a single shaded lamp, standing upright in the attitude of prayer, from which he had just been interrupted, stood the occupant. For an instant, as she lingered near the door, and looked upon the figure which bore so strongly the impress of power, and felt that on his word hung the fate of him for whom she had come to plead, she already feared for the success of her mission, and would fain almost have retracted her visit. But remembering the accents of prayer she had heard while waiting without, she considered that her purposed appeal was to the conscience of one whom she had just surprised, as it were, in the presence of his Maker, and took courage to advance.

"May I pray thee to approach and be seated, madam, and unfold the object of this visit," said Cromwell, in a thick, rapid utterance, the result of his surprise, as he waved his visitor to a chair. "At that distance, and by this light, I can hardly distinguish the features of the lady who so inopportunely and unceremoniously honors me with her presence."

Immediately advancing, she threw back her hood, and offering him her hand, said: "It is Alice Heath, the daughter of your friend, General Lisle."

Cromwell's rugged countenance expressed the utmost surprise, as he awkwardly strove to assume a courtesy foreign to his manner, and exchange the first ungracious greeting for a more cordial welcome.

With exceeding tact, Alice hastened to relieve his embarrassment, by falling back into the chair he had offered, and at once declaring the purpose of her visit.

"General Cromwell," she began, in a voice sweetly distinct, "you stand high in the eyes of man, not only as a patriot, but a strict and conscientious servant of the Most High. As such, you have been the main instrument in procuring the doom now hanging in awful expectation over the head of him who once tenanted, in the same splendor that now surrounds yourself, the building in which I find you. Methinks his vacation of these princely premises, and your succession thereunto, renders you scarcely capable of being a disinterested advocate for his death; since, by it, you become successor to all the pomp and power formerly his. Have you asked

yourself the question whether or no motives of self-aggrandizement have tainted this deed of patriotism, or sullied this act of religion?"

"Your language is unwarrantable and unbecoming, madam," said Cromwell, deadly pale and trembling violently; "it is written"——

"Excuse me," said Alice, interupting him; "you think it uncourteous and even impertinent that I should intrude upon you with a question such as I but now addressed to you. But, General Cromwell, a human life is at stake, and that the life of no ordinary being, but the descendant of a race of kings. Nay, hear me out, sir, I beg of you. Charles Stuart is about to die an awful and a violent death; your voice has condemned him—your voice can yet save him. If it be your country's weal that you desire, that object has been already sufficiently answered by the example of his trial; or, if it is to further the cause of the Lord of Hosts that you place yourself at the head of Britain in his place, be assured that he who would assert his power by surrounding himself with a pomp like this, is no delegate of One who commissioned Moses to lead his people through the wilderness, a sharer in the common lot, and a houseless wanderer like themselves. Bethink you, therefore, what must be the doom of him, who, for the sake of ambition and pride—in order that he might, for the brief space of his life, enjoy luxury and power—under the borrowed name, too, of that God who views the act with horror and detestation, stains his hands with parricidal blood. Yes, General Cromwell, for thy own soul's, if not for mercy's sake, I entreat thee, in whom alone lies the power, to cause Charles Stuart's sentence to be remitted."

After a few moments' hesitation, during which Alice looked in his face with the deepest anxiety, and awaited his answer, he said:

"Go to, young woman, who presumest to interfere between a judge raised up for the redemption of England, and a traitor king, whom the Lord hath permitted to be condemned to the axe. As my soul liveth, and as He liveth, who will one day make me a ruler in Israel, thou hast more than the vanity of thy sex, in hoping by thy foolish speech to move me to lift up my hand against the decree of the Almighty. Truly"——

"Nay, General Cromwell," said Alice, interrupting him, as soon as she perceived that he was about to enter into one of his lengthy and pointless harangues, "nay, you evade the matter both with me and with the conscience whose workings I have for the last few moments beheld in the disorder of your frame. Have its pleadings—for to them I look, and not to

any eloquence of mine own—been of no avail. Will it please you to do aught for the king?"

"Young lady," replied Cromwell, bursting into tears, which he was occasionally wont to do, "a man like me, who is called to perform great acts in Israel, had need to be immovable to feelings of human charities. Think you not it is painful to our mortal sympathies to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven, while we are yet in the body! And think you, when we must remove some prime tyrant, that the instruments of his removal can at all times view their part in his punishment with unshaken nerves? Must they not even at times doubt the inspiration under which they have felt and acted? Must they not occasionally question the origin of that strong impulse which appears the inward answer to prayer for direction under heavenly difficulties, and, in their disturbed apprehensions, confuse even the responses of truth with the strong delusions of Satan? Would that the Lord would harden my heart, even as he hardened that of"——

"Stop, sir," said Alice, interrupting him ere his softened mood should have passed away, "utter not such a sacrilegious wish. Why are the kindly sympathies which you describe implanted in your bosom, unless it be to prevent your ambition from stifling your humanity? The rather encourage them, and save Charles Stuart. Let your mind dwell upon the many traits of nobleness in his character, which might be mentioned with enthusiasm, aye, and with sorrow, too, that they should be thus sacrificed."

"The Most High, young woman, will have no fainters in spirit in his service; none who turn back from Mount Gilead for fear of the Amalekites. To be brief, it waxes late; to discuss this topic longer is but to distress us both. Charles Stuart must die: the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

As he spoke, he bowed with a determined but respectful reverence, and when he lifted up his head, the expression of his features told Alice that the doom of the king was sealed.

"I see there is no hope," said she, with a deep sigh, as Cromwell spoke these words in a tone of decision which left her no further encouragement, and with a brevity so unusual to him. Nor was his hint to close the interview lost upon her. "No hope!" she repeated, drawing back. "I leave you then, inexorable man of iron, and may you not thus plead in vain for mercy at the bar of God!"

So saying, she turned and rejoined her husband, who remained in waiting for her; they returned together to Lisle's house.

WRITERS NOT YET AUTHORS.

The brief sketches that follow are of writers who have given to the world no collection of their works, but whose fugitive pieces have been variously noticed.

JANE T. WORTHINGTON,

Wife of Dr. F. A. Worthington, of Ohio, and daughter of Colonel Lomax, of the United States Army, was a native of Virginia, and descended from a distinguished family of that State. By the frequent changes of residence involved in military service, she was afforded large opportunities for observation and social and intellectual culture, but she always retained a strong attachment for her native State, and nearly all her writings, in prose and verse, appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger," of Richmond. Her compositions—her essays especially—are marked by good sense and great womanly delicacy. Her poems have a graceful simplicity, in keeping with her character. She died in 1847, lamented by a large circle of appreciative friends.

THE POOR.

Have pity on them, for their life
  Is full of grief and care:
You do not know one half the woes
  The very poor must bear;

You do not see the silent tears
  By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer,
  "Give us our daily bread."

And sick at heart she turns away
  From the small face wan with pain,
And feels that prayer has long been said
  By those young lips in vain.
You do not see the pallid cheeks
  Of those whose years are few,
But who are old in all the griefs
  The poor must struggle through.

Their lot is made of misery
  More hopeless day by day,
And through the long cold winter nights
  Nor light nor fire have they;
But little children, shivering, crouch
  Around the cheerless hearth,
Their young hearts weary with the want
  That drags the soul to earth.

Oh, when with faint and languid voice
  The poor implore your aid,
It matters not how, step by step,
  Their misery was made;
It matters not if shame had left
  Its shadow on their brow—
It is enough for you to see
  That they are suffering now.

Deal gently with these wretched ones,
  Whatever wrought their woe,
For the poor have much to tempt and test
  That you can never know:

Then judge them not, for hard indeed
Is their dark lot of care;
Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
With human faults should bear.

And when within your happy homes
You hear the voice of mirth,
When smiling faces brighten round
The warm and cheerful hearth,
Let charitable thoughts go forth
For the sad and homeless one,
And your own lot more blest will be,
For every kind deed done.
Now is the time the very poor
Must often meet your gaze—
Have mercy on them in these cold
And melancholy days.

R. JACOBUS.

Mrs. Jacobus' contributions, of prose and verse, to the "Home Journal," "Fitzgerald's City Item," and other papers, have gained her many admirers and an honorable rank in the literary world. Her stories in the "Home Journal," with which the public is most familiar, evince mental poise and vigor, and send home effective moral truths. She was born on the 22d of February, 1832, in Cambridge, South Carolina. Her mother is a native of Bordeaux, France. Mrs. Jacobus' earliest recollections are of a luxurious and happy home, which slipped from the possession of her parents in the midst of many reverses. In this state of things, the family removed, in 1844, to Florida.

"The wild life that followed our arrival in Florida," she says,

"was the happiest period of my life; twenty miles distant, on either side, from any human habitation, we roamed the woods, waded the depths of the beautiful sound, with no human eye to prescribe our freedom, no social conventionalisms to set bounds to our wild enjoyments. Yet even in this grand solitude was the worship (Jewish) of our forefathers observed the same as when standing beneath the magnificent dome of Israel's God. As each Friday twilight signalled the approach of our holy Sabbath, jovial voices were hushed, labor was suspended, and, gathering round the family altar, with bowed heads and clasped hands, we listened to fervent prayers made doubly solemn by our surroundings."

After two years passed in this way, the family removed to New Orleans, where our writer entered school, and, pursuing her education under the careful and generous supervision of her brother, Judge Heydenfeldt, graduated after five years at Montgomery, Ala. She then married Mr. Jacobus, and became so devoted to a domestic circle of her own, as to shut out any but the most occasional literary claim.

THE SECOND WIFE.

He could not seem more life-like were he standing before me—the same hard look on his face; the same icy light in his cold, grey eye; the broad brow incasing more thought than lives in the minds of fifty other clever men. There is a peculiar charm about Hamilton, either in his painted semblance or in himself, standing or walking, with the cold look freezing over his face, or the smile which only Hamilton can smile, beaming and breaking like a beautiful sun-tinted cloud over a misty, winter sky. Then I turn to Zalia, as well in thought as in sight. Zalia, with her gentle eyes—every way gentle save one quiet shadow—saying more expressively than her lips could, "I will love, I will struggle, I will forbear, but I must be beloved." How that soft face brightened under Hamilton's smile—the smile that won her, and the hard look that——. Ah! well, it is all past now. The wind tossed the

flowers, the untimely frost spangled the leaves with a false beauty, and time swept everything away but the gloomy waste; and that remains as cold, and stark, and dreary, as though no bright flowers had ever burst through the grassy carpet, or no green leaves or young buds had ever sprung or bloomed there, under the bright sunlight of heaven.

Hamilton was what the world called a handsome man, though his real attraction verged more on a certain kind of fascination than beauty. He would invariably attract and repulse in turn: the one inspiring a kind of gratitude, and the other an unaccountable feeling of reverential awe. College boys walked a block out of their way to miss him; and young sprouts, with red vests, diamond collar-pins, and misapplied Latin quotations always on hand, eschewed his presence as an extended toad-fish would the broadside of a voracious shark.

Hamilton did not love his first wife, though she was good and beautiful; loving him with an intensity that caused her to thank God when the seal of death was upon her—for she knew he did not love her. He experienced a sort of pleasure in letting her know it; though, had he known the pain that knowledge gave her, he would have been a little less cold, and much more kind. But he did not, and day after day went on his same cold, loveless track, until the doctor's buggy rolled noiselessly away, the green blinds closed, silent figures passed in and out, and the wax candles at the head and feet burned dimmer and dimmer on that quiet, upturned face, looking heavenward with a faint, shadowy smile, as though it were asking for God's love now, nor wished for Hamilton's.

Where was he then? Standing beside that quiet form, with a harder and a colder look on his stern face than ever it wore before. He stood there, not through love, but as a penalty, feeling strangely fascinated to undergo the punishment it entailed; and over and over again a voice in his heart whispered, "You have done it," while the soft smile, which never varied, always answered, "You are forgiven." Hamilton started as the snowy covering moved, and little Charley crept from beneath the shroud, and sat on a chair by his mother's side, watching her with a look of pain seldom seen on a child's face.

"You are not sorry," said he, looking up with his father's same hard, icy look on his little face. "You would rather read, than talk to her; and now you may read all day and night—she will never talk to you again, and I am glad of it."

"Leave the room, sir," said Hamilton, fiercely.

A figure rose from the shadow of the heavy curtains, and, approaching the child, took him gently by the hand. "No, no, Zalia, please; I want to stay. I love mamma better than he does."

Hamilton sprang toward the child, but Zalia stood between them, and the next moment the door closed, leaving the husband alone with his dead wife, his passionless heart, and cold eyes, and the voice that never ceased whispering, "You have done it."

THE WIND.

Hark! as it sweeps the darkened streets,
Lashing the sands
That whirling rise, athwart the skies,
In hazy strands.
Hark! how it shrieks, in its maddened freaks,
List to the leaves,
As it dashes off, with a howl and a scoff,
Thro' the tangling trees.

List! as its knell wakens the bell
With a scream and a start,
As the loud peals tell where the fiery hell
Is playing its part.
Wildly it stamps the burning planks
In a wreath of flame,
While its horrible laugh splinters in half
The tottering frame.

Madly it games with the lurid flames
In terrible love;
Screaming! it plays with the reddening blaze
Flaming above.
With fiendish hands it scatters the brands
In demonish glee,
Then scoffingly flings its sightless wings
Over the sea.

Mark! how the clouds, in purple shrouds,
Blacken the rays,
As its terrible touch, with a yell and a rush,
Wakens the waves.
They shiver and part, with a moan and a start,
Stung by its breath,
Then roaring they dash, with a terrible crash,
Whirling in death.

On thro' the night, without beacon or light,
They struggle and mourn,
And writhingly kiss, with a maddened hiss,
The surging foam.
With a sudden start, exulting they part,
On the breast of the blast,
'Gainst the blackened sky, they shrieking espy,
A tottering mast.

See, see, as she rides, her quivering sides
Fearfully cave;
Now, bravely she floats, o'er the gaping throats
Of the lashing wave.
Now poised on high. Hark! to the cry,
As the waves unlock,
Then madly lash, with a terrible crash,
And a fearful shock.

The ship! see! fast, the reeling mast
Splinters in two,
As the mad wind's breath hurries to death
The fated crew.
Despairing and wild, the mother and child
Fly from each other:
Husband and wife part in the strife,
Sister and brother.

The wild winds soar, the mad waves roar
As they whirlingly leap.
The ship! the storm! Oh, God! she is gone
Down in the deep.
The shrill death cries, in the blackened skies
No answer find.
The screams of death sink in the breath
Of the maddened wind.

ESSIE B. CHEESBOROUGH

Is a native of Charleston, South Carolina. For several years she has been a constant contributor of prose and verse to the leading periodicals of the South. Her compositions have mostly appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger," "Southern Literary Gazette," "Russell's Magazine," "Southern Episcopalian," "The Southern," and the "Charleston Courier." She has also contributed to "Godey's Lady's Book."

A THOUGHT IN A DREAM.

As deep in Lethean calm I slept,
Whilst pale stars softly, gently crept
Along the silent heaven,
And angel wings had ceased their flight,
Afraid to stir the hush of night—
A dream to me was given.

It may have been the wind's weird sigh,
In minor music floating by,
No music here resembling,

That, faintly heard in land of sleep,
Did softly to my hushed heart creep,
Like lute's ecstatic trembling.

I know not, but there came a dream
Like seraph music, soft, serene,
From silver harps revealing;
It swept the air with fairy flight,
It bore my soul with magic might,
To realms with sunshine streaming.

For in that dream there dwelt a thought,
The sweetest, softest ever brought
On slumber's silent pinions;
Oh, loved one, on that charmèd night,
'Twas thought of you that lent me light
In dream-land's dark dominion.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HEART.

Slowly I followed her through a long gallery, where the light fell on rich pictures, and gleamed on the cold beauty of marble statues. Here hung the "Ecce Homo," with its calm, holy eyes; and the "Entombment," by Raphael, with its bowed figures of touching grief. Here, marble Niobes and statues of Diana stood side by side, with Bernini's skull and sleeping child, emblems of life and death. But I lingered not to note these rare gems of art, as wonderingly I followed my silent conductress through the long gallery. At length we reached a door, which she unlocked, and we entered a small room, dimly lit by a lamp that hung from the ceiling. No window through whose crevices the blessed light of day could steal, illumined that dreary room; no furniture stood there save a time-worn couch. From the ceiling to the floor hung a black curtain, that swayed mournfully as the signora closed the door hurriedly. With a trembling hand she moved aside the funereal drapery, and fastened it back. Oh, horrible sight! There hung a grim *skeleton* from a beam. What meant this awful mystery—this deathly spectacle? and, faint at heart, I sank down on the couch before the dreadful sight. Calm as one of her own marble statues, and as white, too, stood

Agnese; but her crimson lip quivered with a grief that she seemed powerless to express.

"Oh, what means this, Agnese?" I asked, in tones of agony. She seated herself beside me, and said: "You say that I am the happiest woman in all Naples. How far you are right you yourself shall judge; it is for this I have brought you here. Listen."

Slowly swung the dim lamp from the ceiling; a cold, chilling atmosphere seemed to surround us; and the grim skeleton grinned in fearful hideousness from the beam. I gathered closer to the signora, and looked up into her face. How sadly it gleamed out from amidst the gloom that enshrouded us, pure, pale, spiritual!

EMELIE C. S. CHILTON,

Whose maiden name was Swan, was born at Lost Mound, Illinois, on the 25th April, 1838. When she was but five years of age, her mother died, and she was left to the sole care of her father, with whom she lived at Galena, during the first years of her school life. Subsequently she entered Rock River Seminary, located at Mount Morris, Illinois, where she prosecuted a regular course of study, and graduated with great credit to herself and her teachers. Soon after completing her education, she visited her relatives in Nashville, and there made the acquaintance of James A. Chilton, an intelligent and highly respected gentleman of that city, to whom she was afterward married.

Mrs. Chilton gave early indications of poetic talent. One of her best poems was written when she was a mere child, attending the grammar school at Galena. Since she became a resident of Nashville, she has been a regular contributor to several of the journals and periodicals of that city and elsewhere. In May, 1859, she assumed the editorial control of the

"Southern Temperance Monthly," which her talent and industry have rendered a popular and elegant journal. Since her connection with that periodical, most of her productions have appeared in its columns.

OCTOBER.

Alone I sit in the old arm-chair,
For I love to muse on a quiet day,
And I'm gazing down on the old oak floor,
Dreamily watching the sunbeams play.
Noiseless and bright as spirits they come,
And quietly look through the half open door,
The beautiful rays of the autumn sun
Are gently gliding across the floor.

There's not e'en the chirp of a bird to-day,
The noisy jay from his nest has flown,
And nothing is here save the ticking clock,
And the cat asleep on the warm hearth-stone.
October has come with its warm, sunny days,
And has brought us again its dreamy breeze;
It has come with its wreath of crimson leaves,
To twine in a crown around the trees.

And over the tops of the forest kings,
Is spread a sky of ethereal blue,
Before which flit as in mockery
Those snowy clouds which the sun peeps through.
And far o'er the hills where the sky looks down
To meet the dim line where the forest sways,
Float dark, gorgeous clouds, which resemble
Grey, ruined castles of olden days.

And the little brook, with its moss-grown rocks,
It babbles no more its merry song,
But its voice has sunk to a low, sweet tune,
That you scarce can hear as it glides along.

And the grasshopper sings a doleful lay,
  And the sunflower bows her head to weep,
The vine turns red o'er the old stone wall,
  And the butterfly-worm has gone to sleep.

And when October has journeyed on,
  Till the frost has silvered his flowing hair,
The wind-voice wails in a pitiful moan,
  Or shrieks aloud as in wild despair;
And hoarse and deep in the chorus blend
  The trees of the forest their surging roar,
While they strew the gems from their crimson crowns,
  'Till the brown old earth is covered o'er.

And then, as if tired with scenes of strife,
  The wild wind sinks to a hollow moan,
As if 'twould grieve for the sorrowing hearts,
  Whose dismal wailings are like its own.
Then the lightsome tread of the squirrel's foot,
  On the rustling autumn leaves we hear,
And the fitful sway of the lifeless grass
  Harshly grates on the listening ear.

So the winds wail on and scatter the frost,
  And all day long caws the gloomy crow,
And the skies grow dim, and the leaden clouds
  Look coldly down on the scene below
The earth looks drear in her mourning clad,
  For the lovely things she has seen decay,
And mournful the season is, and sad,
  When the month of October dies away.

THE WRENS IN THE LOCUST-TREE.

I know of a nest which the wild birds built,
  That you cannot reach, 'tis so high,
For the tree is strong, and the thorns are sharp,
  And the branches are flouting the sky.

The birds sit there and swing in the air,
And warble a song to me,
And the notes come sweet to my lone retreat,
From the wrens in the old locust-tree.

I know of a nest which the wild birds built,
I watched as they carried the moss,
And the little dry sticks and tender twigs,
And so cunningly wove them across.
'Twas a curious thing, those birds in the spring,
Were busy as busy could be,
Hiding day after day that wee nest away,
'Mid the thorns in the old locust-tree.

I know of a nest which the wild birds built
And they sing to the soft summer air,
"How the leaves will come out and shade us about
And hide all our eggs lying there.
And then, by and by, when the sun warms the sky,
Some sweet little nestlings there'll be,
To flutter and hop from our home to the top
Of this shadowy old locust-tree."

I know of a nest which the wild birds built,
And I sit by my window and look,
While very, very slow does my needle go,
And closed is my favorite book.
The birdie's sweet lay keeps me dreaming away,
Of how happy we all shall be,
They away up above, and I and my love,
Down here 'neath the old locust-tree.

THE END.

R

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